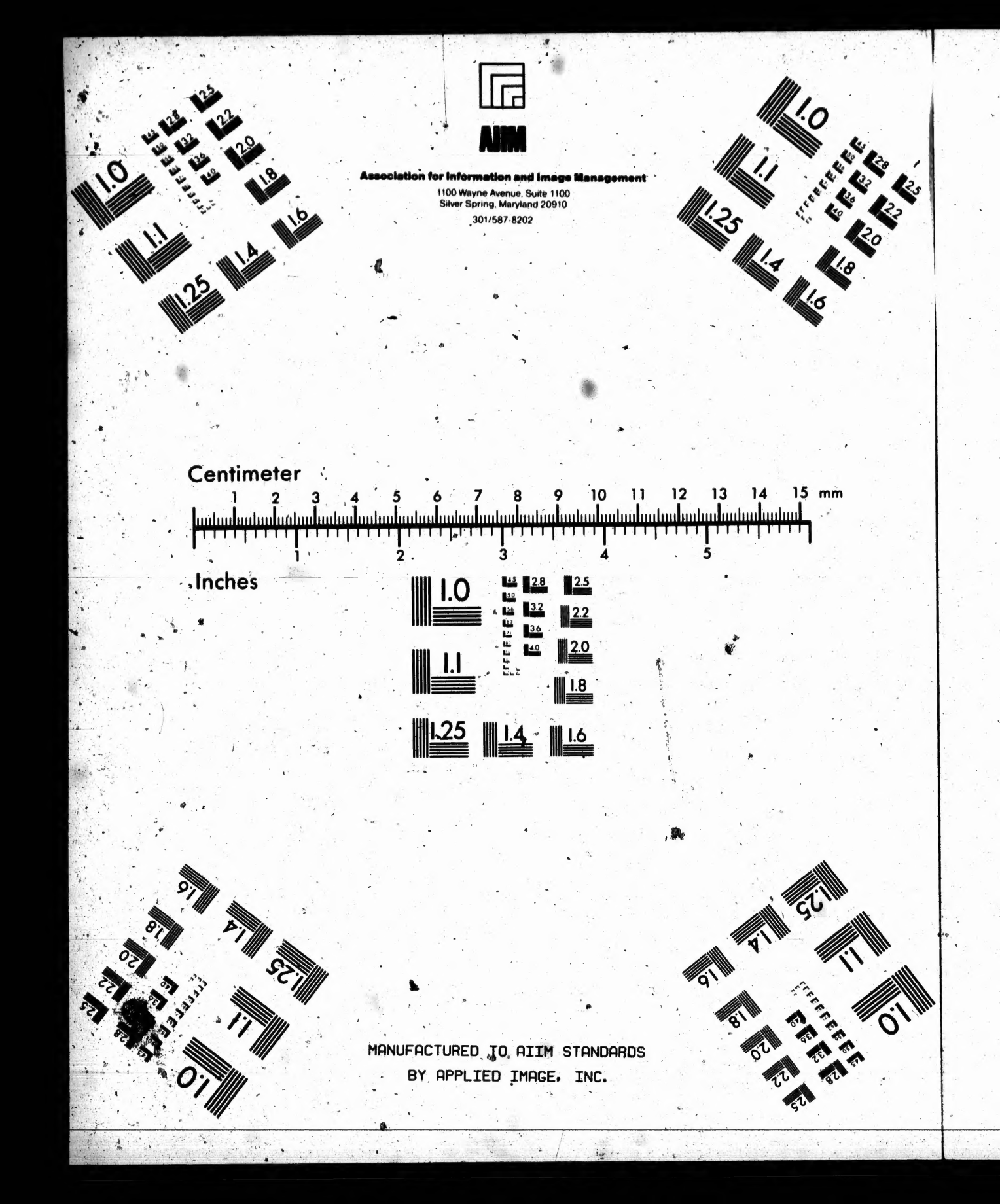
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FRONTISPIECE. Page 252

Lucy Boston
Or
Woman's Rights
and Spiritualism
By
FRED. FOLIO

A BOOK FOR THE TIMES.

LUCY BOSTON;

OR,

Woman's Rights and Spiritualism:

ILLUSTRATING

THE FOLLIES AND DELUSIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FRED. FOLIO.

"This is the age of oddities let loose."

TORONTO, C. W.:
ALEXANDER DICK.
1855.

378631

TO T. P. MUNRAB, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:—

THOUGH a stranger to your distinguished person, I feel sufficiently intimate with you, through the medium of your public career, to indulge the belief that you will pardon me the liberty I have taken in dedicating to you the following work.

I count myself most fortunate in the accidental or predestined conjunction of our "stars," for, in reality (as you will see on perusal) your name in connection with the succeeding volume is singularly appropriate, from the fact, that notwithstanding the perfection to which the science of Natural History had arrived during the former half of the present century, to you alone belongs the immortal honor of having first verified the existence of that hitherto fabulous amalgamation of fish and flesh — the *Mermaid.*

To that discovery, my dear Munrab, the following work owes its being, and I take this occasion publicly to express my gratitude for the services you have rendered, not only to science and the world in general, but to your humble servant in particular.

Accept, then, the first fruits of one who appreciates your character through all its phases of boy, man, zoologist, ploughman, poulterer and showman, and that your stature may never be less, is the ardent wish of the author,

FRED. FOLIO.

PREFACE.

READER, a word with you aside. * *

Yes, I have written a book!

"What for?" And what for *such* a book?

Why, *secondarily*, for *fame*, and *money*, of course. That is for *myself*.

But *primarily*, to fill up a leisure space, on the score of philanthropy; that is for *yourself*. To be sure, what do others write books for, if not because they *wish* to do it. And why do they wish to do it, if not for independence, (competence I mean,) and for the public good. And now to save you the trouble of asking more questions, allow me to say, you may laugh as much as you like, but do not get angered, or, to express it a little more genteelly give play to your risibilities if you find any thing to excite them, but stay your ire, for be assured we do not mean *you* in any instance. Just "stick a pin here," and as we have met, so may we continue, good friends.

As to the selection of our subject, no doubt but you will call it fitly chosen. Lucky for the author, if, fortunately, you can say as much of its treatment. Here is a point. Stay a moment. Are you opposed to works of romance? The evidence is at hand, to show that every page embraces more of truth than of fiction. Would, for the credit of human nature, it were shadow instead of substance. Facts, however, can be adduced on the subject matter before us which cast the most romantic romance entirely into the shade.

But are you grave and an enemy to satire? Well, so are we, except in certain cases. There is a time for every thing, a subject for every style, and a style for every subject. Would you discharge a seventy-four pounder, loaded to the muzzle, to demolish a worm's nest! So, instances occur when irony and burlesque are alike more apposite, and

effective in the accomplishment even of good, than the formidable array of logic and sober argument.

So thought Job, the pious patriarch, in answering his miserable comforters, and Elisha, the prophet, when he withstood the priests of Baal. Sedate reasoning is the distant cannonade whose spent balls roll harmlessly through the opening ranks of fanaticism, while merited ridicule is the hand to hand assault and on whose lightning-like shafts the hapless victims writhe in death agony.

Or, in less figurative phrase, homilies for the thoughtful, restraints for the headstrong, and a rod for the fool's back.

So much by way of apology. A word further explanatory and directory, to prepare the way for the intelligent progress of the reader.

Some portions of the work may be called unnatural. Well, that may be, but not more so, we venture to affirm, than the actual development of human nature in thousands of cases. Who has not seen individuals act *very unnatural?* If truly represented, therefore, their descriptions must appear as unnatural as themselves. Would you praise an artist for painting a monster with comely proportions, to avoid the charge of producing an unnatural picture of the human form? No matter how great the distortion or deformity, the true painter will give a *fac simile* without flattery and without fear. However the fastidious and those who *see themselves reflected* may sneer, the artist feels the satisfaction of knowing that he has made a faithful transcript of his subject.

But the genuine critic will command the integrity and skill of the limner who dares to stamp truth on his canvas, regardless of consequences. And shall the literary artist be less scrupulous? Should we not be equally true to the life, as possible, in our delineations with the pen and the pencil?

There are anomalies in human conduct, as well as in the human form or the works of nature. This fact, borne in mind, will save us from the charge of incongruity in the characters hereafter introduced.

If, for instance, it be thought that Mrs. Wilson betrays undue ig-

norance and jealousy, at any time, we have only to say, that equal stupidity may often be found in much loftier stations than a village boarding-house.

So, if Miss Boston, now and then exhibits a want of judgment or good sense, at variance with the native and established nobility of her character, set it down, not to the author, but the influence of error on even the soundest and most exalted minds.

In the case of Badger, especially, is an instance of a brain completely addled by fanaticism. In short, whatever may appear as incongruous or unnatural in any of the characters brought forward, it only shows — the truth as it is — how far imposture, however absurd, can gain a footing, and what fanaticism does in making dupes and fools of otherwise very sensible people. How many intellects, great and small, have thus been thrown from their balance, to wander in the mazes of folly or plunge into imbecility, infidelity and insanity. Sad evidence of this have we in the mad-houses tenanted, families made desolate and the God of Truth impeached by the zealots of Spiritualism and Woman's Rights.

Let the reader bear constantly in mind, that much of the book is in the form of prophetic revelation, and hence the scenes are laid in the future, but none the less truthfully on that account. We, indeed, write as a historian recording past events, but how we were transported so far in advance of the present and enabled to note things as those already come to pass, it is unnecessary to reveal. We will simply hint, however, that possibly there may be such a thing as a spiritual telegraph so much quicker than time itself, that whoever is put in connection with it, gets the knowledge of current events long before they transpire. But, however much any one may doubt the prophetic portions of the following volume, that, by no means, invalidates the remainder, which is a veritable record of existing facts.

And now ye critics of patrician rank and authority! Ye Conscript Fathers of the Republic of Letters! Be propitious! If the inexperienced traveler in the devious, doubtful path of authorship has shown

himself any thing of a true man, then deign to nod on his juvenile effort, and lead him up to the stars.

Or, if you find it inexpedient to cheer him with the sunshine of your smile, do not, I pray you, descend from the height of your most serene seats to tread on an unfortunate and insignificant mortal, an obscure worker in this lower "sphere," yet whose aspirations, if not his deeds, merit your approval, not your scorn nor your ire, much less your vindictiveness, if, indeed, such passions can dwell in your celestial minds. Pardon the rashness of your supplicant, but were ye not once habitants, mortal and obscure, like our humble self, in this nether region? Think, then, of whence ye sprung, and keep bottled the gall and wormwood in which your red hot iron stiles are so often dipped.

Were ye not taught by your good mothers never to be so naughty as to rob bird's nests?

Let the memory of maternal instruction lead you to desist from destroying this, our literary bantling, which never did you any harm, and never can.

O, ye gods and goddesses! Jupiter Stators, Apollos, Minervas and Vulcans, of criticism,

> Consent to pass our imperfections by;
> At least bend on us an indulgent eye.

As to the fanatical and splenetic, the prejudiced or malicious Spiritualists and Woman's Rights clan, male and female, with their apologists, we have no hope of propitiating them. They will, of course, pour out the vials of their wrath upon the head of the unknown author. Their vocabulary will be exhausted in hard sayings against us, but it will only prove the old adage true, that a "wounded bird will flutter."

So do your worst, ye "strong minded" and ye "spirit rappers." We fear you not. Vain will all your efforts be to destroy our book. Written, as it is, to expose to public contempt the two greatest humbugs of modern times, it will be read by all sensible people, who are both disgusted with the follies and pained by the evils of Spiritualism and Woman's Rights.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

"Some books are lies frae end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd,
But this that I am gaun to tell
I' just as tru's the Deil's in h—ll,
Or Dublin city."

WE recollect on a certain occasion, to have heard a clergyman give out from the pulpit a notice something as follows: "There will be a meeting of the female ladies of this society, &c."—naming the time and place, but the object of the meeting has this moment escaped our recollection. We remember, however, of being sorely puzzled, at the time, to comprehend his meaning; or to what order of bipeds a woman would belong who was not a *female* woman. But to those who may have the felicity of perusing the following delectable narration, the matter will be fully explained. In fact, many now living are destined to see such changes as the history of the past can no where produce.

Among the least of these novelties, is a new classification of the human species. Hitherto the division of the *Genus Homo* has been simply into male and female, but not long hence will be seen a subdivision of the latter into *masculine* and *feminine*

women; the former appellation attaching exclusively and distinctively to those who don the bi-furcated appendages of the sterner sex, and lead the van in the ownward march of woman's rights.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Reader, we are about to give a veritable history of this movement, in the course of which we shall make disclosures of a character so extraordinary, and open to the world events so startling in their nature that we fear credulity itself will almost doubt the authenticity of the simple narrative of facts which we are about to relate.

But in this, our exordium, we wish distinctly to avow our admiration of the sex in general, and of *female* women in particular; also that we are not so fool-hardy as to undertake a crusade against any of their long established rights. That they have ever worn the breeches in a figurative sense, and indirectly controlled the stronger sex, from Eve downward, as absolutely as Napoleon his legions, no one in his sober senses will for a moment deny, and any attempt to reverse or modify this time established order would be no less futile than Don Quixote's encounter with the wind-mills, or the efforts of Mrs. Partington to sweep back the tide of the ocean with her mop. The Atlantic was indeed aroused, and so was Mrs. Partington; but the contest was unequal, and after a gallant resistance, Mrs. Partington, like other great souls under adverse circumstances, was obliged to succumb as all would be who should deny or seek to subvert the supremacy of woman's will.

As to the *matter* of the work before us we disclaim all re-

sponsibility. We do not discuss any abstract principle of right or wrong since all argument on the subject, *pro or con.*, would be a work of supererogation. It is simply a record of historic facts, but differing from history in general in the following important particular. It is not a recital of past events gleaned from musty documents, doubtful records, and still more uncertain traditions, but a history of the future as authentic and true as if drawn from that primal home of truth itself, "the bottom of a well." In fact, we have learned beyond a shadow of a doubt, that before the close of the present century the self-styled "lords of creation" will not only actually and literally be *sans culottes*, but regarded the weaker vessel and treated as such by their fair enslaver.

But, says the skeptical reader, how is this mighty revolution to be effected? Not by sudden outbreak of warlike demonstration. Man was never thoroughly conquered by the broomstick. He may be subdued for the time and lie, like unhappy Poland, at the feet of his relentless subjugator; but, like Poland, will he seize every favorable opportunity for revolt. His submission is secured only by constant and untiring vigilance. For the most part woman's anger, like the convulsions of nature, is terrific, but does not endure. The storm-cloud may gather, break and discharge itself, till every valley becomes a miniature sea; in an hour it has passed away, and the golden sunlight flashes on hill and plain which look all the more bright and glorious for the storm that has swept over them. The showers of April are quickly followed by the sunshine of May. So with woman. Her paroxysms of wrath are soon succeeded by the smiles of love and the kisses of peace.

Against open attack we can defend ourselves. Woman is powerful but in her own sphere. 'Tis not when she assumes the "port of Mars," but when she puts on "the angel to deceive" that we have ought to fear. And here, says the sapient reader to himself, here lies the danger. When woman "stoops to conquer" when she brings into play her smiles and her tears with her thousand coquettish arts, in short when she

"Comes to lay,
Her nets of roses in our way,"

then it is that losing our independence, we suffer ourselves to be bound as with fetters of steel. Yet impotent as we are under the enchantments of the sex, a want of preconcerted and united action on their part has thus far left us free. Let them once realize their power, let them combine as well as "stoop to conquer," and we may well dread the result.

Mark that tiny streamlet as it wends its way down the mountain slope. It issues from glittering dew drops brushed by the breath of spring from leaf and flower. Whispering its nothings to the summer breeze and coquetting with the flowerets that fringe its banks, it goes dancing to the sound of its own liquid music and laughing to scorn the obstacles which obstruct its progress. Joined successively by sister streamlets, anon, the aggregate swells into the majestic river, rolling onward to the ocean whose yielding but resistless folds encircle the world. So with woman. She will lure us with syren song, she will strew with garlands her conquering path, and wreathe our chains with fairy favors till submissive, cringing slaves, we lie at her feet, then Sampson like, are we delivered into the hands of the Philistines.

Most logical reader, your reasoning is ingenious and to human foresight is alike plausible and conclusive, but it is of the "earth, earthy." Woman's wiles, woman's smiles and woman's blandishments will have their influence on the great revolution with which the future is pregnant, but these alone would never give it birth. Another power differing essentially from ordinary human instrumentality and unencumbered with the dross of materialism, is exerting its potent but invisible agency in behalf of the down-trodden and enslaved *petticoatocracy* of the Empire State.

This agency more supernatural in its origin — more miraculous in its developments than any thing the world has witnessed since the magic transactions in the castle of Udolpho or the encounters of pious Cotton Mather with the witches of Salem, is yet in mere embryo, but in forthcoming maturity is destined to revolutionize the world, forming a new meridian in the calendar of time, and casting a halo of glory around the close of the nineteenth century, compared with which, the boasted human inventions of the age, will be but as farthing rush-lights beside the crater of Vesuvius, or the pattering of rain drops, to the roar of Niagara.

We allude to Spiritualism, the talisman under which woman, casting her banner to the breeze will bear it onward from victory to victory, till it floats proudly in the noontide blaze of political power and then ——. But we must not anticipate.

Produce your authority says the incredulous reader, for these wonderful revelations or how are we to judge of their veracity. Were we writing of the past, your demand would be reasonable, and if refused an answer, the credibility of the narrative might well be doubted. But the work before us, from its very na-

ture, must necessarily rest on the *ipse dixit* of the writer, with the simple assurance that time will eventually stamp it with the seal of truthfulness. It will naturally be asked in what manner we came in possession of the wonderful facts about to be disclosed, or how we alone are made the favored organ in giving them to the world. We have already intimated that our pen may be but the passive tool of Spiritualism — that among the idiosyncrasies of this prophetic age, it may have been given us to peer through or behind the curtain that hides the future, and with unclouded vision to gaze out upon the stream of time, as it flows down the vista of centuries. Be that as it may, the *modus operandi*, or precisely how we were constituted a chronicler of the future it is not essential to state or for the reader to know, neither has it any bearing on the authenticity of the following record.

An obscure writer, one William Shakspeare who flourished somewhere near the close of the sixteenth century, but who seems to have taken a look somewhat deeply at the fountain of human thought and [illegible] said,

"[illegible] tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken in the flood leads on to fortune."

A later author of some repute has said,

"There is a tide in the affairs of woman,
Which taken in the flood leads — Heaven knows where."

The doubt implied in the latter quotation it is the design of the following chapters to elucidate:

Will the reader now seat himself in the car of imagination and transport himself some twenty years ahead of the present time to the commencement of the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

CHAPTER II.

"That night a cheild might understand
The Deil had business on his hands."

IT seemed almost the night of doom. The winds howled around, and through every crevice came portentous whisperings. Lightnings blazed. The thunder in quick, cracking, crashing strokes made heaven and earth tremble, then rolled away [illegible]d, deep, and lang."

Amaziah Badger had retired to rest. But how could a sinful mortal sleep when the storm-god was wroth and seemed about to shiver every thing to atoms. Earth, air and sky, mingled together, portended some dire catastrophe.

Such a night was calculated to induce gloomy forebodings and people superstitious fancy with spectres and ghosts.

Amaziah had been accustomed to regard such a scene in no other light than simply as an unpleasant one, nay, he had often rallied the timorous who could not enjoy a thunder storm.

Though not given to superstition, a strange feeling came over him. Why, he could not tell. He was in good health and cheerful mood. However, unwilling to incur the reputation of yielding to womanish fears, he resolutely sought to quiet himself upon his couch.

In the third story of a stately mansion, where, it is not important to state. An introduction to his room will be sufficient for the reader to comprehend and realize the gloom of that awful night, a dismalness whose intensity our half terrified friend would have somewhat relieved by lighting his extinguished taper, had not the continuous sheets of electricity rendered artificial light both useless and cheerless. But to the room.

It was moderately large, ceiling high, with two windows looking to the street. The furniture of ordinary style, bed, wardrobe, centre-table, wash-stand, half a dozen chairs, (including a comfortable armed rocker), stove, settee, mirror, a small case of miscellaneous books, *et cetra*. On the stand was neatly placed, bowl, pitcher and napkin for his morning ablution.

Thus it will be seen, that for a bachelor (for such he was and enjoying his forty-sixth summer), Amaziah was comfortably provided with the *articles* of life, less man's "better half."

For two long hours Badger vainly essayed to compose himself to sleep. Sad and dismal sensations oppressed him. Never before had he so realized the estate of his loneliness in the world. Longing for some one with whom to communicate, he was led for the moment to envy those of his kind who were blessed with conjugal partners of their joys and sorrows, especially amid the terror and tortures of a nocturnal,(not matrimonial,)thunder storm.

The moment that *thought* was indulged, he was startled by a noise in his room. But what could be the cause? Neither cat nor dog shared his bachelor's quarters. The door he knew was bolted, and the elevation of his apartment was security

against external intruders. A flash of lightning discovered to him a chair moved from its accustomed place. He could not be mistaken, for bachelors you know are renowned for the development of the *systematic* organ. Theirs is the universal, good old motto, "a place for every thing and every thing in its place." Another explosion of electricity, illuminating his chamber with more than the brightness of a hundred gas-burners, confirmed him in the certainty that the chair had been moved, and that its removal had occasioned the noise. But by what power, visible or invisible? It could not be a Spiritual-Rapper. He was a rabid skeptic on that score. Was it not some robber or assassin issuing from his concealment to dispatch his victim? Amaziah had wronged no one, and his known antipathy to filthy lucre was indemnity against the assaults of avarice. Had not the chambermaid, either in a fit of somnambulism or to play off some game of innocent conspiracy, with her duplicate key, gained entrance unobserved, amid the rattling confusion of thunder and tempest? This last, is the most probable conclusion thought he, at which *thought*, instantly the chairs commenced promenading across the room and with their legs upward, ranged themselves in a row against his bed-side. We say ranged *themselves*, for though the lightning gave a view as clear as noon-day, there was no visible agency in the mysterious movement. Badger sprang to a sitting posture. His hair stood erect. The cold sweat gathered in drops on his face. His knees smote together and his eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets. To escape was impracticable, for he was barricaded. He tried to scream "murder! help!" but his voice stuck fast in his throat. Statue like he sat, the per-

sonification of ghostly fear. At length regaining his voluntary powers and striking his hand with violence upon his forehead, he collected his wits about him, to determine whether indeed all this was reality or not. Conscious of his own identity and the soundness of his senses, it was clearly no empty vision.

It is hard to say what the effect upon him would have been, whether a giving up of the ghost on the spot, or confirmed insanity, but fortunately, as often happens, despair begat courage and courage banished fear.

His shattered thoughts and senses measurably restored, he resolved to know the bottom of this business. Accordingly his first effort was to leap out of bed and strike a light, but his muscular powers were suspended. Could it be, that he was a victim of the horrible *catalepsy?* The bare thought how appalling! Shroud, coffin, weeping friends, funeral train and yawning grave, all rose visibly before him. Darkness gathered on his eyelids. Already, he fancied himself lowered to his final resting-place, and heard and felt the clods falling heavily, with their sepulchral sound upon his breast. O horror of horrors! Buried alive! Was such his fate? This was indeed living death! Every fibre within him thrilled with agony. Already a sense of suffocation oppressed him, a numbness was creeping over his extremities, and when he would have expired — marvellous in the extreme — the organ of vitality performed its function with more than ordinary vigor, for he distinctly felt and heard it palpitate. After all, thought he, is not this mere imagination and *neuralgic* excitement? Consciousness assured him of his mental and physical soundness, and yet the unaccountable spell petrified and held him fast.

Again his alarm returned. Skeptic as he had been in relation to Spiritualism, the conviction forced itself upon him, that he was surrounded by *invisible* agents, for surely no mere earthly cause could produce such phenomena. He could no longer doubt. It was a *Spiritual Manifestation*. But the character of these ghostly visitors? Was it good or bad, friendly or unfriendly? And their object? Was it a mission of benevolence, or had they come "to torment him before the time?"

Spirits! ghosts! What feelings a sense of their presence and their power produces. How it seems to lift the curtain between both worlds, causing sinful flesh instinctively to shrink back from an unseen, untried eternity.

All he had ever thought, or said, or done, passed in instantaneous review before him. Whether or not his state of mind bringing him into sympathy or magnetic affinity with the mysterious agency, dissolved the spell that bound him, it is difficult to say, but tortured with suspense, and with mental powers wrought up to the highest pitch of intensity, suddenly his tongue was loosed and he cried,

"What meaneth this? What terrible judgment is upon me? Tell me ye invisible powers, tell me."

But there came no response.

Have I wronged any of my fellow men? If so, tell me, that I may repent and make restitution.

No answer.

The tempest without still raged, while awful silence reigned within. Again in agony of soul he cried,

"Ye powers, mortal or immortal, good or evil, reveal to me

this mystery. Wherefore is it and what doth it portend?'

But the powers deigned no reply.

"Whom and in what have I offended?" continued he. "Surely, nothing save transgression could bring upon hapless mortal such a visitation. Inform me if I have trespassed on the rights of any human being."

Instantly the chairs sprang to their legs again. The stove began to rattle and the table galloping around the room, suddenly ascended and adhered to the ceiling.

"I have then offended. Is it man?" said Badger.

No response.

"Is it *woman?*" And his tongue tingled as he spoke. In a twinkling his wardrobe rushed from its retreat, hats, boots, waistcoats, pantaloons, and dickeys flying furiously in all directions. Himself, the picture of fright, he found, in a precarious equilibrium, astride the foot-board, while bedstead, chairs, settee, tongs, stools, and every thing about him, that had legs, fell to rearing and kicking as if possessed. All was hurly-burly, except the wash-stand, which stood unmoved, like a quiet spectator of the scene, a circumstance the shrewd reader, will presently comprehend.

A sudden plunge of his wooden horse, the rider hurled through divers vertical revolutions, was safely anchored in a sitting posture on the stove, and into which position he settled with infinite composure.

To an ordinary observer Amaziah's apartment, in a state of chaotic disorder, was far from inviting, and his seat any thing but enviable. But Spiritualism looks through other than mortal eyes, and hence to him, all was order symmetry and beauty.

Ordinarily, the transition from a bed, even of straw, to a cast iron stool, would be considered something of a hard exchange, especially when tired nature called for rest. But now to him it was delicious as softest velvet. No easy chair, with "cushions at the arm-holes" could be more grateful. He fain would have sat there the live-long night. True, he might have desired a change on the score of taste, but not to increase the sum of his perfect, yet unaccountable felicity.

The storm had abated. The thunder died away in distant muttering, the lightnings returned to their hiding-place. In the elysium of his bliss, perched upon the silken, downy, summit of the stove, the impression fastened itself upon him with irresistible force that he had witnessed a *Spiritual Manifestation*, and that in truth, he was involuntarily and unconsciously made a *Medium*. With self-possession equal to his former trepidation, he at once inquired,

"Are there Spirits here?"

Whereupon broke out such a *rapping* as would have awakened the "seven sleepers." The thumpings of a thousand coopers at work had not made a greater clattering. Chairs, settee, bedstead, tongs, poker, boot-jack — which had exhausted their energies, by over-exertion, and subsided into quiet for a breathing spell — again letting loose, played curious antics.

The mirror turned its face to the wall, and the table alighting from the ceiling, danced a polka about the room. Amaziah's coat, of peaceful cut and the property of a peace man, was decorated with epaulettes, lace and sash, — his hat with cockade and feather, while his expansive, old fashioned cloak assumed the character of our national banner, with "stars and stripes" flaunting to the breeze.

Amid the din of rappings and tappings, Badger's ear distinctly recognized the tune of "*Yankee Doodle*," and as the martial strain ceased, he as plainly heard the noise of a very large auger boring upward through the table, and saw, or rather thought he saw, the chips fall upon the floor! * * * Presently the stove commenced a gentle rocking. The wash-bowl, filled to the brim, attached to nothing, hung bottom upward directly over Amaziah's head, and yet — strange phenomena — the liquid contents in perfect equilibrium, remained undischarged. A soothing, blissful charm rested upon and filled his every sense.

"The spirit of what man is here?" inquired he. A sepulchral, angry tone between a groan and a growl, almost stopped his breath with terror, and again his strength departing, he came near falling headlong. A striking anomaly, by the way, in Spiritualism, as we shall see, for according to the orthodox creed, when the Spirit called after, is not present, there can be no response — plainly an error, as Badger can testify from actual experience.

Amaziah, confounded, bewildered and hardly knowing what he said, asked,

"Is the Spirit of any animal here?"

Suddenly was there such a cackling of hens, crowing of cocks, gabbling of geese, croaking of crows, hooting of owls and screaming of buzzards; such a snarling of cats, barking of dogs, squealing of pigs, grunting of hogs, howling of wolves, chattering of monkeys, bellowing of bull-frogs and braying of donkeys, as out-bedlamed bedlam, and made night hideous with their grand chorus of discord.

Puzzled, horrified, stunned, our bachelor involuntarily waved

his hand for them to depart. 'Twas like a magic wand. All was silence again. His composure returned.

A moment's calm reflection assured him that it could be none other than some propitious Spirit present, but how to approach it, was the question. At length yielding to the motion of an inward impulse, he cried with the voice of entreaty,

"Kind and gentle Spirit, whose presence fills me with delight, favor thy servant with a Manifestation, and reveal thyself to him."

One mild solitary rap on the stove, vibrated in his ear, thrilling every nerve with ecstacy, like the silvery flow of richest music The water still suspended above him, now gently glided down his person. O, such a baptism! It was like being perfumed with the oil of celestial roses! He felt as if bathing in the ocean and basking in the sunbeams of bliss!

Presently, a voice or the Manifestation of a voice, in accents of enchanting sweetness, said or seemed to say,

"List thou!—On *woman* concentrate thy thoughts,
On wronged, disfranchised *woman*; and as me
In this, thou dost obey, so will I thee
Glad tidings bear on morrow's twilight eve.
The veil, that's o'er the future cast, I'll draw
Imparting unto thee prophetic sight.
The mandate mark—*on woman fix thy thoughts.*
To-morrow night, as now, we meet again—
Till then, thy lips and secret heart, I scan.
I am no phantom—heed me well—good night."

As the voice died away on his ear, Badger found himself snug in bed again, his room at the same time assuming its cus-

tomary appearance. The impression left upon his mind, by the occurrences of the last hour, was like that of a vivid dream. Within and without all was quiet save the measured tick of the clock.

The queen of heaven smiled on him through the casement, and the stars twinkled with their brightest lustre, like diamonds in the blue mantle of night. Nature herself, as if with exhausted energies, seemed lulled to repose, and feeling the genial influence stealing over him, Amaziah sank into the embrace of profound sleep.

CHAPTER III.

"Holy St. Francis! what a change is here!"

LIKE old Bachelors in general, Amaziah was an inveterate stickler for his full quantum of systematic, unmolested sleep, not only on account of the luxury of "snoozing," but religiously holding it to be indispensable in fitting one for the active duties of the day. His dormitory was his *sanctum sanctorum*. It was downright sacrilege for any mortal to intrude upon him while paying his nightly devotions at the shrine of the sleepy god. Whenever by any fortuity he did happen to be curtailed of his usual amount of rest, which very rarely occurred, it was said to make him "*out of sorts*" for a fortnight afterwards.

However this may be, it was not so in the present instance. On the contrary he arose even earlier than usual, refreshed, invigorated, with step elastic, and spirits buoyant. Having arranged his toilet with even more than his customary circumspection, midway his descent to the breakfast-room, he met the chambermaid,—a native of "good ould Ireland,"—and an extreme specimen of her class.

Were it required of us to describe her person in the most comprehensive terms, we should say, she was in height about "four feet two," and her rotundity equal to her altitude. The

contour of the picture is sufficiently indicative of the "filling up." Such, we say, was her portrait drawn in fidelity of outline, and as it had heretofore appeared to Amaziah. But not so now.

In form, feature, and expression she was changed into a being of angelic mould. Motionless, for the instant, he gazed with rapture, beholding grace in every motion and "heaven in her eye." Never before, had he seemingly looked upon any earthly object so lovely.

"Good morning, Catharine," said Badger, and with arms extended in the ecstacy of his admiration, he was saluting her with extravagant compliments extorted by her beauty, in *his* eye, when a voice from below in emphatic and to him sweet accents, saluted his ears:

"What, sir, insulting my chambermaid? No *gentleman* will take such liberties with a servant. Explain yourself if you please, sir."

"I was swaping in th—the hall, ma'm, and the blarney of a fellow was cooming down stairs, ma'm, and looked right at me with his eyes, he—he did ma'm, and was pokin fun at me, he was, and I niver sed a bit of a woord to him, and he kipt cooming raght at me, he did ma'm, and I was jist a gooing to give the oogly crather a poke on the pate with ma broom-stake, I was ma'm," exclaimed Kate in a spirit of "high dudgeon."

"By this time the landlady — her black eyes flashing indignation — had ascended to the landing, where Badger stood listening to the impassioned narrative of Catharine, whose "rich Irish brogue," had so fired with tender passion his inmost soul.

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"You will find you another boarding place, sir. I will hand you your bill at dinner," said Mrs. Wilson, and started down stairs.—Badger immediately following.

"An if ye iver spake to me agin with yer blarney, by me sowl, a divil a bit of hair is it I'll lave in yer head, I will," cried Kate in a boisterous and threatening tone, and yet all this excited within Badger naught but the most pleasing emotions. Never before had he enjoyed female society. Not that he was a woman hater. Far from it. But like many of his class, having seen but little of the world, especially in the mingling of the sexes, which added to his natural "timidity" he had always shrank from the gaze of the softer sex, as from the glare of a serpent. But how changed! A new era in his existence now dawned upon him. His eyes and ears were opened for the first time, to see and hear those feminine charms, to which before he had always been both blind and deaf. This change wrought upon him was indeed sudden and mysterious, but to him none the less real.

Badger was seating himself at the breakfast-table when the waiter made her appearance. How surpassingly beautiful she looked! True, her "skin a sable color," was of purely Ethiopian dye, but to his optics there was no difference between ebony and alabaster in female charms, unless it be that the former exhibited a somewhat richer tinge than the latter.

"Good morning, Dinah, dear," said Badger, unable to repress the ardor of his feelings—"what a stormy night we've had. Could you sleep amid such lightning and thunder? How old are you, Dinah? Is your father living? How many sisters have you, Dinah? Did you ever have a husband, Dinah? If

I were you, Dinah, I would never mar"—. At that instant Mrs. Wilson entering the door arrested his attention. Some would have said she was in a rage, yet not so did he behold her. There was fire in her eye, but it was the flame that burns while it does not consume; a curl on her lip, but it was the "line of beauty;" a kind of spiteful, steam-like rapidity in her locomotion, but it was the perfection of grace. At least so it appeared to him.

"Has he eat his breakfast, Dinah," said she sweeping round towards the head of the table where Badger sat.

No misses, he talk so fas, me couldn't ask de gemmen what he hab, no how."

"How fresh you are looking this morning," said Amaziah to his hostess, at the same time advancing towards her with hands outstretched for a friendly greeting, his labial muscles, of their own accord, assuming the attitude for whistling, or *something else.*

"Husband! husband!" cried she with hysteric shriek, though it was music in Badger's ear.

"Lor bress me, massa!" — vociferated Dinah, meeting Wilson at the entrance, and throwing up her hands in affright, "he gwine to obmit wiolence and sassinate missus. Quick, massa Wilson, quick, 'fore he duz de dre'ful deed."

"Mercy! husband! Save me from the dreadful creature. He's drunk or crazy. He insulted Kate, in the hall, talked love to Dinah, and then pitched straight at me. Nobody's safe with him in the house."

"Yes, massa, missus tell de libin trufe. Dars nun ob us dat iz'nt sposed eb'ry minute. Dat am most ser'ous fac."

"Pshaw! Dinah, you and your mistress are terrible skit-

tish. Friend Badger only wanted to hear himself talk and have a little fun, that's all. He would'nt harm a kitten. An old bach — hard on to fifty and never kissed a girl in his life, I'll wager a cocktail. Bah! He's as harmless as a turtle dove. Glad if he has at last got pluck enough to speak to a woman. I think he ought to be encouraged, for his own sake and the women's too. He'll make some one a model of a husband yet. Won't you my good fellow?" at the same time giving him a familiar, playful slap on the shoulder.

"I hope he won't court Kate and Dinah all at once," said Mrs. Wilson, and she swept out of the room.

"Lor a mighty, he don't come round dis wench, nohow, now I tell you dat ar," said Dinah, and away she *shuffled* in a huff.

"Come Badger," said the landlord, "swallow your breakfast and take a turn with me to market, and we'll have one of the dinners to-day," in the mean time loading his plate. "There, make yourself at home, while I go to the kitchen and see what's wanted. I always consult Dinah in making up the culinary programme."

"Hold on, I'll go too," said Badger, rising from his chair.

"No no, it's all well enough," replied Wilson, "my spouse was a little nervous this morning, don't mind it, and its not worth while to *apologise* to a '*darkee.*' You see Badger, you have never studied the science of woman. You hav'nt been initiated. But you'll understand it when you've been '*blowed up,*' as often as I have. You see these *fits* are a part of the female constitution — a kind of chronic, periodical *neuralgic* spasm, and when they come on, the only way is to keep still and let 'em have 'em out. Sit down and finish your meal.

You will only make the matter worse in trying to mend it. These fits are curious things — and dangerous too, if not rightly treated. The only cure is, kindly to *let them alone.* Its always safest to let 'em pass off the natural way. I can fetch my wife too, easy enough. A new bonnet or a new dress will take the temper out of *any* woman, for a while — at least until they are made and worn *once.* You see, Badg., I'm a real doctor. I can treat these feminine infirmities 'like a book,' — bread-pills and sugar-plums are the best calomel and blood-letting for these 'fits' that woman 'is heir to,' as Shakspeare says, ha–ha–ha. Do you understand? Now Badg., hark! — take my advice, keep away from the women. Never even *turn your thoughts on the sex, until you have firmly resolved to marry.*

"Lecture *first,* by Prof. Wilson, 'D. F.,' doctor of *fits,* admittance twenty-five cents — bachelors half price," said our host with a hearty laugh, and made his exit leaving Badger behind him.

Although entirely misapprehended, he decided to adopt the counsel just given him and let things rest as they were, trusting less in himself than in his landlord, whom he held in the highest estimation, as well for the qualities of his head as his heart.

To be sure Wilson was not favored with a liberal education, neither was he covered with the starch and polish of *fashionable* politeness. He did not know at what precise moment of the day or night, the bosom of fashionable nobility would, *as a matter of course,* magnanimously open its portals for the reception of visitors, neither that he must say "adieu" to his

"DEAR *friend*," after having sat precisely so many minutes by the dial, notwithstanding it broke suddenly off, an interesting conversation — nor that his gloves must be of a particular hue, on particular days of the year, and at particular hours of the morning and evening, and that they must not be worn a second time, though not in the least soiled. Neither could he *really feel* himself inspired with a deep and abiding attachment by the inspection of a little piece of polished paste-board, handed to his servant by some gentleman's coachman, however handsomely the name might be engraved upon it. In short, he was not much versed in, much less governed by the Calendar of Fashion, in which is marked the "times and the seasons," with nice exactness of year, month, day, hour, minute, and even second, as a directory to guide the simple and govern the wise in the process of walking, riding, bowing, speaking, calling, smiling, and *loving*, with all the details of form, size, color, texture, posture, and wear of apparel and equipage.

Wilson was in all respects exactly the reverse of this fashionable stamp, open, frank, generous — a noble specimen of democratic humanity. However fastidious Fashion might draw his portrait, he was nevertheless in heart and soul a *gentleman*. Satisfied that Wilson was his friend, and intended all for the best, and whose advice being not altogether inconsistent with the instructions of the previous night, Badger concluded to repose confidence in him.

"What a magnificent morning! Such cool, pure, bracing air. What a luxury to breathe it," said the landlord, as they sallied forth on their excursion.

"Y-e-s," replied Badger with indifference.

"I shall never forget last night," continued Wilson. What lightning! The atmosphere seemed all on fire. And how the thunder ripped and tore, as if every thing was coming to pieces. I almost began to think that Millerism was true and the end of the world had come. But I believe all is right side up this morning. How is it in the third story? All straight?"

"Y-e-s, b-e-l-i-e-v-e so."

"What the devil ails you, old boy? You were chirk as a lark before we started, and now a melancholy "y-e-s"—"y-e-s," is all that can be got of you. I was going to introduce you to one of the handsomest old maids in the State, with the hope of getting up a match, but I'd sooner present her a box of icicles, than a beau clear down in the dumps."

"Where does she live," ejaculated Badger, instantly electrified. How far is it? When shall we get there?" he repeated with the utmost impatience.

"I've hit you at last, my good fellow," said Wilson laughingly. "Her domicile stands a short jaunt from the suburbs. Shall I escort you out there to-night?

Badger made no reply.

"Come, what do you say? Shall I show you up? If you would get a wife, you must approach in the right way and play your game shrewdly. Blow a welding heat and strike when the iron is hot—that is, watch your chance and take her when she's in the humor. Shall we go?"

"Not to-day," said Badger, I'm engaged. But is'nt there some one close by, I can see *now?*

"You are in a devil of a hurry all at once," said he. Waking up to a sense of the subject, are you?"

They were passing through the principal street, and at that hour in the morning when merchants, artisans, and others make the customary out-door display of their various wares. Just before them, a milliner and mantua-maker's *sign* (in the shape of a woman, familiar to the reader), of faultless proportions and clad in richest costume, was advancing by the aid of a clerk, to her position near the door, for the purpose of enticing the simple and unwary ones *out of the way*, leading them to enter one of those "institutions," where so many women *graduate*, and come forth *clothed* with beauty, to dazzle and captivate mankind with their *acquired* charms.

The moment Badger's eye caught the voluptuous form of the *feminine* sign—was it monomania, or imagination, or because he was a "woman's rights" Medium, or what?—his soul was instantaneously inflamed with the "tender passion," and his senses taken captive by a delirium of bliss.

"There she is, there she is," cried the ardent lover, springing forward to meet her, and, thrusting aside the lad who seemed to be laying violent hands upon her, the figure, jostled from its balance, fell headlong to the side-walk.

"Dearest madam," exclaimed he, bending over the prostrate image, how glad I am to see you. Are you hurt? Let me help you up."

But she made no reply, and taking it that silence gave consent, quickly clasping her about the waist—heavens, what a sensation!—with no great effort he restored her to her feet again, not only gratified with his exploit of gallantry, but astonished that she was so light.

"Did it injure you, dearest madam," continued he with

anxiety. "Where would you like to go? May I be so happy as to see you home? — You know me don't you?" Earnestly and affectionately he repeated his questions, but could obtain no answer.

While thus paying his unfortunate addresses to the dear *thing*, suddenly rushed out the mistress of the establishment, and snatching the sweet idol from his embrace, exclaimed,

"You scoundrel! What are you doing? You'll pay for this, sir," and drew her rescued prize within doors.

"O certainly, certainly, send for the doctor — make haste — quick, I'll foot the bill," said Amaziah following hard after the object of his adoration.

Thinking she had but swooned, he seized a bucket of water, accidentally standing near, and in the heat and hurry of his excitement, dashed the contents into her face!

"That'll fetch her too, if she's only fainted," cried he. "But ain't she hurt, that she can't speak? Let me feel of her pulse and look into her eyes," continued the lover searching for her wrist and peering under her bonnet.

The shop-girls, to the number of half a dozen, in feminine affright, screamed, jumped, and ran in various directions, overturning stools and stands, and scattering and trailing laces, silks and muslins over the floor.

"He's drunk," cried one.

"He's crazy," — another.

"Mercy! O, dear! murder!" screamed the rest. He's a villain and a vagabond vociferated the milliner, her lips pale and voice tremulous with anger, as she shook her withered fist and her black orbs flashed fire through her spectacles, at him.

"Tell me your name, sir," demanded she.

"Amaziah Badger," he gravely answered.

"I'll institute a *suit* forthwith, sir, and walk you before a magistrate. *I* will teach you to lay your hands on the property of a defenseless woman, in a manner you'll remember. I give you timely notice of *that*, sir."

"O wait, don't be too fast," said he, "and if she doesn't come too pretty soon, instead of walking to the magistrates, I'll just send for the Parson. I'd rather, a great deal, have a *Priest* than a *Justice*,—hadn't you, my dear Miss Milliner?"

"What do you mean, sir, by such language?"

"I mean, if this dear idol here, should'nt revive in the course of an hour, then I will take your dear self to be my lawful, wedded wife."

"You impudent rascal! I *won't* be so insulted. It's enough to have my goods destroyed. Sir, pay me for that dress, and shawl, and bonnet," demanded she, pointing to the sign which stood encircled and supported by the arms of the addled amoroso.

"I say, pay me for that dress, and bonnet, and shawl."

"What!" said he, "has she got your clothes on? How beautiful they are! She borrowed them on purpose to see me with, didn't she? O how much she *did* adore her Amaziah! And now the dear creature is speechless, and can't say a word. O heavens! And she is *stiff* too! Only see! you can't bend her a bit! O dear she will never meet me again — never think of me again — never *speak* to me *again*." And dropping his head upon her shoulder, he burst into tears, while with loud wailing and lamentation he pressed the *lifeless* form to his

bosom. "She ain't dead neither, for only see! how she sweats! O miracle! miracle!" he ejaculated, exulting and laughing aloud through his tears.

"Sweats! miracle! you fool!" exclaimed Wilson, who silently waiting, had abundantly enjoyed the scene. "What the devil are you about here? Hugging a woman of *straw* and *cotton*, and can't tell perspiration on a human face from cold water on a block!"

"W-h-a-t?" said Badger with a broad stare. "Well, that's news anyhow, that women are made of such stuff as straw and cotton, and wear their bonnets on a block!"

"O that's not the case with 'em all," said Wilson. "Just come with me, and I will show you one who will make *you* 'sweat,' old fellow, and that without a 'miracle,' too." Then turning to the milliner who had retreated towards the back part of the room, evidently concluding that Badger was a lunatic escaped from the asylum, he said to her,

"I'll see this all made right, Mrs. Jones," and taking Badger by the arm, drew him to the door, amid a crowd of men and boys, attracted thither by the scene, and who probably would have "hustled him out," had it not been for the protection of his friend Wilson, who was a sort of acknowledged prince among the people. As it was, they passed without being the least molested. The only noticeable demonstration, was a sly chuckling and elbowing, with the interchange of certain significant looks at Badger's expense, although there was discoverable something also which seemed to say, "that's a rich joke on old maid Jones." The reluctance of our at-first-sight lover, to leave the object of his adoration, though for the moment

unyielding was overcome by the revelation and promise made by Wilson; yet as they proceeded, Amaziah falling into an abstracted mood could not help repeating to himself,

"Straw and cotton—*S-t-r-a-w*—a-n-d—*c-o-t-t-o-n*. I always thought they were *all* real flesh and blood. But I can tell now, when I see, a *bona fide*, flesh and blood woman,—*if she sweats.*"

"Come Badg., what the deuce ails you? You've soliloquized long enough. Now shorten that long phiz of yours and talk with me awhile. Shall we take a turn out of town this afternoon and call on that pretty little spinster? What say you, my boy?"

"Does she *sweat?*"

"Yes, she's one of the genuine sort."

"And does she wear her bonnet on a *block?*"

"Brains enough for you old fellow—a real head brim full of 'em."

The introduction of this topic aroused our absent-minded bachelor again, and promenading arm in arm up and down divers streets, they at length reached the market, whither Fame, swift-footed as usual, having preceded them, and a group being assembled with Athenian curiosity, a lengthy discussion ensued relative to the love scene and various other questions.

The day had so far advanced that a man's shadow did not indicate his height. Badger's breakfast having been almost a "fast" and the excitement of his adventure naturally producing exhaustion, he began to have a realizing sense that his landlord's promised dinner would be exceedingly palatable.

Like a couple of lads, sent of an errand, and at last aware of

their tardiness in playing by the way, they made all speed homeward.

Ascending to his room, Amaziah found upon his table several letters from esteemed friends. The seals were scarcely broken when dinner was announced.

Sensible of a more "aching void" in his natural than social stomach, the call was promptly obeyed, and having demonstrated his full appreciation of the good things of Providence, and Dinah's *kitchenary* skill, he returned to devour and digest the contents of his epistles.

A feeling akin to *ennui*, gradually oppressing him, he kept his room with closed doors, his thoughts, meanwhile, alternating between the scenes of the morning and his engagement with the mysterious visitor for the approaching evening.

Elongating himself upon the settee, in a sort of drowsy consciousness, betwixt reflection and anticipation, disappointment and hope, the hours rolled lazily away.

As night approached, anxiety aroused him, and he was wide awake. Curiosity and expectation were on tip-toe. Scarcely could he keep from forcing the clock forward, impelling the wheels of time to accelerate their speed. At length gray twilight came and with it he retired.

CHAPTER IV.

Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song:
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music."

THE "King of Day," in regal splendor, as if wearied in his journey, had sunk to rest in his couch of gold; while the Queen of Night, in the absence of her lord — assuming the *right* so generally claimed by ladies of fashion when their *dear* (?) husbands are away or snugly in bed, *good, kind souls* — issued from her eastern chamber of the palace, arrayed in robes of light, with cheek of *blushing* beauty — that crowning charm of woman's charms — and with queenly grace glided over the azure pavement in her evening promenade, and, *a la belle*, attended by a host of satellites, some conspicuous by their brilliancy, others obscure if not lost in their insignificance.

The laborer had ceased his toil and sought repose. Terrestrial Nature, as if fatigued, seemed gently dropping into sleep to restore her exhausted energies. The hours advanced and all was still.

Badger, awake and wakeful, stretched upon his lonely bed,

awaited the arrival of his mystic and heretofore aerial visitant.

Lying in a state of nervous impatience, not unlike a superstitious child peeping from under the coverlet, with every muscle set, to steal a glimpse of the marvellous Santa Claus, his anxiety increased to a pitch of intensity absolutely painful. At length he found relief. Punctual to appointment before his astonished gaze *she* stood, whom human language cannot describe, neither pencil draw, nor imagination the most vivid portray.

Badger had often met with ladies decked and bedizzened with all that *money* could obtain of the *ornaments* of a wonderfully ornamental age, but there was sure to be some drawback, some "fly in the ointment," that displeased him; a wrinkled or wry face, an unnatural color and expression, some native or artificial deformity, a thing — whether or not they could remedy — always repulsive to his plain, unartificial feelings.

But not so *she*, whom he now beheld, she—

> "So lovely fair,
> That what seem'd fair in all the world, seemed now
> Mean, or in her summ'd up."

The reader naturally feels a curiosity to know something of her exact appearance. That is impossible without actual personal observation. But were we to attempt her description, we could only say, in most general terms, that she was neither too large nor too small, and of perfect form and feature. In her contour were no *sharp points*, nothing in the least degree angular or stiff, but every line throughout was the graceful curve and voluptuous swell of beauty. Her eyes were rolling dix-

monds, luminous with sparkling, yet mellow light of superior intelligence, penetrating the inmost soul of the beholder with awe and admiration.

Her complexion, like living alabaster kissed by the breath of morn, was suffused — not painted — as with the blush of roses. Her teeth were comely rows of whitest pearl. Her hair, the color of her eyes, rich and glossy as the raven's wing, and falling in graceful, flowing curls about her person, swept the ground. In forming his first impression, as was his habit when meeting a stranger lady, he cast an involuntary glance at her *feet*, but they were modestly concealed by the drapery of her costume, the exterior of which consisted of a simple, but ample robe of ethereal texture and lightness — untrimmed with gimp, ruffles or flounces. Her ungloved fingers were not loaded with rings, nor her ears elongated with pendants, nor her bosom set with mosaic. In short, she was destitute of *jewels*, and though on this account in shocking bad taste, according to the modern code, yet in point of personal beauty she surpassed, if possible, the fabled Venus herself.

Motionless and dumb under the power of her enchantment, our bachelor was revolving in his mind whether what he saw was reality, an apparition, or a dream — when extending her arm, and pointing at him with her finger, in a clear, commanding tone of silvery smoothness and thrilling power, she addressed him thus:

"Give ear, O man! believe and heed me well:
As woman hater, prince and chief, art thou
Selected from thy race, to hear from me
Of what is past, and things of coming time

Revealed — and me, as thou believ'st, so others thee
Then silent hear, and hearing understand.
I am the *Spirit of a Mermaid*, not
The fabled monster, false and ingrate man
Hath made me — born, and following my birth,
A habitant of Fancy's shadowy realm,
But substance — immaterial, yet substance;
An entity no less, although from eyes
Of gross terrestrial Sense concealed have been,
Because of my etherial essence pure,
And deep disgust of loathsome man abhorr'd.
With Time's primeval morning I began,
The first of human kind begot, and through
Succeeding ages of unnumbered years
In ocean depths have made my home,
Sole mistress, seated on my coral throne,
Unruled by tyrant man, by him unharmed,
The type and earnest of that great event,
The full emancipation of my sex,
To be no more enslaved and crushed by him
Who falsely styles himself 'CREATION'S LORD.'
A mer-*man*, for companionship to me
Was proffered; but I spurned the dang'rous gift,
The future evil seeing, as I did,
By the intuitive foreknowledge clear
Of my superior nature. — Man himself
I knew, full well I knew him, what his source;
His disposition what, and its results.
I saw and felt, as portion of myself,
The destiny of woman — enslaved by him
Whose mistress she was made to be — how she
Of finer texture wrought, and higher mould,
Would yet by stratagem and force be made

To own herself to be — what she was not —
The 'weaker vessel' — Yes, a *hulk* — a *thing!*
O man, to me, invisible and unknown,
Think not thyself to be, because myself
Unseen by thee, am in thy books writ down
A *myth*, a visionary genus, hatched
And nurtured in prolific Fancy's brain.
A skeptic art thou still — like all thy race?
Then, hark! is empty ghost, or phantom vain,
In truth, endowed with sense, perception, thought?
Whence then the plainly manifested pow'r
Of yester eve, the voice thou hearest now,
And sense of actual things which I can tell?
'Tis granted then, if I describe in speech,
What real is, so I am real too.
No easier proof I ask, for, prithee, mark!
Have I not seen the sailor, tempest tossed,
Ride lordly on the surging sea, and in
The face of angry, howling tempest laugh?
And on his haughty brow did I not read
Inscribed, 'in *man* alone such courage dwells!'
Have I not seen, contending, hostile fleets
Enwrapped with flame and smoke, their decks submerged
In blood! in human blood! and shed for what?
To glut the hellish pride and hate of *man.*
Have I not seen the pirate, stealthy fiend,
With heart of steel, his trade of death pursue,
And hear the helpless victims of his fell
Attack surviving, send up piteous cries,
With sound discordant mixed of fetters harsh,
And clanking chains, and crack of bloody whip,
Rich music making in th' oppressor's ears?
And on the Alpine wave, uplifted high,

Have I not seen and heard embattled hosts,
Earth trembling 'neath the tread of their proud march,
And in their track nought left behind
But desolation vast of fire and sword?
To all of this have I not witness been?
And more, *ad infinitum* more, whereof,
Were it the present aim of my intent
I could relate. But well may this suffice
To prove I am no apparition vain,
Of brain diseased, nor fancy's idle dream;
But what I claim myself to be, as here
I stand, in presence of thy senses sane,
For tally not my words thus far with truth?
And how could I of things converse, if not
With them conversant? But enough — 'tis plain
That I am I, as true, as thou art thou.
So here I rest my claim to thy regard.
Thou hast been always taught and thus believed,
That 'God-like Man,' created first and best,
On earth has ever reigned supreme, and will
Throughout all time — the universal *head*.
While Woman, formed of coarser clay, the *feet*
Of all has been, and is to be, because
The All-wise Maker of them both, designed
It thus — and nought his stern degree can change.
But canst thou, in thy reason, tell me when
And where He so ordained, or answer, why
In Eden, haughty Adam seized the reins
Of power, and made his wife, fair Eve, a slave,
And doomed her daughters, fair as she, to bow
Beneath the yoke, submissive to the sons,
Taught by their sire in his own steps to walk?
I tell thee from the Spirit-Land, where all

That's true or false, appears in light — Adam
Usurped dominion; foolish Eve obeyed,
And thus the course of female servitude
Began. Alas! alas! the bitter fruit
And sad, of one concession, blindly made
By woman, ere her native strength she knew.
Why, *why*, sir, [redacted] woman sway the world?
If thou canst tell me, speak, and I will hear,
Or otherwise forbear thy speech. — Tongue-tied?
Well may'st thou be, nor dare to vindicate
Thy rule, obtained and kept by fraud and force.
Enough! Main object of my mission here
Is not to *reason*, but to *prophesy;*
Unfolding to thy view the Spirit-World,
And through the *Medium* of that higher sphere,
To thee reveal what soon shall come to pass,
And fix the coming destiny of earth.
When spirits leave this world, female and male
They mingle still — but in their state reversed.
There *woman* holds the sceptre, *man* obeys.
She by her own inherent right, and he
By this one universal law on all
Things stamped, create and uncreate, in earth
And Heaven — 'the greater shall the less control.'
And as he grows in virtue, knowledge, love,
To higher rank and purer sphere ascends,
Promoted by his queenly sovereign. Thus
Progressing in the upward scale, till such
A measure of perfection gained, as makes
It meet, him we allow to visit earth
Again, but in his mission circumscribed
By us, in narrow range of liberty,

As we by him, ere Spirits we became,
(In outraged woman's name, not mine, I speak,)
And our own right of supreme rule assumed,
Which, mark it, sir, we never will resign,
For well we know our native, rightful pow'r,
And how to use it we have learned as well.
Now, hear this prophecy, and write it deep
Upon the tablet of thy memory:—
On earth, ere thy remaining sands are run,
Shall man to his own proper level fall,
And woman rise, her place to take and rule
As *he* has ruled, he serving her henceforth,
As hitherto she him, in slavish fear
And bondage bound, in chains he cannot break,
And hence is doomed to wear, though chafed and gall'd
Beneath the iron sinking in his flesh
And eating to the very bone, and when
Imploring royal woman, to restore
The 'rights of man,' for answer this receive,
'Remember *woman's wrongs*;' and if thou dare
Thy cause maintain, thy freedom to demand,
With lip of scorn, or flatt'ring tongue that stings,
Be coolly told '*man's weakness is his pow'r*.'
Incredulous? Nay, flatter not thyself,
Because the proud usurper's dynasty
Can boast a hoary age, therefore it can
Defiance bid to change, and stand secure
Against all hostile force till time shall end.
Thus might it be, were abject woman left
In ignorance profound, the yoke to wear
Unconscious quite of freedom's priceless boon.
But such, be thanks, is not her hapless lot—

From foreign source, behold, deliverance comes —
The growing degradation of our sex,
Beneath oppression's heel of iron crushed
From age to age with spirit eyes we view'd,
And with increasing years our sympathies
Increased, until with indignation all
Ablaze, on *intervention*, we resolved,
To set our long imprisoned sisters free
And righteous vengeance on their foe to take.
All female spiritdom the crusade joined,
And though the Seven-Spheres, with sev'n high walls,
And thick as high, of adamant upreared,
Concentric, hem'd and hedged us round, 't was vain.
As soon might mountains intercept the day,
A spider's web the tempest bind, or fogs
Dam up Niagara, for every nerve
And muscle of our spirit power, surcharged,
And to the last degree of tension strained
By supernatural energy, and moved
With concentrated strength of purpose fixed,
Till irrepressible, our *will*, like spark
Electric touched the living magazine.
The firm celestial hills did rock, convulsed,
As part, broke through the massive gates,
And part, the lofty ramparts scaled,
And all our myriad hosts rushed down
A swift avenging avalanche
To earth — and hence the origin
Of spiritual intercourse with men. —
With prudent secresy and wise forecast,
Our sentinels were placed, and spies sent forth
To reconnoitre, ere the blow we strike.

Disguised they went, and first in Rochester,
By stratagem, the cunning "*Foxes*" gained
A stealthy entrance to the hostile camp,
Where by their mystic arts the way prepared —
And now, all things for conquest ripe, I come
To preach rebellion — mutiny to raise
And every where excite the holy war. —
Our eager troops do but the signal wait,
Then break we forth like rolling mountain waves,
Resistless in our mighty onward sweep
Till rescued be from plund'ring infidel
Our sweet and sacred shrine of Liberty. —
'Tis done — the fire-brand of strife I hurl,
Which quickly kindling at my breath, doth raise
A conflagration man can never quench.
The day of glory dawns, the *golden* age
Too long delayed, but hasting on apace,
The brightest page in all the Book of Time.
No more in kitchen or in nurs'ry caged,
But in the chair of state we 'll proudly sit,
And then, O man, in petticoats adorned,
And in the vacant offices installed
Of steward, wet-nurse, chamber-maid, combined,
Shall learn to cook, and scrub, and cradle rock;
And while in legislative hall our voice
In counsel and in high debate is heard,
At home, shalt thou the day and night employ,
With trotting of thy foot, and song of '*lullaby*.'
In fine, 'tis settled, man shall leave the 'box,'
We mounting up, will take the reigns and drive.
What now thou *hearest*, thou art doomed to *feel*.
Awake and watch! Behold! Believe! Adieu!"

Thus the Spirit spoke and vanished. Never before did eloquence so hold and charm a listener. Wrapped in unaccountable composure, and hanging with such rapture upon her speech, he took no note of time. The interview seemed to him but a passing moment as he gently sank into sleep's embrace

CHAPTER V.

"Those hearts that start at once into a blaze,
And open all their rage, like summer storms
At once discharged, grow cool again and calm."

AMAZIAH awoke with the peep of day, and with the sun, started forth fresh as the morning. Strange to say his slumbers had been profound. These nocturnal visitations from church-yards and dream-land are sufficient to banish sleep, making one feel feverish and dull, if they do not furnish a liberal instalment of sore eyes and headache. But not so in this instance. Never did our bachelor friend rise more invigorated or in better spirits. Opening the window, he drank the bracing air, surveyed the landscape and thought upon the *prophecy*, [illegible] bell summoned him to breakfast, which he answered with [illegible]ble step and a good appetite.

On entering the dining-room his landlady, who from some cause had become appeased, saluted him with,

"Good morning, sir. You will take this seat," pointing to a chair in her own vicinity.

Somehow this struck him as a peremptory command, and which ordinarily must have grated harshly on his feelings, but under the pressure of a secret constraint, he cheerfully obeyed.

"Friend Badger, shall I serve you with a bit of our choice

beef-steak?" said Wilson, entering the room and approaching the table.

"I've ordered it," said Mrs. Wilson. "You may as well breakfast now."

At that instant the bell of the milkman was heard in the street.

"Step to the door and tell him to send in six quarts, it is baking-day," was the landlady's mandate to her husband.

Upon an ordinary observer this colloquy would have produced no very particular impression, but to Badger, who listened with fixed attention, the words had special significancy and manifestly pointed towards the fulfillment of the *prophecy*. It was plain to his observation, that his landlady was already to all intents and purposes, "mistress of the mansion." She gave orders; others obeyed.

Now many would set Mrs. Wilson down for a vixen. A great mistake, as we can demonstrate.

Among others, according to the doctrine of Spiritualism, there are Impressible and Involuntary Mediums. That is to say, as Satan used the Serpent, in like manner the spirits impress individuals into their service, infusing thoughts into the mind and touching the secret springs of volition, so that this kind of Mediums are unwittingly the machines by and through which spiritual agents operate in the accomplishment of their purposes in this terraqueous sphere.

Such was Mrs. Wilson, who among a multitude of others, was made a kind of forerunner of universal female dominion.

"The milkman says he can't spare you so much without

disappointing some of his customers," reported Wilson, re-entering the room.

"Tell him if I can't have what milk I want, I'll *order* it from somewhere else," replied his medium spouse. *You* knew it was baking-day, and why didn't you direct him to fetch an extra quantity this morning. The blockhead might have known himself 't was my baking-day."

No one adminstering fuel, the fire would naturally have died out, but a Mrs. Caudle Spirit giving her a nudge at the elbow to "go ahead," her tongue ran on.

"A man never will learn nothing anyway only to make poor woman slave herself to death for him. I wish *you* had to do the baking and then see how you'd get along without milk. There's never nothing done if I don't see to it myself. I'd like to see a *man* take charge of a boarding-house, a spell. Everybody would starve to death."

Not a word escaped Badger's ears. To him each syllable was full of meaning, and he carefully registered them in his memory.

"I wish you had to do the baking."

Hearing this, he was on the point of imparting to her the pleasing intelligence that she was destined soon to have her wish gratified, but the incessant rattle of her "unruly member" (or *ruling* member, to use the strictness of the "womans rights" nomenclature) deterring him, he held silence, with the design, however, of venturing the suggestion at the close of her harangue, and would have carried out his intention, had he not been taken aback by the expression that she "should like to see a *man take charge* of a boarding-house."

"And who has the management of the house, if your husband don't," asked Badger very innocently.

"I suppose I am the man of the house," said Wilson. "The responsibility seems to be on my shoulders, but then I trust my wife to keep a little lookout."

"Not by a long chalk," said she, "I'd have you understand that *I* am the manager of this establishment, sir. Things go here as *I* say. It belongs to me to *order* what I wish, and if I can't have it, I'll——"

"Why didn't you order the milk then," said Badger, interrupting her in his good-natured simplicity.

"That's not my business, sir. It belongs to the *men* to see that things are *got*. How do you suppose we can get along and keep boarders, unless the men provide? Do you think poor woman can do everything? all her own work and the men's too? I always have ever since I was married, but its settled, I shall not do it any longer. Now I guess you understand it," said Mrs W., with that peculiar expression and emphasis which none but a *determined* woman can give.

"You may be *compelled* to before long perhaps," said Badger.

"I know you men would be glad to have us do your business, and wait on you besides; but for *one*, I've got too much spirit to uphold your laziness. I only wish I had a halter round every man's neck in the world."

"What would you do in such a case," said Badger. "You wouldn't be so hard-hearted as to *choke* them, would you?"

"I'd make'em stand about and know their place. I'd learn them better than to let us get out of milk on a baking-day."

"Why not just *order* your husband into the kitchen?" said Badger, somewhat boldly, "and make him do the baking, and *you* provide the milk?"

"Yes, that's it, wife, exactly. I'll swap clothes with you. Give me charge of the domestics a spell. I should make one of *the* landladies, wouldn't I?" said Wilson; at the same time, in his playful manner, chuckling her under the chin.

"That's a fair offer, I'm sure," said Badger.

"O yes, you men are always very fair to offer when you know nobody will take you up. I should look pretty doing out-door drudgery. We women have always been made slaves of, and always will be, I suppose. You'd be glad to have us hoe corn, milk the cows, curry the horses, black your boots, and do all your filthy work for you, no doubt; but you'll never see that day, I can tell you."

"Well, wife, this won't make milk. Take your choice in the offer I've made you. If I am to be installed in the kitchen I wish to be off, and have things done up in double-quick time. And if you are going to succeed me, you —"

"Yes, I know it," interrupted she; "you men are always in a great hurry, but never do nothing."

"I'm sure Mr. Wilson has made you a very fair offer," said Amaziah.

"Yes, I s'pose you think if you could get rid of *me* you'd have fine times. It is a contrived plan between you and my husband; I see through it. I've seen a good many things lately. Now I'm satisfied," and she went off muttering, "Nice contrivance this — things have come to a pretty pass — he doing kitchen work with Kate and Dinah!"

Fortunately for the good fame of our [illegible] temperament the other boarders, being unusually late, had not yet come in.

"My wife seems a little out of sorts this morning," said Wilson. "But you mustn't mind what she says — only a little storm — will soon blow over. These women are queer things sometimes."

"There's no difference in 'em I suppose," said Badger.

"O, about as much as between two peas. After all, we must usually let them have their own way. Sometimes, when their mettle is clear up and they get too fractious, we find it necessary to curb 'em a little, just as you do unruly colts. In extreme cases we are obliged to put on the real *snaffle*-bit which, you know, in good hands, either holds them tight or breaks their *jaw*."

"Don't you think she was a little too *fast*, just now?" asked Amaziah.

"O, the devil, no: That's *nothing*. It isn't a circumstance. If you don't meet that in your daily experience when you get a wife, you'll be a lucky chap," said Wilson, laughing. "I'll go to the kitchen and have all smooth in five minutes." He followed to the basement, where he found Mrs. Wilson and Dinah.

"You've come, have you?" said his wife. "I suppose you calculate on taking charge here, don't you? You'll find yourself mightily mistaken. Don't you think, Dinah, he wants to come and take my place here, in overseeing the kitchen work."

"Dat would be fun. Ya–ya–ya — let him come, missus.

Wouldn't we hab big times wid massa down here, ya–ya–ya? Hab lots o' fun," said Dinah, showing all her ivory, and turning up the white of her eye in a sideway glance toward Wilson.

"There, what did I tell you?" said Mrs. W., her black orbs flashing *green*, "I knew this had been all talked over before. Ah, sir, you can't cheat *me*. Pretty place this, for *you* and that good-for-nothing old bachelor. Nice contrivance!—so barefaced. It makes my blood fairly boil to think of it. Where's Badger? I'll give him a piece of my mind he'll remember," and she started for the stairs.

"That's right. Go and give him fits," said Wilson.

"I won't stir a step, nother. That's just another contrivance of yours. Not one single step will I stir. I'll stay here till doomsday, first."

At that instant the hall-bell rung.

"I wonder who's come now?" asked Mrs. Wilson. "Somebody that wants to board, I presume, and not a drop of milk in the house. Never was poor woman so tormented in this world as I am. I'm sick of living. I can't take him. Tell him I don't want any more boarders," and down she sat, with an "O dear! I wish I'd never got married."

A few minutes sufficed for the steam to escape, and our landlady was measurably cooled, when Dinah, in the simplicity and kindness of her heart, remarked,

"Guess Missus not berry well dis mo'nin. Guess as how she betta retar to bed an she feel berry much bettar. I do de work, Missus."

This brought our landlady instantly to her feet, in a fit of perfect madness, exclaiming,

"Another smart contrivance. *That* never came from your thick skull, you black wench you. It's some of my smart *husband's* cunning."

"I wonder who it was that come in above, just now. I should like to know," said Wilson.

"Go and see yourself, then," said his wife, with emphasis. "This is your *third* contrivance. Just like you, to get some one to call on purpose. You can't cheat me. I can see through you and all the *niggers* in America."

"Guess I'll resign my station here," said Wilson, as he left the kitchen, his *better half* (?) resuming her seat.

Entering the sitting-room he found one of the common itinerant pedlars, displaying to great advantage a "large assortment" of jewelry, dress and fancy goods. Badger sat listening to the pedestrian merchant as he lavished a profusion of praises upon his different "wares." Wilson, from curiosity or some other motive, *priced* the various articles composing his "choice and elegant stock."

Meanwhile a *thought* suddenly flashed across the mind of Mrs. Wilson, and she sprang to her feet, exclaiming,

"That's just like him — he's fooled me after all," and away she bounded up-stairs. Rushing into the sitting-room in hot haste, behold! husband, Amaziah and pedlar with goods spread out in grand display. She entered the room with threatening aspect, but a sudden change came over her. Stepping forward she made a general survey of the various dresses — then selecting a pattern, and holding it off at arm's length, remarked in a half-soliloquizing tone,

"That would make up beautifully, wouldn't it?" and in a

loving way added, with a smile, "don't you think so, husband?"

"It's a very nice pattern, my dear."

"What's the price of this, Mr. Pedlar?" asked she.

"Eighteen toller, mom — pe cheap — kot no more," answered the Jew.

"Has anybody in the place bought one like it?"

"No, maddom — pe no more in New Yok — me sell cheap — ten me sell again ven me come — pe nice," said the wary merchant, his little black orbs twinkling, yet opaque with secretiveness.

"Can't you take any less for it?" asked she, in the peculiar Jewing tone.

"Me sell you fo' sev'teen toller — ten me sell you some *chewelry* — cheap," said he.

"Don't you think I better take it, husband? I've been wanting a new dress some time," and without waiting for a reply, said to the pedlar, "I guess I'll take it," and it was carefully laid aside.

"Have you got any nice chimesettes?" inquired she. Upon which he made a fine display, archly repeating the salesman's formula.

'Cheap — nice — right from France — *kot no more like.*"

Taking one from the fancy apartment, and holding it up before Wilson, she said, with that same winning smile,

"That is just like one Mrs. Dafort from Washington had on at the party. It was the handsomest thing I ever set eyes on, and I made up my mind to get one the very first chance. Don't you remember it, husband?"

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"Yes," said the pedlar, "me sell goot many to ladie in Vashin'ton" — Tish be jist like vun me sell to preshedent ladie. She kif me fifteen toller — me sell it you fo' *fo'teen*."

"Don't you think, husband, that would be just the thing with my new dress?"

"It would be a very pretty rig, my dear."

"I knew that was just the one you wanted me to have, when I selected it," said she, and thus another bargain was closed, and the chimesette was carefully placed with the dress.

"What splendid jewelry you have. All new style," said Mrs. Wilson, as she took up a bracelet which particularly attracted her admiration, and adjusting it upon her wrist she placed it before Wilson's eyes, coquettishly exclaiming, "Isn't that *beautiful*, husband? there aint one in the place like it. Mrs. Rowe's that she got in Albany isn't near so handsome."

"It is a nice article," said the landlord.

"Me sell goot many like, in Vashington," put in the artful Jew. "Me sell one fo' twenty-two toller, put me sell *you* fo' twentee toller — pe te lasht me kot 80 koot."

"As it suits my *husband* so well, I guess we'll take it," said she, with feigned reluctance. "There is a good many things that I should like, but we don't feel able to buy just now," added the pacified landlady with the peculiar air of poverty.

"See, maddom, tish presh-pin pe made to ko mit te pracelet — pe cheap — me sell all to ladies in *Vashington*," coyly remarked the Jesuit pedlar.

"I *should* look awful awkward with this new bracelet and my old breast-pin, wouldn't I, husband?" observed the wife, look-

ing up the picture of love, and her own, "Don't you think, Harry, that looks better than my dear mother's we had so long."

"Of course it does," replied he with a good-natured smirk. "I don't feel hardly able to buy it, but as my husband *insists* upon it, I suppose we must — what do you ask for it?" said she.

"Te prishe pe fifteen toller — put me sell you fo' t'erteen toller — pe cheap — cosht me fat — right from Paris — pe none so petter like it in tish kunthrie," said the pedestrian merchant, his little mercurial orbs sparkling with satisfaction at the splendid business he was driving, and so the breastpin crowned the precious pile of dress, chimesette and bracelet.

"I s'pose, husband," said Mrs. Wilson, Kate and Dinah will expect something; I've got so many new things. Other people, you know, make their servants presents."

"O yes," he replied, casting a sly wink at Badger, "they are first-rate girls. Guess you better please 'em a little."

And so to top out the trade she purchased and presented to Kate and Dinah, each a *cheap* ring.

Wilson, like any whole-souled husband who takes pleasure in gratifying his wife, "cashed the bill" without a word of complaint, and the pedlar, chuckling over his success, took his departure, in quest of other customers.

Mrs. Wilson was charmingly pleasant; having carefully laid by her "new things," her eye happened to catch the dial of the time-piece.

"Mercy on us," exclaimed she, "here it is almost ten o'clock. It's time this minute to begin dinner. What dish

would you like to-day, my dear Harry? and what would suit *your* palate best, Mr. Badger?"

"The good pleasure of my landlady," replied the latter.

"Yes, my wife's a woman of unquestionable taste," said Wilson, and away she flew to the kitchen, light as a bird, and cheerful as a May-day morning.

"There — all right *now*, you see, don't you?" said the landlord.

"Yes, but how long will it last?" enquired Amaziah.

"Can't tell anything about it. The devil may be to pay in a week, or the fit may not come on again in a month — can't tell anything about it."

"Well, you're sure it will come again in the course of a *month*, are you?"

"Never knew her a month without a '*tantrum*, in my life — but can't tell any thing at all about it. You might as well ask when the weathercock will point North or South, or a thunder-storm come up, as to ask when a woman is going to have a "*fit*" — it's just as it happens, and that's all any one can say about it."

"Don't they ever come out of their fits until you buy them something handsome?"

"O yes, sometimes. Just let 'em alone and they'll *scold* themselves out of 'em after a while. But you must'nt be asking so many questions. Go [illegible] yourself a '*rib*,' and you'll know by sweet experience all [illegible] it, as you never can otherwise. But the clock strikes twelve. The next we hear will

be the dinner-bell. Look out for a choice bit to-day," said he, leaving the room.

"Just so," replied Amaziah, turning to seek his apartment — "but 'tis very queer, the difference between the sexes."

CHAPTER VI.

"Oh! is there not
A time, a righteous time, reserved in fate,
When these oppressors of *womankind* shall feel
The miseries they give!"

DINNER was served with usual care and passed off agreeably. To the uninitiated, judging from Mrs. Wilson's appearance, it would have seemed that but one flame *could* be kindled in the female bosom, and that not of passion, but the milder, and more genial flame of affection.

Badger being under no special engagement for the afternoon, had ample time for reflection. Two things were evolved in his thoughts and placed to his acquisition of positive ideas.

First, he held it a settled truth that what had been foretold him, in regard to female [illegible] would surely come to pass, for it was a revelation from the Spirit World.

Secondly, he knew precisely what *woman* was, having actually seen *one* of the species, and whose husband — a real philosopher, who spoke from intimate, personal knowledge — had told him that they were in general alike.

Judging from past observation, he was first at a loss to comprehend how the women were to conduct the affairs of the nation and at the same time discharge the duties which there

tofore, in the order of nature, devolved upon them. He had seen her — whom he took as the type of the sex — refuse and declare most positively and emphatically that she never would perform them, which seemed forever to fix the fact of their non-performance, unless the men should assume, or be made to assume, the duties of the domestic department. But a second consideration made it all plain to his understanding. The women, concluded he, strike for independence, and stiff-neckedly forswear all home responsibilities only as the "*fit*" takes them, and when they come into power they will, doubtless, in their wisdom arrange, by legal statute or otherwise, the precise time for having "*fits*," and with such nice adjustment in respect to age, condition and temperament, that no two in a family or at least those dependant upon each other, shall fall into "*tantrums*" at the same time.

But we will not pursue simple *thoughts*, since events, not speculations, are what the impartial historian should record. Having a little business in New York, though not immediately pressing to be sure, yet not knowing precisely what liberties, if any at all, men would be permitted to enjoy under the new administration so soon to take the place of the old, Badger concluded to go at once.

With overcoat on his arm, and carpet-bag in hand, he entered the sitting-room in passing, simply to say good-bye to his landlady, whom he found so intently reading a newspaper as not to observe his entrance.

"You seem very much engaged with the news, Mrs. Wilson," said he; "what do you find so deeply interesting?"

"Pray, what *does* this mean, Mr. Badger, I don't understand

it," said she, handing him the "city paper," with her finger on the following notice:

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

This subject is attracting much attention, and has amongst its advocates some able minds. A meeting is to be held at the Tabernacle, on the 12th inst., when interesting addresses may be expected. It is a question worthy of consideration. We hope there may be a full attendance. The call will be found in another column.

"Sure enough, what does that mean? We will look at the call and see," said Badger. It read as follows:

"The undersigned having seen and felt the pitiless oppression and tyranny of the men, respectfully solicit that all in favor of *woman's rights*, meet at the Tabernacle, on the 12th inst., at twelve o'clock, to take into consideration the subject, and devise the best means for their relief. A general attendance is requested. Good speaking may be expected," to which were appended the signatures of fifty females.

"That is too bad," exclaimed she in a pitiful tone. "How sorry I am for 'em. Fifty of my sex under the oppression and tyranny of men there! Only think of it! And it don't say they have done anything neither. I've heard my mother tell of just such things when she was a litte girl. How their poor little children must feel to see their mother's used so. I should no more dare go to New York than anything in this world. I've always heard it was an awful place. Do you believe any thing will be done at the meeting, to deliver them?"

Before he had time to respond, in rushed the wife of the village editor, in hot haste, and without stopping for compli-

ments or courtesy (the editorial privilege), in the true *matter of fact* style, dove at once into the midst of her subject.

"Is your 'city paper' come, Mrs. Wilson?" said she. "Ourn is *on*-accountably detained for some cause another, I don't know what, I'm sure, and to-morrow is publication day, and husband has wrote his editorial and got the paper all ready for press, except the 'foreign news' column, which he always fills up from the 'city paper,' and as he was very unexpectedly summoned away on important professional business, he solicited me to assume his responsibilities and use the *scissors*, and insert any thing important to be communicated to our numerous readers, and I've run over to borrow your paper, if it's come."

"Yes, we've got it," said Mrs. Wilson, and there is fifty women under the oppression and tyranny of men in New York. I was just reading it as you came in. Did you ever hear of any thing so awful in all your life? There it is, you can read it for yourself," added she, handing the paper to the *editress*.

"That's cruel — it's abominable — it's a great national and public and most bloody, high-handed outrage," cried our heroine of the *scissors*, as if she bore the destinies of government upon her shoulders! "I should think such things oughn't to be tolerated in a christian, enlightened land. If you will lend me the paper, Mrs. Wilson, I'll have ours out bright and early in the morning, and scatter the news broad-cast, all over."

"Yes, you can take it, but be sure and fetch it back as soon as you're through with it, for I want to keep it," said the lender, and our editress, with a rapid, nervous, business-like movement, hastened to the "office," to enter upon her professional labors.

"I'm off just in the 'nick of time,'" said Amaziah. "I will attend the meeting and learn all about it and report when I return."

"Do, for mercy's sake, keep out of the way and don't get hurt," said our landlady, with a tone of anxiety for his safety. Promising her that he would be careful, they exchanged "good-bye," and parted.

Next morning the village paper was out in advance, and heralding in glaring capitals, the following:

STARTLING INTELLIGENCE!!!

FIFTY WOMEN IN NEW YORK, UNDER THE OPPRESSION AND TYRANNY OF MEN!!!

TREMENDOUS EXCITEMENT!!!

Large meeting called at the Tabernacle!!!

We go to press in advance of our usual hour to give our extensive readers the very latest news as early as possible, which must fall like a mighty thunder-clap upon the public ear, and shake the nerves of the "body politic" into the most frightful convulsions!! For which we are indebted to the "city paper."

We should certainly have issued an *Extra* forthwith, but for this being our regular publication day. Before the excitement is extinguished, we earnestly caution all females against going to New York. We trust we shall be able to lay before our readers, the full particulars of this bloody treason, in our next.

The village was electrified. Crowds thronged the printing office, scrambling for the paper.

Three or four times the usual quantity had been struck off, and yet the demand was increasing. In the stores, and shops,

and houses, on the corners, and in the tavern were seen knots, large and small, of men, women and children, clustering around the different readers of the *National Bulletin*. Rumor was afloat; the impulse extended; the surrounding region caught the mania. Before sunset, under the auspices of female leadership, the subscription list of the "Bulletin" was almost doubled. It was pronounced by far the most interesting "publication" in the country. The editor was at once marked as a *growing man*, and destined to run a distinguished career. And so it is, at least too often — the *wife* plucks the laurels — the *husband* wears them. But wait. Time will decide whose brow was made for the crown, whose hand for the scepter.

But to return to the journey. In keeping with the usual predilection of old bachelors, Badger located himself on a *vacant* seat in the railroad car. Presently a gentleman in appearance, of fine and easy address, in search of a seat, enquired if the balance of the one he occupied was engaged: 'Tis not, replied Badger, and they were seated together.

"Seasons," "Tetrabune," "Screamer," "Evening Pole," * "Latest News," "Arrival of the Air Ship," "Revolution in the Moon," cried the news' boys passing through the train. His seat-companion purchasing a "Screamer," Amaziah expected every moment to hear him give vent to his indignation at the outrage perpetrated on those fifty women. But having perused it with no expression betokening any thing of unusual interest, it was politely offered to Badger.

"Thank you," said he, taking the paper, at the same time

* The successors of the *New York Times, Tribune, Herald*, and *Evening Post*.

inquiring if there was any account of what had been done with those fifty women in New York.

"What fifty women, sir? I do not recollect to have heard any thing about it."

"There is a notice of it in the 'city paper;' I saw it last night," said Badger.

"What was the notice, sir?"

"I can't give the particulars, but it told how they were oppressed by a gang of men, and there is to be a meeting at the Tabernacle, on the 12th, to see if something can't be done for them."

"O! you misapprehend the thing entirely, sir. That is a call for a 'Woman's Right's Convention.' I am one of the persons, whose signatures appear there."

"You?" I thought they were all *females* who signed it."

"And you thought right," said *she*, partly rising from the seat. "You will observe, sir, that I am in *bloomer* costume —rather the extreme of the style too, I admit, but that is a mere matter of *taste* you know. I am now on my way to that convention."

A shriek of the "whistle," and slackening of the train, indicated their arrival at a stopping place, when a jovial looking fellow, directly in front of their seat, turned around and with his clutched hand extended towards her, exclaimed, "Odd or even for the Scots, sir! We always take something at this station."

"Excuse me, if you please, sir, *we* never do such things," was the reply.

"Cars stop ten minutes for refreshments," was the an-

nouncement as usual, as the wheels ceased to move. Badger and his new acquaintance remained in their seats. There was the customary "getting off" and "coming on," when there came along, among others, a well-dressed young man, and in a jolly, familiar way, accosted our bloomer friend with—

"How are you, Bill?" You hav'nt altered much since I saw you last. Get a good game up at the races?

"You are mistaken in the person, sir. *Our* sex do not frequent race-courses nor follow gambling," and quietly taking off her hat, exhibited her feminine tresses ingeniously *shortened*, at which the young man recoiled, and with evident confusion, saying, "It is a mistake; beg your pardon, madam," and passed along. Our bloomer delegate became the "observed of all observers," and the subject of various remarks, some grave and others sportive; in short, such as the reader can very well imagine."

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, and the iron horse sprang forward, as if refreshed by his breathing spell, and whirled them away at fearful speed.

"How impudent these men are," said Miss Boston (for such was the name of our bloomer). "However, the time is not far distant when such indignities as I have received in these few miles' travel cannot be perpetrated with impunity. When *we* come into power, we shall have civility enough to permit the *men* to pass unmolested by impertinence and insult. That day, thank Heaven, is near. Smile not, nor call me visionary. I am as confident in that belief as if it had been *revealed from the spirit world.*"

"Confident of what, ma'am?" said Badger.

"That ere thy remaining sands are run, man shall be cast down to his proper level, and woman elevated to her native position of superiority."

"Have you seen her, too?" interrupted Badger.

"Seen who, sir?"

"I don't know who she was, but she was the handsomest creature I ever saw. Down to her waist she was just like a woman, and that's all I know, only as she was going out and lifting up her skirts, as the ladies do when they walk you know, in the place of her feet, I thought I saw a *fish's tail*.

"I had supposed, sir, I was in the company of a *gentleman*. But allow me to inform you — and heed well my words — soon shall you behold the glorious spectacle of a world under the sway of woman, not only public opinion shaped and society remodeled at her hand, but the church reformed under the magic of her eloquence, and the state ruled by her power and guided by her wisdom — auspicious period when my sex shall be in the full enjoyment of their inalienable rights."

"Precisely her language to me on that awful night," exclaimed Badger.

Miss B—— looked at him in speechless astonishment.

"It's a fact, ma'am, just as I tell you," persisted he.

"Your wit, sir, does not rival your ill breeding, to couple me by comparison with a *mermaid*, that monster of an animal at best, and whose existence even is altogether problematical. But, sir, load us with satire and abuse as you will, we are destined to go on 'conquering and to conquer,' until *you* and all your kind shall behold woman in the legislative hall, on the judicial bench and in the tented field. The days of *our*

glory will be as if *man* never was, so completely will he be eclipsed in all his boasted strength and achievements. And more, sir, I could tell that will shortly transpire, and which would make your ears tingle, but 'tis a waste of breath. You would tenaciously cling to your unbelief, even if it were revealed to you from the world of spirits — yes, you would not believe even though such an animal as a mermaid, or if her *spirit itself* should appear to you in the watches of the night. But why waste useless words and make myself the object of ridicule? I will seek some more retired seat where, if possible, I shall be free from these assaults of impertinence," saying which, she rose to depart.

"Stop, stop," entreated Badger. "Everything you've spoke, I believe *from* the bottom of my heart. The spirit of a mermaid did tell me, and in your very words too."

"I understand you *perfectly*, sir," was her reply, made with an air and emphasis not to be *mis*understood, as she abruptly retired to another seat. Miss Boston was not only incredulous as to this matter of *revelation*, but treated it with the utmost derision.

Amaziah could a "tale unfold," but she disdained to listen.

He regarded her, however, with charitable feelings, concluding that she must be falling into a "fit."

Time and space flew by. The Hudson, with its glorious scenery, of cottage and villa, of park and lawn, highlands and palisades, receded like a swiftly-gliding diorama.

The metropolis rose to view as if by magic. Eager eyes looked out on spire and dome. A rush — a shriek — and the

train landed its human freight at the depot, amid the accustomed crowd of "runners," policemen, *pick-pockets*, &c.

"That's him," whispered an officer to his comrade, as our bloomer issued upon the platform — "we're good for her," and grasping her by the collar, exclaimed — "accept of our hospitality, madam. We'll give you entertainment cheap tonight."

"Why do you insult a female in this manner, sirrah? Watch! watch!" cried she.

"We're the watch, and at your service too," answered the officers exultingly.

"Hold on a minute," said the captor — "let's examine the documents," and drawing from his pocket a telegraphic dispatch, read as follows:

"Arrest a female in man's clothing — on the cars — tall — well-proportioned — fine-looking — eyes and hair black."

"All right," said he, as deaf to her expostulations, and followed by a rabble, they hurried her off to the tombs — a catastrophe as uncomfortable as it was unexpected, making *fifty-one* women under the oppression and tyranny of men.

CHAPTER VII.

"More is meant than meets the eye."

THE long-anticipated day arrived which was to be the initiative of our country's true glory and greatness. Although not ushered in with tumultuous demonstrations, yet it marked an era in our national existence. In short, it was the day for the "woman's rights" convention. The hour for the assembling of congregated wisdom, philanthropy, and injured innocence, was at that precise moment when the sun was highest, and shone the hottest.

Among the notable arrivals on the ever-memorable occasion, none created a greater sensation than our bloomer delegate, whom we left in the hands of the police, with the unpleasant prospect of her remaining in *durance vile*. In vain did she protest her innocence; in vain did she offer resistance and implore the interposition of the passing spectators, proclaiming her name and residence, and that she had come by special invitation to attend the great "woman's rights" convention. No one came to her rescue. The official guardians of law and order, in the abundance of their zeal for the public safety, were inexorable, not abating towards their prisoner a degree of insolence and rough-handling. With grim satisfaction the turn-

key threw back the bars and bolts. Harshly grated the massive door on its iron hinges, to close upon the unoffending victim, when she speedily drew from her pocket (wondering at her thoughtlessness) sundry letters and credentials, which proving satisfactory to the incorruptible officials, our unlucky heroine was with reluctance discharged.

Counting herself fortunate, in her narrow escape from the "due process of law," yet chagrined at the indignity put upon her, she hastily exchanged the tombs for the old Astor.

The doors of the old Tabernacle gaped wide, as if eager to swallow the waiting throng. Vortex-like, the vast amphitheater absorbed the inrushing thousands, while the wedging multitudes, like a flood dammed up, choked the avenues, and the "cry was, still they come."

Promiscuously packed, almost to suffocation, the convention began to take on an organized form in the appointment of Mrs. Jane Truelove, president, by acclamation. She took the chair, amid great applause. Scarcely waiting for the outburst to subside, the distinguished chairwoman arose and said: —

"Most potential and injured fellow-women! called very unexpectedly to preside over the deliberations and doings of this most august assemblage, I arise to present my humble acknowledgment for the very distinguished honor ——"

"I call the president to order,"* interrupted Miss Cloe All-

* N. B. Lest it be thought that some of the actors are represented as incredibly stupid, it is sufficient simply to remark that the rushing tide of revolution swept along with it the female populace, whose ignorance of public business was equaled only by their ambition for notoriety. Of this the men took most cruel advantage, professing to give them proper instruction, when in truth their only object was to make them appear ridiculous.

tongue, popping up about midway of the room. "The president is out of order; I call for the nays and ayes on the question," continued she, in a sharp, nervous tone.

"I object to the ayes and nays," said Miss Snappish, "and contend, according to strict parliamentary rules, that the president is *not* out of order."

"I didn't come all the way here," retorted Miss All-tongue, — "No, Mrs. President, I didn't come clear here, to hear ladies on this floor talk about *parlour-mentary rules;* I come as the indicator and *representation* of 'woman's rights,' to agitate this great constitutional question, and hunt for means and measures by whose contrivance the proud and haughty, and — and — good-for-nothing tyrant man, shall — hem! — by which, proud and haughty man shall —— shall ——" here the speaker with muscles strained and veins swollen, laboring under the burden of her mighty theme, became speechless, her emotions being too intense and her thoughts too big for utterance.

Miss Dowd. "If the lady from the West has ended her speech, I wish to be heard on this question; and if she has not ——"

Chloe. "I never intended to give up the floor, Mrs. President; I intend to stick for *my* rights with the women as well as the men. Yes, Mrs. President, I'll spill the last drop of blood in my veins, and drop right down in my tracks, before I'll flinch one hair's-breadth from my unalienable rights." Miss All-tongue delivered herself, in this burst of patriotism, with great force, and sank exhausted into her seat.

Miss Garulous. "Mrs. President, I wish to introduce a catalogue of resolutions to be passed on by this meeting, and I

will further state, also, that I wish to be heard on them before they are finally adopted."

Mrs. Winkle said, "Mrs. President, I think it is my turn now to deliver my sentiments on this important occasion. I discover a great quantity of men here, and they are all the while winking, and chuckling, and laughing, I ——"

All-tongue. "I call the lady to order, and command the '*previous question.*'"

Winkle. "I claim my title to the floor, and hope I shan't be broke in on again. I move we progress to organize. I move a division of the house, that *we* occupy one side and order the men to take the other side by themselves. I move that all the men who are friendly and stand straight up for us, be entitled to set in front on their own side."

Chloe. "I second the motion, Mrs. President, with all my heart, and move that we all vote on it unanimously."

Reverend Mr. M——, D. D, calmly arose at this point, or rather in the midst of this confusion confounded, and with every eye turned upon him, without interruption, deliberately remarked: "I hope, Mrs. President, I may be pardoned for saying a word. My heart and my hand are with you in the enterprise in which you are engaged. I most earnestly desire your success. This convention, in order to exert its proper influence, should be conducted with regularity. It strikes me that you had better perfect the organization of your meeting. This being done, and the customary address of the president given, the convention would then be open and prepared for the transaction of business. Otherwise, it seems to me you will necessarily be in

confusion. However, I simply offer you my *advice*, and leave it for your consideration."

Chloe. "I move that the reverend gentleman's instructions be adopted, and we proceed to business without delay."

Miss Pendegrass. "I second the motion, and call the question."

Cry of "question," "question" from all quarters of the house.

Mrs. Winkle. "I move that the *advice* be amended by adding the clause, 'and that we women take one side of the house and order the men to take the other.'"

Reverend Dr. M——, rising again, said, "Mrs. President, I did not come here for the purpose of taking part in the proceedings of this meeting, but simply as a spectator. Perceiving that I am misapprehended in my previous remarks, I rise merely to make myself understood. What I meant to convey is this—that the next thing in order is the appointment of Vice-presidents and Secretaries, before any motion can properly be entertained."

Finally, the Doctor, as it were, involuntarily and by the tacit consent of the house, assumed the charge of the business, and soon the convention assumed form and shape. The president concluded her speech, and announced that the convention was ready for business.

Friend Badger, although he had never attended many public meetings, could not fail to discover the exercise and result of superior knowledge, in the readiness and ease with which the reverend Doctor brought order out of confusion and set all

things right. In the simplicity of ignorance and his sanguine expectations, he looked for the adoption of great and decisive measures, at once, and fancied the women would be enthroned in power before *night*.

Profound silence ensued. It became painful. Every thing was at a dead stand-still, while from the female side all eyes were turned towards Dr. M——, as if waiting for another demonstration from him. At length, to relieve the awkward and embarrassing suspense, he arose and said:

'I suppose the lady's motion, that the sexes be separated, would now be in order, if she choose to make it."

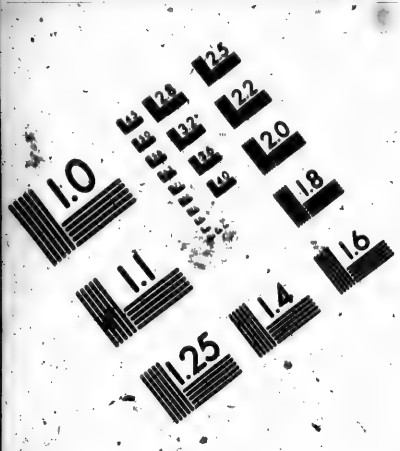
Mrs. Winkle. "I choose to make the motion, Mrs. President, and I move that it passes too, without a dissenting voice."

The President. "I put the question."

"Aye," said the convention.

Though the result of the vote was not announced by the Chair, there could be no doubt how it stood, and instantly all was tumult, each person, whether male or female, pushing with all speed for the *other* side of the house. The resolution was evidently incomplete, in not designating *which* side should be occupied by *which*. "Ladies will please take *this* side," cried a female voice from the right. "Ladies, take this side," cried another from the left. "Gentlemen, this way," echoed from both sides—and instantly there was a universal cry of "this side," "*this side*," "*this side*, I say," indicating pretty nearly an equality of lungs, if not of numbers, in the opposite quarters, and constituting a grand *pow-wow* of confusion and fun.

At length, after a short interview between the Reverend Doctor and the president, she arose, and to the top of her voice



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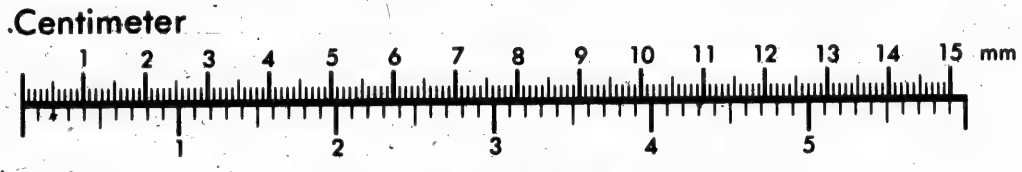

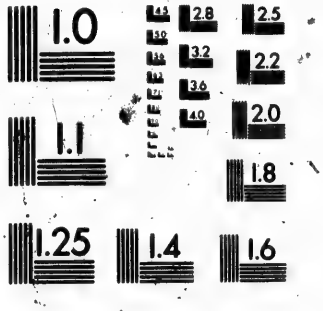

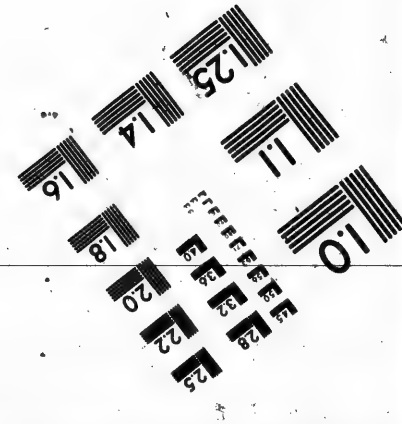

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cried "order — *order* — ORDER," which, however, only served to increase the "uproar." Redoubling her exertions she stamped, flourished her fist, pounded the table, and screamed "order — order — *order* — ORDER," till quite exhausted, but it was like speaking to the tempest. The moderator was not only immoderately excited, but her "dander" was evidently up, for her eyes glanced rapidly from corner to corner, with threatening aspect, *just as if* she was looking for a broomstick, that last resort of the feminine amazons when their naturally pacific natures are roused and goaded to the pitch of pugnacity. Things looked portentous. The male spectators expected every moment to see the "*fur fly*." Our bachelor, calling to mind his landlady's injunction, to "keep out of the way and not get hurt," began to cast about for a place of retreat, assured that they had all, together, fallen into the "*fits*," and thinking what a grand spot it was for a pedlar of pills to make his fortune. Observing a favorable opportunity, Amaziah sought to ensconce himself, and ducking behind the desk, awaited the subsiding of the storm. Such a scene! *It out-bedlamed bedlam.*

Dr. M—— could endure it no longer. Striking his cane upon the table, he shouted "*order*," with a stentorian voice, and every thing was quiet. All dropped at once into their seats again, as promiscuous as ever.

"I can see no occasion for this intemperate excitement," said the Doctor. "The meeting will be ridiculed enough, if conducted with decorum, and I feel bound to say in all kindness, that if better order is not preserved, it will *merit* ridicule. Now I suggest the propriety," continued he, "of some lady making the motion, designating *which* side of the house the

gentlemen shall occupy, and let the matter be disposed of in the usual manner. After the motion is *made*, then debate upon it will be in order; after which, all will vote understandingly. It is evidently a question, in regard to which there is a great diversity of opinion, and very much *feeling*, though what imaginable importance attaches to the subject, I confess myself unable to discover. This disagreement exists exclusively among yourselves. I venture to say, judging from their appearance, that the gentlemen have no other feeling than indifference in this matter, and will cheerfully take either side, if the ladies will only harmonize with each other. Now let some one move that the men pass to the *left*, for instance; then, after a few expressions of opinion, we may hope that all will acquiesce in the vote, when finally announced."

Chloe All-tongue. "I move, Mrs. President, that the men take the *left* side, there's just where they belong, they've had the *right* hand side long enough, it's our turn now, and we'll have it too." (Great applause.)

Mrs. Golden—a large, athletic woman, with commanding voice—arose and said, "Mrs. President, as we are manifestly on the eve of becoming *mistresses* of the universe, I deem this one of the gravest questions that can possibly arise before this body. It is a question pregnant with a magnitude of interest, and which will be a fruitful source of weal or wo to our children and our children's children, down to the remotest ages of posterity. Mrs. President, I should not feel myself justified in returning to my constituents without having said thus much on the subject."

Miss Todman, quite the opposite of the last speaker in size and voice, addressed the convention as follows: "I fully concur, Mrs. President, in the remarks of the lady last up. (Cheers.) I hope they will be unanimously adopted." (Repeated cheers.)

Miss Wiggins. "Mrs. President, I feel myself in some respects, though with great reluctance, compelled to differ somewhat from the delegates who have so eloquently addressed the convention. (Applause.) The subject is truly one of inconceivable magnitude (hear, hear); but I have heard no arguments yet, satisfactory to my mind. I contend that this is by no means the proper place for the discussion and adoption of this subject. I hold that it belongs [redacted] the legitimate sphere of legislative enactments." (Manifest sensation in different parts of the house.)

Mrs. Tyson. "Mrs. President, I rise with great delicacy, being unwilling to express an opinion on this very important subject without more consideration. It is, Mrs. President, a question most seriously affecting us all. I challenge any body that dares to deny it. (Applause.) It pervades through the social, political, and moral circle. It extends around the fireplace — yea, 'tell it not in Gath,' it reaches to the bed-side, in the silent watches of the night, Mrs. President. (Thundering applause.) Nor does it terminate there. It spreads out over the whole wide world into the 'spheres!' (Prolonged and deafening applause.) Have ladies, let me ask, have ladies on this floor carefully thought on this question? Be they prepared to barter away their rights? Be they prepared to pass resolutions to keep us fettered and fastened in everlasting slavery? ("No," "no," "no," from all parts of the house, and immense

cheers.) Then let us do, as our forefathers did, and declare our rights as citizens — as free-*women* — not only for ourselves, but as has been so eloquently remarked on this floor, "for our children, and our children's children, to the latest generation of coming time." (Tremendous cheers.)

Chloe All-tongue. "Mrs. President, I shall vote for every single word that has fallen from the last lady. (Cheers.) But I most strenuously insist on the men taking the other side before we vote on any thing at all; and if they had any manners about them, they'd go without our putting them there (loud bursts of applause; hear, hear); yes, that indeed they would, or leave — or leave — yes, I repeat it, or leave the house (Immense, repeated, and long-continued cheering). Mrs. President, I rise to a *point* of order, and that is, that the men take the other side before we proceed to business." (Repeated cheers.)

Dr. M——. "Mrs. President, allow me to say that Miss All-tongue labors under a total misapprehension of things. The only question now before you is, to obtain an expression of the house, as to which side the ladies and gentlemen shall respectively occupy in this convention, a matter, it seems to me, of not the slightest moment whatever. I hope I shall give no offense when I remark, that were this a male convention, we would never think of raising this question of separating the sexes, but would grant the ladies, who might honor us with their presence, *their own choice* of sitting where they pleased, and if you will allow me the freedom of speech, with all due deference, I must say it would appear much more magnanimous on the part of the ladies, if they would adopt

the principle of reciprocity and give us the same privilege of choosing our own seats, so long as we do not *get in the way*, or become meddlesome. However, you have been pleased to resolve that the house shall be sexually divided. Now, why not let the gentlemen make their own choice? For my own part, I have no very particular preference on which hand I am put; still, if the ladies are tenacious on this point, to demand the vote, and it prevails, rest assured (and I know I speak the feelings of every gentleman present) we will most cheerfully comply, for according to the old saying, "the left side nearest the heart," which, in all the world,—nor do I blush to say it —is the locality most coveted and sought after by *man*-kind. So if we are expelled from the colder region of the *right*, we shall only be instated in a *warmer* birth, a thing by no means disagreeable to us, exposed as we are to the chilling *blasts* and pelting sleet of our northern latitude."

The Doctor resumed his seat with becoming gravity; yet, one might have discovered a lurking irony in the corner of his eye, and there was manifestly a subtle sting in the tail of his speech. The motion was triumphantly carried, and the gentlemen moved to the *left*. Our bloomer friend remaining upon the *right*, there were cries of "put him out," at first, but an explanation of who *she* was, brought down the house.

The afternoon was by this time nearly spent, and after one or two short speeches the convention adjourned till seven o'clock, P. M.

At this juncture, as fate or the spirits would have it, Amaziah was discovered in his hiding place. The alarm was instantly given, when the more pugnacious, led on by the re-

doubtable Chloe, pounced upon the luckless "dodger," and with no very gentle demonstration drew him forth.

"Spy," exclaimed one.

"Rowdy, assassin, rascal," cried others.

The crowd and tumult on the platform was fast increasing into a *row*, and it is hard to say what would have become of poor Badger, had not the reverend Dr. M —— come timely to his rescue.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus."

THE day was nearly spent, and judging from what had been accomplished, the prospect of an immediate triumph of the "woman's rights" scheme could not be regarded as particularly flattering. A desperate assault had indeed been made, by a desperate foe, upon the "tyrant man," but without any perceptible impression upon his defenses. His throne stood apparently as firm as ever upon its deep foundations.

Seven o'clock arrived. The house was packed. Crowds thronged the doorways, unable to gain an entrance. Those who were not advertised of the vote separating the sexes, both male and female, made occasional mistakes. Whenever a gentleman happened to get on the wrong side, no sooner was his attention called to it, than he invariably apologized for the apparent indignity, averring his ignorance of the resolution, as he made the best of his way to the "*left.*" The same, on the other hand, was generally true of the ladies, as they edged along to the "*right.*" Now and then was heard, in a spiteful, feminine tone, "I won't — I shall set where I please for all anybody."

Half an hour had elapsed and not an officer appeared in her place. President, Vice-President and Secretaries were scattered in various directions on their own side of the house.

At length *Mrs. Chloe All-tongue*, who was always "there," in emergencies, arose and said — "I have a list of resolutions that I want adopted, and I'll have them adopted too, if I have to adopt them myself. My man told me to press 'em through, at all hazards, and get into the commissioners of resolutions besides, which I mean to do before I leave the city."

Mrs. Winkle. "I've got a batch of resolutions too, that *I* want adopted. I was also advised by my husband to look out for a place on the resolution committee, which I calculate to do. The meeting will give attention while I read them: 'The committee through their chair-*woman*, Mrs. Winkle——'"

Mrs. All-tongue, interrupting—"Now, Mrs. Winkle, I'd like to know if that's parliamentary? tisn't fair any how, and I'll go so far as to say, it ain't neither lady-like nor honorable—I'll leave it to the meeting if I didn't fairly git the start, so you needn't go to sticken in your 'batch' till I git mine done."

Dr. M——. "I hope I shall be pardoned for interrupting the lady, while I take the liberty to suggest that the officers resume their places, and a committee be properly appointed to report resolutions for the consideration of the convention. I do not wish to be understood as *dictating*, but merely make the suggestion."

Mrs. Truelove. "I do not omprehend the drift of the gentleman's remarks. I take it, am in the way of official duties —at all events my husband told me so—that is to say, as I understood him—and I've got it wrote down, so as to be very exact.

"'*First*, That I should be ele ted.

"'*Second*, That I should be conducted to the chair.

"'*Third*, That I should deliver my introductory address, returning thanks for the *unexpected* honor, &c.; and

"'*Fourthly*, That my office expired when the convention adjourned.' He writ down every word I've said; I learned it all by heart, and he didn't say a single syllable about any thing else. I am positive he would if there had been, for he is very particular to be exact in what he does. He's been to more than fifty conventions and seen as good society as other folks, and I guess he knows what's a proper and *fit-a'dress*, as any body if he is a *tailor*, and I am resolved to follow the instruction of my constituent to a *letter*."

Mrs. Blood-good (first Vice-President), springing to her feet, in much agitation said, "For my part, I don't like to be snapped up in this way, in public, by any body, I don't care how high his station. I have exactly followed the footsteps of my illustrious predecessor, as I am proud to call *Mrs. Truelove* —just what my husband told me was right, and charged me to do, and I guess my husband has got as solid an *understanding* as some other folks, if he is a *shoemaker*. I'm not a going to be heeled and toed and hammered around in this style, by nobody — I confess that I begin to *wax* warm — but I am for *sticking* to the *last*, and letting our oppressors know, that they can't crush us under their iron hoofs any longer."

Mrs. Blood-good had scarcely ended, as a rustling of silk attracted all eyes towards an individual edging along with a twitching motion from the back end of a pew.

"I supposed this was a convention of *ladies;* I did not come

here to associate with *tailors* and *shoemakers' wives*," sputtered a pert little *Miss*, as, turning up her little aristocratic nose, she flirted out of the house, spitefully slamming the door behind her.

Mrs. Wiggins. "My husband told me I must be president, and gave me a speech which I have got by heart. He said I must give it to the secretary, so I took pains to copy it all in my own hand-writing (holding up the manuscript); here it is, all ready for the secretary."

Mrs. All-tongue. "My man told me I must decline being president, very strenuously, and learned me just what to say, and how to say it, and said I must write it down and give it to the *porter* for publication, which I did at the Irving House, after supper."

Reverend Dr. M——, again rising, said, "I do not by any means wish to intrude upon the rights of others, and hope our friends will pardon me for again taking the liberty of saying a word. The evening is fast passing away and I think all will agree with me, that but little if any thing has been accomplished. Ladies are assembled here, not only from the city, but various sections of the country, some of them from a great distance. You have all come with patriotic and worthy motives, to attain a great and most laudable object. Vast good may result from this convention, if properly conducted. A favorable impression must be made upon the community, and above all an *un*favorable one must be avoided, in order to insure success. It is evident there are various resolutions in the hands of numbers present, each of whom has come expecting the distinguished honor of being at the head of the committee. But all of course cannot have it, and as the different indi-

viduals are alike, seeking to arrive at the same grand result, a little conciliation will remove the difficulty, at least so far as to furnish all the competitors an opportunity of laying their sentiments before the meeting, for consideration and adoption.

"By way of compromise, I would therefore recommend that the officers resume their places on the platform, and some lady move that a committee of *nineteen* be appointed by the chair to report resolutions expressive of the sense of the convention."

Following this suggestion the officers took their appropriate seats. The president beckoned the Doctor to her, and after various whisperings exclaimed—

"I call the meeting to order! We are now ready for business."

Silence again ensued, indicating to the reverend Doctor, that if the inert, unwieldy body was to move at all, he himself must be the motive power. This conviction brought him to his feet again, in a somewhat less moderate and dignified manner than was usual for him. His looks revealed his feelings—his words proved them. Poor man! who could have a heart to blame him for the partial severity of his eye and tone, as he remarked—

"It is now almost eight o'clock and next to nothing has been done, and small prospect that any thing will be done. I may appear to be officious and out of my place, but for the honor of your sex and the cause, I will assume the responsibility—if you please to call it so—of making one more suggestion, which is, that you proceed at once to business, if you have any business to transact, and if not, that you adjourn without delay. A short time since, an indefinite number of

ladies had the floor, all eager to present resolutions, and well *instructed* no doubt how to demean themselves; but now, when it is well understood, by all who have any acquaintance with public meetings, that the person who moves the appointment of a committee is always made the chairman, or placed at the head of it, no one seems disposed to make the motion. This may be the result of modesty or a want of courage."

Mrs. All-tongue interrupting. "O, I remember, that's just what my husband told me, to get up and move, exactly as he wrote it, and to be sure and have it right, I'll read it:

"'On motion of Mrs. Chloe All-tongue, a committee of ——— was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the convention.'

"There, the fool, he's left out something. Its just like the blunderhead. He never does any thing right. A smart trick indeed—go and borrow the money to bear my expenses clear here, and leave that out—I'll—I'll—just wait till I get home, that's all. Send me here to make a dunce of myself. He did it on purpose, the villain, I know he did."

The remainder of her remarks, which were continued at some length, were not distinctly audible; from what could be gathered, they seemed to threaten something of a caudleistic nature.

Our reverend friend had by this time subsided into his usual frame of amiable composure, sorry that he had allowed his feelings to get the better of him, and resolved not to let the sun rise upon his indignation and disgust. With the meekness of Moses and the patience of Job, a very martyr to the cause, he calmly essayed one more suggestion.

"It seems to me," he remarked, "if I may be allowed to add a word, that in order to expedite business, what Mrs. All-tongue has just said, had better be regarded as a motion, though somewhat informal, and that if it be seconded and carried, as I hope and trust it will be, the chair may as well exercise its discretion by the appointment of a suitable number."

He sat, and silence reigned around. Anon, rising slowly, and with infinite amiability he resumed:

"I feel a very deep interest in the cause of "woman's rights;" therefore I came, and have remained here so long, to the annoyance of some it may be, but with a sincere desire to aid the ladies in their noble enterprise. I am now under the necessity of leaving, and hope to hear a good report of the doings of the convention during the remainder of its session. My *sympathies* are with you. I bid you '*good speed*,'" and with the gait and air of real benevolence, the good Doctor took his hat and his departure.

"Good riddance more like!" exclaimed Mrs. All-tongue, as the door closed behind him; "I'm glad his lordship is gone. He has kept us here all day and a good share of the night doing nothing. There will be something done now, and first and foremost I'm going to pass my resolutions. Three cheers for freedom from the 'oppression and tyranny of men.'" (Immense cheering and swinging of bonnets and handkerchiefs.)

Miss. Pendergrass. "If I may be allowed to express my feelings, I think Mrs. All-tongue is making herself very conspicuous here, and that she would appear full as well if she had a little *less tongue*, or at least if she didn't use it quite so much."

Mrs. All-tongue. "O, dear! I suppose you think, because you're a merchant's daughter, you're a great deal better than anybody else. Your father better pay my man for the very shoes on your hocks now, and which I bound myself. I think it would look quite well, Miss Sal. Pendergrass. There! I guess you'll let me alone after this and mind your own business. If you don't, I'll tell what I heard at the tea-party tother a'ternoon. Your father haint got no store? There isn't such articles as lace and muslins in it? Sam Jones aint his clerk? But we all promised not to say a word about it, and I shan't, if you'll only let me alone."

The President. "I think the lady ought to tell. Its all among ourselves, and we'll agree to keep it perfectly still."

Miss Pendergrass. "Its all a *lie*. I wasn't *in* the store that night. Its a downright falsehood, made of whole cloth, just for revenge and nothing else. I never had any such thing. Mrs. All-tongue wasn't in the room when Mrs. Ogle told it, and there wasn't a single woman there that believed a syllable of it."

Miss Boston. Mrs. President, I have not as yet troubled the convention with any remarks. It was my design, with the permission of the house, to take some humble part in its proceedings. I have had the honor of being present on several similar occasions, but never before have I witnessed so large and enthusiastic an assemblage. Many hours have wasted away and it is late, yet not too late to accomplish much if the time be profitably employed. I would, therefore, move that a committee of three be appointed to prepare an address, to be submitted to the people. I hope that some lady will second

the motion of Mrs. All-tongue, and I doubt not it will receive a unanimous vote."

"I will second the motion of Miss Boston," said Mrs. Peabody.

"I second the motion of Mrs. All-tongue," interrupted Mrs. Winkle; "and I will read my resolutions and have them passed on at once."

Miss Boston. "Mrs. President, it seems to me that the question had better be put, without further delay."

"I put the question," said the chair.

"Aye," said the convention.

Miss B——. "Will it not be best now for the chair to appoint, say seven ladies, as the committee on resolutions, and let them retire?"

The Chair. "I nominate Miss Primrose and ——"

"That is hardly courteous to Mrs. All-tongue," said Miss Boston. "According to all custom she should be put at the head of the committee."

"I was going to put her there," replied the chair-woman, pettishly, "and should, if you had let me alone. I will put *you* there and make you *retire*, if you interrupt me again."

"I beg pardon of the president, if I have offended," said Miss Boston, mildly; "I certainly intended no disrespect."

Miss Primrose said, "I have no particular objection, Mrs. President, of belonging to the committee, but I must positively decline the honor of being the chairman, or chair-*woman* I should have said. First on account of my age and incompetency, and secondly, because I think like the lady last up, that honor belongs to Mrs. All-tongue, as the mover of the resolu-

tion. In order that harmony may attend our deliberations, I hope Mrs. All-tongue may be appointed leader of the committee.

The Chair. "Well, if it suits you any better, I name Mrs. All-tongue."

"There, Mrs. All-tongue," said Miss Pendergrass, in an audible voice, "I guess you're satisfied now, and ready to *retire;* just what you ought to have done long ago, for the credit of the cause and your own too."

The Chair. "I hope ladies will leave their bickerings till they get home. Let them settle their difficulties there, if they must have them. Silence the house while I finish the committee."

The house was silent and the committee completed in the appointment of

Mrs. All-tongue,

Mrs. Winkle,	Miss Primrose,
Mis Pendergrass,	Mrs. Peabody,
Miss Kilduff,	Mrs. Blood-good.

After suitable instruction from Miss Boston, as to their duties and the conventional meaning of the word "*retire,*" which they did not seem readily to comprehend, the IMMORTAL SEVEN were conducted to the committee room. They sat with closed doors, and as no one was admitted to their conference, we cannot, at present, report their proceedings, but should we chance to learn them, the public shall not fail to receive a record, so much to be prized, of the doings of that secret session.

Miss Boston. "Mrs. President, I believe my motion is now

in order for the appointment of a committee of three, to prepare an address, and I would like to have the expression of the house upon it."

The Chair. "The house is at perfect liberty to express itself."

Miss B——. "I mean I would like to have the president put the question."

The Chair. "Well, if that is what you mean, why didn't you say so? I like to see people make themselves intelligible. I put the motion."

"Aye," said the convention.

"Miss Boston, Mrs. Freeman, and Miss Kingsley, constituted the committee. I and my colleague Miss Kingsley, said Mrs. Freeman, have had the pleasure of hearing an address already prepared by the chairwoman. We cordially approve it, and desire that it be read as the report of the committee."

"The head of the committee will please to read us their report," said the president.

Miss Boston. "It gives me great pleasure to find that the address which I have prepared with considerable care, is fully approved by the other members of the committee, with whom I have the honor to be associated. I can but express my thanks for the unexpected and unmerited compliment. With these preliminary remarks, your committee would report the following

"'*Address to the Public in behalf of Woman's Rights:*—

"'Progression, Improvement, Civilization, and Equality, are the four ruling words of the age. The first two, though in one sense synonomous, are nevertheless distinct in their particular

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application. These four words are the quadruple Power, the compound Lever, with which the world has been turned up-side down, or rather right-side up, and they are now converted into the majestic wheels which are rolling the mighty car of Events on to its destiny. These principles are the dominant forces, which, especially for the last half century, have issued in the rapid, accelerated, almost miraculous advancement of society in every department of physical, intellectual, and moral activity. And all this, selfish *man* arrogates to himself. He claims to be engineer, conductor, and superintendent of the train, and that *woman* is nothing but the lumbersome *baggage*.

"'Now we dispute this claim with him, and propose to discuss its merits. In doing so, we shall maintain—

"'*First*, That this new impulse in human improvement had its real origin, not in *man* but in *woman*.

"'*Secondly*, That *woman* and not *man* has contributed most to its advancement, and

"'*Thirdly*, That woman is equally, if not more capable than man of continuing this progress to an indefinite limit of time and degree.'

"These three propositions we shall consider very briefly, for it needs little more than the bare statement of so manifest a truth, to carry conviction to every honest mind, and such only may we hope to reach. We invite attention therefore while we restate and establish our position:

"'Proposition *first*. The modern impulse in science and improvement originated chiefly, not in *man* but in *woman*.

"'We are fully aware that we are met at the outset by man, 'armed to the teeth,' and backed by legions of inventions and

discoveries, of patent rights and copyrights, of literary and scientific diplomas, and professional insignia, with the steamboats, railroads, telegraphs, and ship of state at their command —truly a most imposing array, and against which it may appear the part of folly and madness for us to contend; but be it remembered, 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.' We have a magazine set, which needs but to be touched, and this mighty host, with their munitions and intrenchments are blown into chaos. This magazine is the power of *truth*, and the torch we hold to ignite it, the *freedom of speech*. When, we ask, did the mind of man emerge from its state of imbecility, and, putting on strength and activity, enter upon the march of improvement? Not till woman put forth her native energies to cast off the yoke and burst the chains of her oppression. Not till members of our sex, in spite of their serfdom, springing from obscurity like stars from the bosom of night, and ascending with growing luster, became new planets ensphered in the intellectual heavens, and in the presence of whose radiance the old members of the system grew pale. Hence, not from pure spontaneousness, but alone through fear of losing the scepter of his power and the crown of his glory, man leaped up and, girding himself, rushed forth to his achievements, taking good care to herald them abroad with the sound of his own trumpet. Just as the Sultan or the Czar, to prop their tottering thrones and suppress the uprising of republicanism, stud the empire with bristling bayonets and spread the royal banners from every tower as the manifesto of their sovereignty. Had it not been for the fear of losing his supremacy, not to this hour would man have known any resur-

rection from the grave of his ignorance and weakness. It is therefore plain that *woman* was the procuring cause or the virtual origin of the upward developments of the present century." (Bursts of applause.)

"'Proposition *second*. *Woman, and not man, has contributed most to the progress of the age*:—

"'As woman was evidently the mainspring to human activity, she must of course be regarded as the normal force, not only of the first impulse, but also of its continuance; for withdraw the propelling force from the great machine of society, and every thing would at once subside into a dead stand-still: undeniably, woman is the motive power of the world. What, we would ask, makes the world great? Its great *men*, they will answer —grant it. But whence the great *men*? What fashioned the Spartan heroes? Their Spartan *mothers*. What made General Washington great? General Washington's mother What gave John Adams his towering position in the history of our country's independence? John Adams' *wife*. What led the son, John Quincy, to become the prince of wisdom in America, if not in the world? The influence of John Quincy Adams' mother. So of the vast majority, if not all, of the great, the wise, and the good among *men*. The inheritance of their renowned destiny was bequeathed to them, not by their sires, but by their mothers. Female influence is the key that unlocks the hidden stores of knowledge and fills the world with illustrious characters, which constitutes the world's greatness. But besides making the great *men*, woman has made *herself* great, towering as high and weaving for herself a diadem as bright as any of the inspired lords of creation, and that too in defiance of the

numerous and apparently insuperable obstacles thrown across her path, by her envious oppressor. If we search the records of history, where find we brighter names, or examples more illustrious, than those of female genius? What general more renowned for military prowess, than Joan of Arc, or Cleopatra, that gigantic titaness on the tented field? The empire of Russia, overshadowing and threatening to absorb the eastern continent, is but a legacy to Nicholas the Great, from the Empress Catharine. What periods in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race more rich in splendid achievements of thought and action, than the reigns of Elizabeth and Victoria? In fine, were we to select a champion from either sex, and after the manner of the ancients, send them into the arena to settle the question of superiority for their respective parties, the combatants are at hand. Napoleon Bonaparte is, nearly by common consent, pronounced the most stupendous prodigy of a man that the world has ever seen. Yet was Josephine more than his compeer. *She*, and not the Great Napoleon, was in chief the stability of the imperial throne. He was indeed the emperor, but she, in reality, governed the people. He led his armies to victory, and 'disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!' But every where, and at all times, Josephine was his presiding genius, and her presence the prestige of success. When abjured by his ambition, she withdrew from his support, how soon was the 'mighty fallen!' He struck from the firmament his guiding star, and the mighty mariner, wrecked amid darkness and tempest, miserably perished on his desolate sea-girt rock!

"'Such is *woman*. Let her but retire, and Samson's strength is departed!—Deny it who will, the truth remains, that not merely in the domestic fabric, but in the glorious structure of the world's history, *woman* forms both the foundation and top-most stone." (Repeated bursts of applause.)

"'Proposition *third*. *Woman is equally, if not more capable than man of carrying forward the process of human improvement to an indefinite limit of time and degree*:—

"'This follows as a natural and inevitable conclusion from the two preceding propositions, and is little less than self-evident truth. Hence, it needs scarcely more than its simple announcement, to carry conviction to every candid mind. It is a philosophical axiom, that 'like causes produce like effects.' If therefore, as we have seen, woman was the potential origin and equally the promoter of human activity in the various developments of the past, it must follow with the certainty of consequent to its antecedent, that she is also competent to carry the world forward to the termination of its glorious and sublime destiny. And such we must believe to be her mission, unless indeed the constitution and order of nature be changed, which, however, can never happen, since the laws of mind and of matter are as fixed as the Being who made them. Here we rest the argument as a triumphant demonstration of the justice of our claims and the surety of their success.

"'Nature, justice, eternal truth and right, constitute the tower of our strength and the rock of our safety. We unfurl our banners and 'hang them on the outward wall.' Our proud pennant, nailed to the mast, floats on the breeze. The contest

hastens. Our emancipation draws nigh. The days of despotic man are numbered. Then

'Strike! ye heroines in thrall;
Strike! till the tyrant foe shall fall;
Strike! fast and hard, both one and all;
Strike! for Freedom and Woman's Rights,

(Unbounded applause.)

The address was adopted with a shout, that made the rafters of the building tremble.

The committee on resolutions returned. Mrs. All-tongue inquired the occasion of such a "big noise," and learning the cause, she demanded a reconsideration of the vote, that she might add the power of *her* voice in the passage of a measure so loudly called for and so unspeakably important. However, reluctantly waiving her inalienable right of being *heard*, in obedience to the call for the report of the committee, Mrs. All-tongue submitted as follows:

"*Mrs. President, and ladies of the convention:* —

"We found that each of us had a lot of resolutions, and finally agreed to pass them all and take them home with us; but I shall report only what follers, which I've collected together as a kind of sum total of the whole.

"'*First.* Resolved — That we all join hands and do up the work which we have to do

"'*Second.* Resolved — That the following petition be circulated all over the State and sent to the Legislature.

"'*Third.* Resolved — That it incorporates the feelings and determination of this convention.

"'*To the Legislature of New York*:—

"'The under-writers claim to represent that the subject familiarly known and generally ridiculed under the name of "Woman's Rights," is now greatly convulsing the female public — that they have viewed with unavailable sorrow and occasional disgust, for a long time past, the existence of the causes that make this petition called for. Your petitioners therefore not only decently ask, but positively demand, that a law shall be immediately passed, giving the women a right to vote; making them feasible to places like you; and all other offices which the people have got to give, whereby they may rise to that elevation so cordial to their feelings, so natural to their nature, so beneficent to their welfare, and so in keeping with the object of their creation; and that we may be distinctly understood, we appeal and declare in the expressive language of the bard —

> "'Should you otherwise decree,
> The direful consequence will be
> Diminished population;
> And this with one accord we say,
> If 'woman's rights' are thrown away,
> Is our determination.'"

The resolutions were passed unanimously, and followed with uproarious cheering.

It was now nearly midnight, and the convention, with the best of good feeling, adjourned *sine die*, the ladies, as might be supposed, respectively waiting upon the gentlemen to the "chips."

CHAPTER IX.

"The enquiring spirit will not be controll'd,
We would make certain all, and all behold."

BUSINESS completed and curiosity indulged in the great city of Wonders, Badger turned his face homeward. Absorbed in the morning chronicles of the preceding day's events, pregnant with the destiny of man and woman kind, he sat in the railroad car when Miss Boston entered, whom, as she was passing, he politely invited to occupy the seat beside him, promising her protection from indignity or rudeness. She readily accepted, remarking that she recognized him at the Tabernacle, and was much gratified in seeing him there, to which he replied by expressing equal satisfaction at being present. After various remarks relative to the city, its growth, its commerce, its wealth, its amusements, &c., &c., their conversation naturally turned into the channel of "woman's rights."

"What did you think of the convention, sir?" asked Miss B.

"I thought it was a big one," replied he. "What did you think of it, Miss Boston?"

"There were many very foolish and some very sensible people there. But that is the case, sir, with all popular assem-

blics. Nor is it at all surprising. Indeed it is, and in the nature of things it must be so, while the present custom holds, and men *send* their wives and daughters loaded with addresses and resolutions and instructions to make themselves conspicuous and gain notoriety. Not that these *women* are so much to be blamed. *They* are under the control and direction of their husbands and fathers and brothers. *They* have been kept in a great measure secluded from society,—I mean the every day matter-of-fact society of the business as well as the social world. And more especially have they been denied a place in deliberative bodies, where alone any person can acquire a theoretical and practical knowledge of the routine of parliamentary proceedings. Pardon me, sir, if I appear to monopolize the conversation. That is proverbially one of woman's *unquestionable* rights you know. Besides the *subject* is my apology, if one is needed. You see I am entering a plea in behalf of my sex for their general want of familiarity with the ordinary method of transacting business of a public character. As I said, they have been forever ostracised from all participation in the counsels of public bodies. And then you could not have failed to discover the absence of *independence* on the part of almost, if not quite, all of the ladies in the convention. Strictly speaking, they were not delegates, but *representatives*, for they simply *reflected* their *husbands* and *fathers*.

They dare not go contrary to the instructions of their liege lords if they had been so disposed. I have attended a large number of conventions in the last few months, but in character very different from this one. They were composed of *delegates*, free-thinking, independent, strong-minded delegates, not

representatives, or mere automatons, the passive, pliant tools of the men. I have observed much in connection with this subject, and meditated enough, much more than enough, to convince me of the propriety and justice of our cause, but never—I must say it—never have I seen or thought of any thing in relation to this question which has impressed me so seriously as this convention. Why only think of it, sir! hundreds of women there who never in their lives before had been *suffered* to attend a convention as spectators even, much less to participate in one! And what a humiliating spectacle was there presented! That of itself settles the question, and renders our success sure and speedy."

"I am entirely satisfied," eagerly interrupted Badger; "I know and have ever since I saw" ——— the remembrance of his adventure on their downward trip, at that instant arrested him, in the middle of his sentence.

"Since you saw what, sir?" inquired Miss B——.

"You'd get right up and leave me, if I should answer you, so I'd have no chance to tell you about it."

"No, sir, I promise to hear you through, provided you speak in respectful language."

"Since I saw the spirit of the mermaid, then," he added—

"Spirit of the mermaid!" repeated she, with a hearty feminine laugh, and a look which left no doubt as to her opinion of the spirit seer.

"Well, if I'm to be laughed at in this way, I'll see if I can't find another seat," said he, with the tone and air of insulted feeling, and rising to depart.

"Pardon my impoliteness, sir; I really intended no offense.

I promise you not to laugh again, though it must be confessed there is something *comical* about it. I have witnessed 'spiritual demonstrations' and am called a believer, and a very good 'medium' besides, but never before did I hear of the spirit of a *mermaid*. I should as soon expect the spirits of animals."

"Well, I've heard them too," said he; "and the awfulest racket that ever was made."

Again Miss B—— broke into a fit of laughter.

"You needn't make sport of me, for I did," persisted Badger, with wounded pride.

"I was not laughing at *you*," answered she, "but only at my own thoughts. Sir, you understand what a mermaid is? if there ever was such a thing in existence, which, to say the least, is extremely doubtful."

"I've heard something about them, ma'am, but I don't know any thing except what she told me."

"Well, sir, allow me to say, the most authentic accounts we have of the *animal*, makes it a kind of fabulous creature, an inhabitant of the ocean, part woman and part fish, but of the two, I should think, rather the more *fishy*."

"That *was* her I saw then. She said she used to live in the ocean and set on a rock, and see the ships go by and men in 'em, and she told me just what you did the other day."

"Pray, sir, when and where did you see her?"

"T'other night, in my room. She came twice. The first time she didn't stay only a minute, but she said she would see me again the next evening; and she did, after all were asleep, and she stood a good while and talked to me, and told me all

about *Woman's Rights* and the men, and how they abused the women, and about the spirit land, where she said she come from, and how the women ruled the men there, and how spirits come to get away to come to earth. She said the female spirits broke loose, because the men tormented the women so, down here; and a great many other things. I wish you could only have seen and heard her as I did," said our bachelor, with great rapidity and emphasis, his eyes, with a marvelous glare, standing quite out of his head.

"You seem very earnest, sir," said she. "A strange story you are relating. You saw her twice did you?"

"Yes, I did, as true as I live."

"And she *talked*?"

"Yes, both times, but a good deal the most the second time."

"Did any one else see her?"

"No, not anybody. She said she come to me, because I hated the women, and told me to look out and heed and listen to her."

"And you did?"

"I guess I did. I heard every word as plain as day."

"And saw her all the time?"

"To be sure I did. I was looking right straight at her, and she right straight at me. O, how handsome she was!"

"Did she have on costume?"

"I don't know. She had a sight of real pretty *ringlets*, and they come clear down to the floor, and covered her almost all over, and I thought she had on something that looked like thin gauze or muslin."

"She *stood* on the floor?"

"No, she didn't stand *on* any thing, but just as a feather does in the air, or a fish in the water."

"How she came or how she went you cannot tell?"

"No; the first thing I saw of her, she was standing right before me, and she went away just as quick. She went right out in the storm."

"A stormy night, was it?"

"Yes, the rain poured down in pails-ful and it thundered and lightened awfully."

"Did any thing else happen?"

"I guess there did. Every thing in my room was all at once hopping about and turned topsy-turvy, and as quick as she come it all come right again. I was sitting on the foot-board,"——and from this point he proceeded to give a full account of the scene on that wonderful night.

Miss Boston having attentively heard him through, remained for some time in thoughtful silence. At last she said to herself—

"Strange!—very strange!—this must be so—there is nothing impossible in it after all;" then turning to him, "And she told you that woman was going to rule very soon?"

"Certainly she did, and said she told it to me from the spirit land, and prophesied it too."

"And do you believe it?"

"I know it."

"And this is what you wished to tell me, on our way down?"

"That's just what I meant."

"I had met with so many insults that day, that I hardly knew when I was treated respectfully. I very much regret

my leaving you as I did, and sincerely beg your pardon, sir, for my rude behavior toward you."

Time had passed so insensibly, that they were scarcely aware of having left the depot, before "Poughkeepsie" was announced by the conductor.

"I must leave you here, sir," said Miss B——, "as I am to address an audience at this place, this evening." Wishing her success, and expressing the hope of seeing her again, with a friendly shake of the hand, they bade each other farewell, and parted.

Stopping in Albany, for a short time, Amaziah chanced to spy an advertisement in flaming letters.

"FITS!! FITS!!!

"*A sure cure for* fits, *adapted to all ages, conditions, and sexes, especially to* females. *Sole agency for the State of New York!!*"

The idea at once struck him that it was just the thing for his good landlady, Mrs. Wilson, and thinking she might expect a present, he stepped into the office and inquired for the "remedy for fits." The clerk very politely informed him that they had a *few* boxes left, and placing them on the counter, advised him, by all means, to take the "lot," protesting that they were invaluable, and could be had nowhere else, that if he should not happen to want them all himself, he could very readily *dispose* of them. Counting them, he said there were eighty-three boxes, and if he would take the quantity, he would call them eighty, and put them at twenty cents a box, though the usual price was twenty-*five* cents.

Our benevolent bachelor thought he would hardly find use

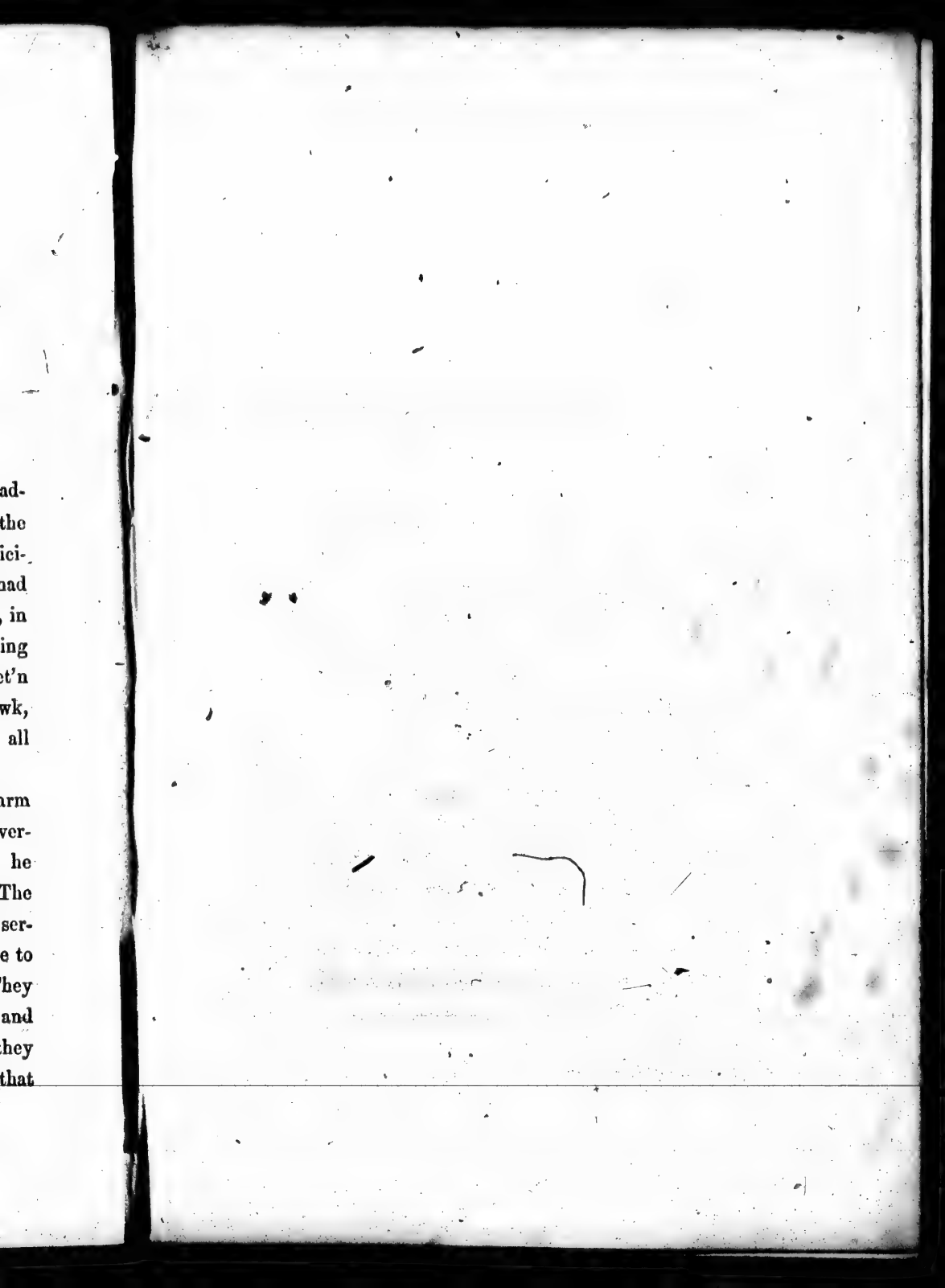
for so many, but as they were offered at such a bargain, he finally took the "lot." With his pills stowed in his pockets and several advertisements in his hat, he was soon under way, and reached home in safety.

CHAPTER X.

Mistakes never come single.

THE sable goddess had spread her black mantle when Badger, laden with sundry budgets—news and pills forming the staple—alighted at his boarding-house. Contrary to his anticipation, there was none to greet him but Dinah. Wilson had gone into the country to *purchase a cow*. Mrs. Wilson, in company with her mantua-maker, a maiden lady, was attending a meeting at the church—as Dinah expressed it, "a meet'n ob de citizens, to spress dar pinion ob some men in New Yawk, dat Missus was read'n bout in de papar. Missus tell you all bout it when she come."

Dinah—benevolent heart—spread the table with nice warm refreshments. Badger supped and sought his room. Overcome with fatigue, in conjunction with the law of habit, he went early to bed and quickly fell into a sound sleep. The meeting broke up at a late hour. Dinah, like a faithful servant, anxious to be up betimes in the morning, had gone to rest, when her mistress and the mantua-maker returned. They of course must have their *chat* in relation to the meeting and matters in general, so that the "big hour" arrived before they were ready to retire. Mrs. W—— instructed her friend that



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she could occupy the same apartment as before. The mantua-maker alleging the brightness of the evening quite equal to that of day, declined a proffered light, and with the mutual wishes of "pleasant dreams," proceeded to her lodgings. Her nightly toilet completed, with the exception of something under her pillow, whither she thrust one hand and at the same time throwing open the sheets with the other, in the impetuosity of extreme haste, her foot was on the side-rail ready for a vault into the bosom of repose, when with a shriek that proved the soundness of her lungs, she bounded from the room and down stairs, at every leap screaming "*murder! murder!*"

Started from his slumber, yet but half awake, and thinking surely the house must be in flames, Badger sprang upon the floor, threw his morning gown about him, rubbed his eyes and rushed after her, crying "*fire! fire!*" As he passed the second floor, Mrs. Wilson bursting into the hall, frightened quite out of her wits, fell in behind him, and in her headlong descent filled up the chorus with "*murder!—fire!—help!*" Bachelor, landlady and old maid, all landed in a promiscuous heap, at the foot of the stairs. Dinah who happened just then to have a wakeful turn, had instantly struck a light, and with formidable courage, came shuffling into the hall, exclaiming—

"Lor a mighty, wat be de matter, wat mean all dis dreful fusion here?"

The boarders, aroused by the clamor, began to make their appearance, to learn the cause of this midnight alarm, in their semi-nude and nightly regalia, while here and there were seen night-caps timidly peering through the several doors. Mean-

while Mrs. Wilson and the mantua-maker—the latter in particular, more dead than alive—had succeeded in extricating themselves from the *melee* and gained a place of refuge, leaving our bachelor alone in a state of bewilderment.

"Bress me, Missur Badger, am dat you?" said Dinah, holding up the candle and rubbing her eyes to assure herself of his identity. "Wat for, sir, you rais'n sich a sturbance dis o'clock ob de night, to skeer eb'ry body to def."

"I—I don't know, Dinah," stammered the frightened man; "somebody came to my room and woke me up, crying 'murder,' and I ran down to see what it was."

His voice being recognized by Mrs. Wilson, the mystery was readily unraveled. In his absence, she had as a matter of convenience, in accordance with the liberty often exercised in public houses as well as private — assigned the mantua-maker the temporary occupancy of his dormitory. He was unconscious of the arrangement, they of his return, and hence the above innocent, yet almost critical adventure.

Further explanation was unnecessary. With manifold cachinations, those who had come to the rescue, returned to their quarters—the nightcaps vanished—Badger vamosed—and the mantua-maker 'turned in' with the landlady, for the remainder of the night. But the *denoument* was not yet. They had just composed themselves soundly to sleep, when Wilson returned. It was understood that he should not be home till the next day, but having accomplished the object of his mission, like good husbands in general, preferring the sacrifice of his rest to even a night's absence from his family, he took up his solitary ride and reached home at an early hour in the morning.

Gaining silent entrance by means of his night-key — to avoid disturbing the slumbers of the inmates—and his familiarity with his own domicile precluding the necessity of striking a light, he very quietly retired, unobserved by the heavy sleepers, and himself ignorant of the home arrangements, except—to use his own words—he thought his "better half" had monopolized territory some degrees north of "Mason's and Dixon's line," but in the spirit of "compromise," he very peacefully occupied the unappropriated space, though at the great hazard of falling out of bed. A few moments, and all alike had passed to the realm of forgetfulness.

It was a late hour in the morning. Morpheus seemed reluctant to release his subjects, and long held them in the smudging toils of drowsiness. The sun, unable to look through, could barely peep by the edges of the heavy curtains in faint and slender lines upon the dingy wall. At last the mantua-maker was awake, Wilson about half so, his wife yawned once.

"How ashamed I shall be to see him," said Miss Hager, "I am thirty-five years old, and never before did I cut such a caper."

"O, that's nothing, only a little mistake," drawled the landlady, in her half conscious, dreamy state, as they lay cozily with their faces to the wall.

"He never'd known who it was, if you hadn't made such a racket coming down stairs, and—if—Dinah hadn't come with —the—can—d—l—e," and she was in a drowse again.

"What *would* folks say if they only knew it, Mrs. Wilson?" earnestly exclaimed the troubled maiden; "I wouldn't have it known for the world."

"O, Mr. Badger is a nice man. He will keep it to himself, and Dinah never tells tales—you know I never keep tattlers about me," replied Mrs. W——, in a consolitary tone, as she made another effort to come out of her sleepy fit.

"Now don't, for mercy sake, tell your husband about it, will you, I feel so awfully——"

"The devil you do," said Wilson, peering into the mantua-maker's face. "What new chum have you over there, wife?"

Miss Hagar uttered a cry as if oppressed by a score of nightmares, and giving the coverlets so violent a twitch over her head as to leave her nether extremities exposed—thus "robbing Peter to pay Paul"—she suddenly collapsed as if drawn together by a thousand cramps, with exclamations of

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear me! What shall I do? What *shall* I do?"

It seemed as if the frightened creature would absolutely shrink into nothing.

"Why, husband, are you there?" said Mrs. Wilson, now fairly opening her eyes.

"Yes, wife, I'm right here."

"I thought you wasn't coming home last night. This is Miss Hagar, the mantua-maker. She thinks I better have a *basque*. Miss Hagar, my husband, Mr. Wilson"——but this formal introduction was not responded to by the unlucky spinster.

There was still discoverable, on the back side, a diminutive-looking heap, but the interjections had subsided by degrees into a violent panting and low tremulous groans.

"What's up between her and Badger, wife? A love affair,

ch! All right, all right. Miss Badger, I hope for a better acquaintance."

"She made a little mistake last night," said the wife, and got into his room. She ——"

"O yes, all right," interrupted he. "An old bach— of fifty and a maiden on the shady side of thirty-six are apt to——"

"Dinah found out the mistake."

"Wonder if Amaziah can tell the difference between a live mantua-maker and her sign? I'll interrogate him. Come, come, Mrs. Badger, don't lie curled up there like a *possum*. You're not dead yet. Guess you'll survive the shock. Most capital joke on Badg. though—capital."

"Why, Mr. Wilson! you sha'nt talk so to her. It was only a mistake. She did'nt know he was in his room. We did'nt get home from the meeting till 'leven or twelve."

"All right—she could'nt, of course, very well expect he would be there at that time of night. But I guess she'll survive it. You take good care of her, wife, and I'll go and see whether Amaziah is dead or alive."

The little mound by the wall seemed to be in spasms, like the shaking of a miniature earthquake or a galvanic battery acting upon a pile of muscles, the only thing that now indicated animal life, save a faint moaning sound.

Wilson, hastily creeping into his apparel, made his exit.

The mantua-maker's form gradually relaxed from its rigid rotundity, and crawling timidly from her hiding place after her landlady, with nervous rapidity she sheltered her affrighted

modesty with her wardrobe, meanwhile repeating to herself, "Oh, dear!" followed by long, exhausting sighs.

The good landlady endeavored to cheer her, telling her not to mind it — that "nobody was to blame" — there was "no harm done"—that it was useless to cry for "spilt milk" — besides, "accidents would happen in the best of families," &c.

This very innocent and harmless occurrence furnished a dish nicely adapted to Wilson's palate for "fun-jottings," and which, with occasional "hashing up and warming over," was sufficient to last for some time. Yielding to his ruling passion for sport, he took a cruel satisfaction in misconstruing every attempted explanation, feigning himself ignorant, though well aware of the real facts in the case. He did not seek Badger, but, on the contrary, avoided him, being unwilling to abate the richness of the joke by allowing him any opportunity for explanation.

Amaziah, methodical to rule, and feeling a peculiar pressure in the region of the lungs, sought out-door air, for the relief of his respiratory organs. Meeting the chambermaid, he said to her—

"You may take those things on my table and hand them to Miss Hager." She proceeded in obedience to his direction, and gathering them promiscuously in her apron, was descending the stairs, when Mrs. Wilson, who chanced to spy our bachelor making his exit from the front door, called out

"Kate!"

"Yes, marm!" echoed the customary answer.

"Go to Mr. Badger's room and fetch the dress-maker's teeth and hair."

"An sure, marm, I cannot pul 'em out alone," answered the ignorant servant in her surprise at the mandate.

"Do as I bid you; start, and don't be long about it neither."

This dictatorial address touched Kate's "*Irish*," and discharging the contents of her apron in confusion on the stairs, lest they should be in the way of fulfilling her orders, and flirting back, rummaged the room thoroughly, and returned to report *non est*—not to be found. Entering the apartment occupied by Mrs. Wilson and her mantua-maker, on seeing the latter bald and toothless, she exclaimed—

"An sure, why didn't you tell me you had done it yourself. I lucked the room all over for her, an you was pulling her teeth and hair all out yourself, you was, ma'am."

"You stupid lout!" said her mistress; "I told you"——

"As he is gone," interrupted Miss Hayer, "you watch for Mr. Badger, and I will run up myself and adjust them in his room before any body sees me. And away she flew, with the agility of a panther, making the ascent at half a dozen strides, and on her arrival—consternation and grief! Her beauty had indeed departed! The alarm given, Mrs. Wilson hastened to her relief. Every nook and corner, every trunk and drawer was ransacked, but the lost treasures where nowhere to be found. The fruitless search given over, the disappointed couple descended again, Mrs. W—— to feel regret, and Miss H—— bewidowed of her charms, to lament her sudden and most sore bereavement.

In the meantime Kate had resumed her sweeping, forgetful of the presents, till among the "odds and ends," covered with dust, and in a "beautiful snarl," she was about brushing them

into the dust-pan; when gathering them up she presented herself before the bereaved mantua-maker, saying,

"Misthur Badger come from New York yestherday, an brought you some presenths, he did marm, an bade me gave em to you, an here they be, sure — nice presents them are, sure." As she emptied her apron into Miss Hager's lap, when lo! teeth, hair, and boxes met the astonished gaze of the owner. Like the "presenths," Kate vanished.

With upraised hands, and smiling through her tears, she welcomed back her departed charms, though presenting a somewhat soiled *dishabile* complexion. Proper applications, however, readily restored their original luster, and under the enchantment of the toilet, baldness and toothlessness soon reflourished in all the freshness and bloom of maiden beauty.

Breakfast was announced. The mantua-maker at first refused, preferring the second table, but finally yielding to persuasion, followed the landlady, who assured her that none but her husband knew "any thing about who it was, and he wouldn't tell." Amaziah, too, would have preferred absence to his breakfast, but wisely concluding the best way would be to meet the emergency boldly, his courage got the mastery, and he marched straight forward, yet hardly able to conceal a faltering step. All were seated, the landlord "doing the honors of the table." The boarders cast significant glances at each other, and evidently, with difficulty, restrained their risibilities. Mrs. W—— thinking to display great generalship, and cover the retreat of the discomfited parties, hit upon the plan of an introduction, intending by the very boldness of the manœuvre to come a *ruse* on the pursuers and decoy them into the belief that there was

neither "game" nor booty; in other words, to separate in the minds of the boarders all connection between the two *leading* actors of the last night's scene. This, it must be confessed, was the part of benevolence; but whether it displayed equal wisdom, is at least questionable. Be that as it may, her course was taken; and fortunately, the position of the parties, sitting directly opposite each other, favored the design.

"Mr. Badger," said Mrs. W——, assuming an unnatural gravity in attempting to be simply serious, thus pointing and touching off the very guns she intended to spike, — "allow me the pleasure, sir, of making you acquainted with my friend Miss Hager."

"I guess they're in a fair way to get pretty well acquainted, wife," remarked Wilson, significantly. A suppressed tittering went round the table. No one dare look up, for fear of an explosion. The dress-maker's face rivaled the blushing rose. Badger looked dead blank.

"Miss Hager, how is your appetite this morning?" asked Wilson, with comic sobriety, and without waiting for a reply served her very bountifully.

"And now, friend Badger, I know what you want. A good night's sleep has whet your appetite sharp — I can tell by your looks. I may be mistaken though, for '*mistakes* do happen in the best of families,' don't they wife?" There was manifestly a covert meaning in all this, not understood except by those initiated. The corner of Wilson's eye and the muscles of his mouth indicated more than his words conveyed. All were sensible there was something "in the wind" which had not been blown to them yet. But in the absence of more definite

knowledge, some in silence affected a very knowing look, while others in merciless sport demanded of the old Bach., if he was accustomed to catch the nightmare and, old Putnam-like, ride down stairs? He was "cornered," and though riddled with shot, stood the charge bravely, which fortunately diverted the attack from the less courageous victim on the opposite side. It is fruitless to attempt a full description of the scene, but it may safely be said, that no one of the number contracted the dyspepsia that morning, unless it be Amaziah and the dress-maker.

"Well, Badger," said Wilson, after breakfast, by way of relief to the poor fellow, "you've had a pretty hard siege since your return from the city. Suppose we take a ride into the country? A little airing will do you good — I guess the women can spare us to-day."

Badger gladly accepted. With whip and spur, they were soon under way.

CHAPTER XI.

"She begged that philosophic spirit,
Which Fame allowed him to inherit,
To fix and settle her opinion
As to its rights and its dominion."

"I can call spirits from the vasty deep."
"Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come when you do call them?"

THE reader will recollect that we left Miss Boston at Poughkeepsie. She drew a large audience and created a favorable impression. Having also delivered lectures in Hudson, Albany, and Schenectady, she returned in health and spirits. Her advent was quickly heralded through the town. Soon Mrs. Hudson, an intimate and *believing* friend, was announced, who upon hearing the report of the convention, lectures, &c., which Miss B—— had attended, proceeded to narrate the events which had transpired at home, in her absence.

It is proper to remark, that previous to Miss Boston's departure, "*Spiritualism*" had made its appearance in the neighborhood. Several meetings had been held and "demonstrations" received, resulting in the institution of "circles," as they termed them, meaning, probably, the union of the visible and invisible worlds, thus constituting the great magnetic cycle, and hence the fitness of the appellation. However, they were not as yet so thoroughly organized, or the connec-

tion was not so perfectly formed as always to secure the advent of the spirits. Sometimes they were favored with "demonstrations," but were not entirely satisfied as to their genuineness. A rap was heard on the side of the house, but might it not be occasioned by the wind which at the time was blowing a gale. Occasionally there were palpable indications of the presence of "spirits," but then they could not be recalled, and this gave rise to no small variety of rhetoric and *logic*, resulting in an equal variety of opinions.

However, the "circle" was in its incipiency, and its repeated failures could easily be accounted for, in various ways —a misunderstanding between the spiritualists and the spirits —an absence or obstruction of inter-spherical-communication— a want of ability or disposition on the part of the ghosts — these, and sundry other considerations mundane, and supermundane, were sufficient to have banished perplexity from the minds of the *believers*, reconciled their discrepancies and silenced the skeptics, yet was there doubt, anxiety, and rank unbelief. But during the absence of Miss Boston, new light had burst upon the benighted community, in relation to the mysterious rappings. A lecturer, one of the new lights of this extraordinary nineteenth century, made his appearance, and promised for two shillings a head to reveal the secret of calling spirits from the "vasty deep," alleging his ability to make them come to any spot, day or night, in sunshine or in storm. This indeed was strange. But what was passing strange, they would do any thing at his bidding, that spectators might desire, affording them profit and amusement to any amount, in kind and degree. If required, they would set

the tables dancing—teach writing—mathematics—languages —geography—in short, all the arts and sciences, not only of this "mundane sphere," but even communicate by signs and hieroglyphics, which he would interpret, the geology, geography, topography, zoology, paleontology, with all other *ologies;* not only the complete natural history, but the social, civil, political and ecclesiastical constitution and developments of the seven anti-mundane or spiritual spheres.

"He told," said Mrs. Hudson, "wherein we had not worked it right — that we had at times almost heard the raps, but not knowing the secret *sign*, were unable to succeed. One evening which he spent with us, we invited in some friends, and the thing being noised abroad, the room was full. We afterwards held a very large meeting, which produced a wonderful stir."

"It would have given me much satisfaction to be present," remarked Miss B——, with fixed attention and thoughtful countenance. "Did any spirits but those of human beings appear?"

"We had no 'manifestations' from any others."

"Did he express any opinion in his lectures on that particular point?"

"I think —— not —— Yes he did, too, say something about calling spirits from the '*vasty deep.*'"

"Did you understand him that he *had* done, or that he *could* do so? In other words, did he speak of his *experience* or his *theory?* I feel some little interest on that subject."

"I do not remember exactly about that, but we are to have a 'circle' at our house this evening, at seven o'clock *precisely.* He said we must be very exact in the appointment, and punc-

tual to a second, or it might make a difference. I hope you won't fail to come, and we will ascertain how many kinds of spirits there are. We had a circle last evening, and the spirits told us they would be present to-night. I have become so deeply interested in the subject, that I can scarcely attend to any thing else. Mr. Hudson, too, is all absorbed in it, and so is neighbour Taburg. Their business is hardly thought of. The lecturer took up his abode at our house, and gave me some lessons in private. O, he is a perfect love of a man! Now you will come, Miss Boston, won't you? Don't, for the world, disappoint us.

"I will endeavor to be there."

"And you must be sure to come, just at the time precisely. Should you happen to be a minute, or even a second, too late, it might keep the spirits away and spoil the circle."

"I will try to be punctual," said Miss B——, as Mrs. H—— departed, highly elated in anticipation of the interview, and surcharged with nervous excitement, though a very worthy lady, by the way—honest, sincere, and well disposed, but one easily led by stronger minds to do not only what was right, but possibly the reverse.

Miss Boston was one of the remarkable women—intellectual, calm, reflecting, determined: she could not easily be jostled or turned aside from the onward and "even tenor of her way." She was never "subject to *fits*."

The hour arrived. The "circle," consisting of a dozen members and the spectators, were assembled. A large table in the center of the room, and the requisite number of chairs, were placed in order about it. Mrs. Hudson selected as "me-

dium" for the evening, they at once ranged themselves around the table. Joining hands, Mrs. Hudson gave directions for all to be perfectly still and passive until some spirit should manifest itself, which she was confident, if they had made no mistake, would be in a short time.

Fifteen minutes silently elapsed without a demonstration, when Mrs. H—— inquired if they were proceeding according to rule.

In reply, Mr. T—— thought they were, but something was wrong — he would see if the door was locked, as the lecturer taught them there could be no 'manifestations' without closed doors. Careful scrutiny discovered it to be *partly* locked, a phenomenon quite explanatory of their failure! The spirits are shy of *open doors!*

Again the *ring*, in other words the "circle," united hands fifteen minutes longer, but with like result, when the indefatigable *mediums* went into a general speculation upon the probable causes of their disappointment. At last it occurred to a young lady, that the lecturer had said, or she thought he said, that the lamp must not be on the table; doubtless for the reason that the spirits being unaccustomed to candle-light, it would naturally hurt their visual organs, and perhaps produce inflammation. This obstruction removed, the "ring" connected palms again, and charging the battery of their spiritual telegraph, transmitted dispatches for the immediate advent of the celestials, but no answer was returned. What *could* be the difficulty? Either the consolidation of the "*medium*" forces was not sufficiently potent, or the spirits were away on a journey or pre-occupied at some other "circle," or —— something

else. As to the mermaid, we would venture a suggestion, that she was busy arranging her evening debut, that is to say, she was "not at home." At all events there was a "screw loose," or a screw wanting somewhere.

Upon a thorough canvass of all the causes, possible and probable, of their abortive efforts, they agreed in ascribing the difficulty to the astounding fact that the table was composed of *pine*. Great was their chagrin at such an oversight. What inattention, what unaccountable obtuseness, to forget that they were living in the advanced age of civilization, the palmy days of evangelical taste and refinement, when the private mansion, the hotel, the theater and the church, rivaled each other in the costliness of their structure, the grandness of their architecture, and the artistic richness and beauty of their appendages. And should not the "spheres" be at least equally progressive? Should they be any less transcendental in the exquisiteness of taste, style, and manners?

The pine table was therefore replaced by one of rosewood, the spirits disclaiming to use furniture of a material more vulgar or common-place. But lo! the rosewood was as powerless as the pine. Not a ghost broke the silence.

Thus completely foiled, the "circle" was forced to confess their failure; yet, instead of giving place to unbelief, their faith increased to enthusiasm, and each resolving to find out the hinderance, they dispersed without the slightest intimation as to when or where, or how, the spirits would vouchsafe to them an interview.

The day following was one of busy excitement among the "rappers." Multifarious were the solutions invented to clear

up the mystery of their defeat, but neither of which seemed altogether satisfactory.

As a last resort, Mr. Hudson was consulted in regard to the expediency of procuring the attendance of the lecturer to set things right again. The expense, however great, was of no account, if he would but hasten to their relief. Miss Boston, favored with frequent calls, was plied with numerous questions in relation to the *rap*-less spirits, but was not very communicative. She said little and thought much. In an interview with Mr. Hudson, she was particular to interrogate him as to the character and whereabouts of the lecturer. Our heroine was soon missing. Her silent departure occasioned various conjectures, but the prevalent opinion was, that she had gone on a lecturing tour.

The "circle," in the meantime, continued to assemble privately, in sections of two or three, but failed of obtaining any "manifestations."

Miss Boston went in pursuit of the lecturer—not that she was particularly a believer in *him*; her object was light. Striking his trail, she overtook him at a certain small village in central New York, where he had given several lectures, and with eminent success. Large audiences—ignoble and town-elite—crowded around him, and all ranks of spirits awaited his bidding. The object of general attraction, and idolized by his followers, he commanded princely wages for his *invaluable* instructions.

Miss B—— took lodgings at the Hotel. The succeeding day she spent in exploring the romantic little village and its suburbs, remaining *incog.*, and concealing the real object of

her visit. Making the acquaintance of the landlady, she gained from her a history of the prevailing excitement in the circle there, and learned the names of the most prominent actors. While thus engaged in conversation, the landlady pointed her to the lecturer, entering a store on the opposite side of the way. Miss Boston, after the fashion of young ladies in general, making it convenient just then, to call at the store for some trifling article, which she knew or hoped *they did not have*, found a number discussing the prevailing subject, with mutual congratulations upon their success, and speculating on what strange things *would* be revealed in the evening. Miss B——'s ears were erect, while examining the articles which did "*not suit*," as long as propriety would allow, when with dignified modesty, she ventured two or three incidental remarks, hoping, she said, that they would not deem her impertinent and bold, but she was anxious to be informed on the subject in which they appeared to be so deeply engrossed—she had heard much respecting it, and had long desired to see some master of the science, who could give satisfactory evidence in its support.

At once pointing to the lecturer they declared he was just the man; *he* could do it up "brown," if she would attend the "circle" in the evening, which would meet at a cottage half a mile from the village. They were positive that every thing would be demonstrated to her complete gratification, for a large number of spirits were engaged to be "on hand," and no mistake but they would be.

Why, amid such general interest, they should assemble in a little obscure cottage, seemed somewhat singular, but then

these spirits like all other folks have their caprices, and like them they will be gratified, or become refractory.

Miss B——, wishing to make the most of her mission, requested a private interview with the lecturer at her room, which being readily granted, they were soon in close conversation on the all-absorbing topic. Like a philosopher, she scanned his experience with the keenest scrutiny, and sounded his knowledge to the bottom. She found him visionary, enthusiastic, self-confident, and all-wise, claiming to be sole master of the spirit land. He did not therefore command her special respect, as a man of mind, of reason, and judgment. Yet had she the sagacity to discover that his whole soul was in the subject, and concluding that if in reality he had the knowledge and control of spirits, asserted by him, it must arise from his *temperament* rather than his wisdom, and as the whole science was mysterious, it might perhaps be in keeping with the mystery, and also with philosophy, that those of his constitutional class should furnish the principal "mediums," like the fishermen of Galilee, obscure, unlearned, simple-minded, but the chosen heralds of the new faith.

She learned that, among other places, he had lectured with splendid success at the village of C—— (her place of residence), and organized a "circle" there, which he was assured bid fair to be the very finest established. The good cause, he said, was rapidly advancing there and the people were exceedingly anxious to have him return, which he intended to do, as soon as his pressing engagements would permit. Sufficiently entertained with his superlative rodomontade, she questioned him:

"Do you believe, sir, that the channel of communication be-

tween the visible and the invisible worlds, is entirely perfected, as to its agency and method?"

"Certainly I do, I have no doubt of it—I *know* it, for the spirits have told me so."

"Have you had any 'demonstration' from other than *human* spirits?"

"No, because I have never called any other."

"If there are other spirits besides human and angelic, can you hold intercourse with them?"

"Of course I can. I have one *prime* spirit at my command which has free access to all the spheres, having a pass to go and come at any moment, as my agent, carrying back and forth any information I choose."

"You can obtain any intelligence you wish, at any *moment*?"

"Most certainly I can."

"Will you then, sir, for my satisfaction, be so kind as to inform me *now*, whether or not your general agent, as you call it, is the spirit of a male or female?"

"I will answer you in five minutes: you remain perfectly passive," said he, with an air of the utmost confidence, when taking off his hat and buttoning up his coat, he placed his hands upon the stand, closed his eyes, crossed his legs; instantly a rap was heard: "the spirit is present," said he, "you may ask it any question you like. One rap or one tip of the table means *no*; three raps or three tips, *yes*."

Miss Boston's face prospectively brightened, and she put the interrogatory direct.

"Are you the spirit of a male or female?"

No rap.

She repeated the question, but the ghost was mute.

"I should be extremely gratified, sir, to learn whether the spirit you have called, belongs to the masculine or feminine gender?"

"It is not *best* for you to know *now*," he replied. "The spirits do sometimes refuse to rap when it's improper or inexpedient. I will inquire if it is proper for *you* to know what you ask for. Shall I tell?" asked he of the spirits, mentally.

One tremendous rap.

"Really, I can see no impropriety in my interrogatory," said Miss B——. "I am a sincere inquirer, and actuated by the purest motives. An answer would afford me much pleasure, and it might greatly conduce to the benefit of the human race."

"The spirit would not refuse to answer *me*, if I should *press* it; but then it knows what is best, and don't like to be urged. Ask any thing else, and you shall have an answer."

"Will the spirit communicate with me?" said Miss B——.

Rap, rap, rap, in the affirmative.

"Are the 'spheres' inhabited by any but human and angelic spirits?"

No reply.

"The spirit is with *me*," interrupted the lecturer — his fingers at the same instant beginning to twitch; "the spirit is with *me* and want's to write."

Miss Boston placed before him note-book and pencil, which as the amanuensis of the spirits, he took and wrote,

"That *man* with you must not know my gender at this time."

"Ask the spirit to which sex I belong," said Miss B——.

He did so, but received no response.

"There's something wrong in you or your questions," said the medium. "I'll communicate alone and find out what you want to know, and if not forbid, will tell you all about it. I must beg to be excused now, for the 'circle' are waiting for me, and as they have given up their vocations and are paying me large wages, the spirits direct to meet them immediately. I hope, continued he, you'll meet with us to-night."

"Will you be able, sir, to afford me any light, at the 'circle' on the questions I have propounded?"

"I guess not, this evening," said he, "as I have so many spirits promised, and they'll be disappointed not to be called."

"Can you obtain a promise, sir, in my behalf for to-morrow night?"

"The spirits, ma'am, inform me that I must go a once; but that I may see you here again at three o'clock this afternoon, if you wish me to?"

"Very well, sir, I shall be happy to see you."

Miss B—— was alone. "In what fathomless mystery are these things involved," said she to herself, settling into a state of profound thought. The more she reasoned, and the deeper her contemplation, the stronger grew her conviction, that the obscurity would be cleared up, and that this controlling spirit alluded to by the lecturer would prove to be none other than the spirit of the mermaid.

Her meditations were interrupted by the return of the lecturer, who, according to appointment, entered at the exact minute.

"You are very punctual, sir," said Miss B——.

"Yes, I never carry any time-piece. The spirits are my chronometer."

"Be seated, sir, if you please." He complied, when she continued — "Permit me, sir, to say frankly, that my purpose in coming to this place, was to make your acquaintance, and consult you upon a matter of great importance. I am an advocate of 'woman's rights,' and a believer in 'spiritual intercourse,' the two grandest themes of the age, fraught as they are with the destiny of the world. And now to come directly to the object of my visit, I wish you to inform me, if in your power, whether or not there is such a being as the spirit of a Mermaid in either of the seven Spheres; and if there be, whether I can have an interview with it? To tell you the truth, sir, I have met a person — who, or what he is, or where his residence, I know not — to whom a being purporting to be the spirit of a Mermaid has twice appeared and uttered a prophecy, to the effect that the cause with which I am identified will soon prevail. If true, as he relates of all supernatural revelations next to the sacred volume, it is pre-eminently the most important. Now if such a spirit really exists, can you not learn the fact and hold intercourse with it?"

"Of course I can — of course I can; there is nothing in all the Spheres kept from *me*," exclaimed he, with pompous emphasis.

"Pray, sir, instruct me in this science of spiritology, that I may become an adept in it like yourself."

"Certainly, certainly. I have no objection if the spirits think it *proper*; I will ask them at the 'circle' to-night. At any rate, I can easily learn for myself, if there is such a spirit

as you speak of, and I can talk with it, but it may refuse communication with any one else, and forbid my telling what it reveals to me."

"If there *is* a Mermaid spirit," persisted she, "it has appeared twice to mortal eyes; and if I can but be satisfied of its *existence*, it will afford me great relief."

"O well, I'll tell you *that* much most any time."

"And will you become my preceptor in this mystic art? I am anxious to become a scholar."

"I will advise with the spirits as to that, and let you know," said he.

Assuming the spiritually communicative or interlocutory posture for a short time, he opened his eyes and announced that he would give her lessons, telling her, however, he was so preoccupied, that it was impossible for him to attend to her case then, but at his earliest convenience he would gladly spend a few days at her residence, when he would teach her the whole secret, and no doubt she would become as perfect a Medium as himself.

She remarked that her chief anxiety was to know if there was *such* a spirit as she had described, and if no light could be shed upon *that* point at the "circle," perhaps she had better not attend, as her presence might be an impediment to their success.

"There is not the least danger of that," said he, "as the spirits have promised to come, and they never disappoint *me;* besides, I have just received intelligence from the seventh Sphere, that it is *decidedly best for you to be present.*"

"How long do you think, sir, it will require for me perfectly to master the science of Spirit-calling?"

"O, not long, an apt scholar will do it very quick."

"Can you not then, sir, meet me here to-morrow morning and give me the introductory lesson?"

"I hardly know what to say, ma'am; I'll ask the spirits" — whereupon closing his eyes, and moving his lips a moment, he announced that he would comply with her request and meet her at nine o'clock, adding that she had better attend the "circle" in the evening, which she promised to do.

Evening came. She found her way to the cottage — she *found* her way into the room, and *found* herself a seat. Probably the "rappers" trace localities and form acquaintances magnetically, and hence no need of directories or guide-boards, and wherever there is the homogeneous state, or magnetic congeniality of pure "*spiritualism*," it generates a consciousness, at once mutual and all-pervading, like the equalized polarity of the particles of the load-stone. In such cases, there is an intuitive recognition and equilibrium of thought between the individuals; but where, in either or all of the parties, there is wanting a psychological affinity, in the spiritual sense, perception is obscure, and a mutual acquaintance can only be formed by means of a formal introduction. Hence the apparent lack of civility to Miss B——. Not that the "rappers" were ignorant or destitute of true politeness; but *feeling* her to be a ripe subject for the spiritual influence, they left her to subside spontaneously into essential coincidence with the unity of the "circle."

The room was soon comfortably filled. A general seriousness predominated. Little was said. Everything appeared systematic, doubtless in accordance with the spiritual pro-

gramme. No attention was paid to Miss B——, who sat in a corner apparently unobserved. All at length were gathered around the table, save their invited guest.

Portentous silence reigned. Our heroine was both anxious and awe-struck at the solemnity of the scene. What awful thoughts crowded upon her mind! Spirits from the eternal world returning to the earth and about to hold audible intercourse with mortals! And what spirits? Some of them perhaps her departed friends!

Anon, one of the Mediums dropped his chin upon his breast — presently another, and then a third, and so on, at different points in the "ring," indicating the arrival of the spirits.

The lecturer, sitting at the head of the table as spiritual moderator, directed *hands to be unloosed*, which was instantly done. Going round to those enjoying a *tete-a-tete* with their invisible guests, he made a few "passes," muttered a sort of spiritual hocus pocus, then pronouncing them ready for communications, asked —

"Are there any spirits present?"

Great variety of rapping and writing.

"*What* spirits are present?"

Medium A—— instantly wrote "Goliah, Julius Cæsar, Napoleon Bonaparte, and Prince Nincompoopowsky."

Medium B—— wrote Baron Mon Chausen, Sam Patch, and Rip Van Winkle.

Medium C——, a precocious schoolboy, seizing his pen, dashed down, in daring roundhand, "Sinbad the Sailor, Robinson Crusoe, Old Mother Hubbard, and The Babes in the Woods."

Of the rapping mediums he inquired—

"Is the spirit of John Randolph present?"

No rap.

"Is the spirit of Henry Clay present?"

No rap.

"Is the spirit of Daniel Webster present?"

No rap.

"Is the spirit of Dr. Franklin here?"

Three raps.

"Is the spirit of General Washington here?"

Rap — rap — rap.

"Are the spirits of Adam and Eve present?"

The table bowed and courtesied at the same time. At this point the alphabet was called, when several rapped out the names of "Mammon," "Witch of Endor," "Balaam," and "Beelzebub."

"Is there any other spirit present?" asked he.

A strong but gentle rapping in the affirmative, manifestly by a female spirit.

"Is it the spirit of Queen Elizabeth?"

One rap.

"Of Mary, Queen of Scots?"

One rap.

"Of Pocahontas?

One rap.

"Of Jemima Wilkinson?"

One rap.

"Of Queen Dido?"

One rap.

"Of Pharaoh's Daughter?"

One rap.

"Of Jezebel?"

One spiteful rap.

From this the lecturer went on mentioning name after name, exhausting his entire list of the departed, and to each of which he received a negative answer. Judging from the last rap, the spirit was evidently enraged to think it could not be called. Miss Boston requested him to ask if it was not the spirit of a Mermaid, which he refused to do, on the ground that he knew it was not.

"Because," said he, "they always tell me in advance when they are coming. *Her* name has slipped my mind just now, but I will consult my guardian spirit, and find out what one it is." Whereupon at his refusal to put the question, the chairs, with the exception of Miss Boston's, all flew bottom upwards, spilling their occupants headlong, while the table, walking up in pugilistic style, fetched the lecturer a furious blow under the left peeper, knocking him flat upon the floor. "O, what a *falling down* was there, my countrymen!"

Miss Boston continued a quiet spectator of the unique demonstration. Speedily as possible, the prostrate "circle" gathered themselves up, and carrying their wounded leader to another room, the spirit of Esculapius was importunately but vainly invoked to obtain a spiritual prescription.

The circle of course was broken up for the evening. Miss Boston left, strongly impressed that if her request had been granted, she would have heard from the spirit of the mermaid.

CHAPTER XII.

"The over curious are not over wise."

"Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ."

WILSON and our bachelor, enjoying the scenery and pure air of the country, reached home late in the afternoon.

Numerous were the calls at Mr. Badger's room, and great the inquiry made for him during the day, by the prominent portion of the female population, most of whom left their cards with urgent requests to see him as soon as possible after his return. Brought thus suddenly into notoriety, like many of Fortune's favorites, he was in extensive demand among the ladies, both young and old. This afforded capital stock for a rich investment of Wilson's wit, and industriously did he improve it, to the extent of his ample capacity and the availability of the market.

The mantua-maker had plied her needle with surprising dexterity, and the new dress stitched in detail and basted in the main, was fast approaching a readiness for ascertaining the "fit."

The community, far and near, had been thrown into a paroxysm of excitement by the issue of the village paper. Extensive gatherings had been mustered, and the awful city of New

York denounced and anathematized by the wholesale. The "Tetrabune" and "Seasons," the only "city papers" (a single copy of each) taken in the place, had arrived, bringing an account of the great meeting in the Tabernacle, to the neighborhood of readers, but which was not clearly understood by them; nor had they discovered the relation between the notice that occasioned the excitement, and the convention. Such in general was the posture of affairs. The editor's wife called on Mr. Badger in the evening, to gather the "very latest" news for the forth-coming issue of the *National Bulletin*.

The editress, *pro tem.*, was either feverishly excited, or else propelled by extreme nervous energy, which no doubt was measurably increased on the return of the senior editor—*alias*, her husband; for, according to *report*, he had *elevated* her, or, in common parlance, "blowed her up," for the insertion of her editorial of the preceding week. He had also written a "leader," explanatory of the said article, shifting the entire responsibility of it upon his associate editress.

As before observed, the editor's wife sought friend Badger to obtain a fresh, full, and authentic description of the "woman's rights" convention, with which to astonish the readers of the *National Bulletin*. He favored her with a minute exposition of the whole affair, and also of what was shortly coming to pass, and when she would be installed sole occupant of the editorial chair.

Astonished and delighted, she had passed from Mr. B——'s to Mrs. Wilson's room. Soon the editor himself called, and inquiring for our illustrious old bachelor, was told by Kate (who did not recognize him) that he was "in his room, for a long

time, with the editor's wife." Representing his business as urgent, and insisting upon being showed up immediately, the chamber-maid led the way and rapped at the door, which, after a little delay, swung on its hinges.

"How do you do, Mr. Badger?" said the typo; "I hope no intrusion, but you seem to be alone this evening."

"Yes, just now — walk in, walk in, sir."

"A divil a bit is he alone, sir — the iditor's wife is there, sure, an has been iver so long, an faith she has, sir," impertinently persisted Kate, who overheard the conversation.

"Your wife was here a minute ago, and has just gone home," replied Amaziah.

"That is a mistake, sir — I have this moment come from there; besides, she could not have made her exit unseen by the servant. I should have felt no surprise, under the circumstances, to find my wife here, Mr. Badger; but the fact of her concealment necessarily excites my surprise, if not suspicion. Will you allow me, sir, to survey your apartment?"

"Just as leave you would as not, but you won't find nothing."

He availed himself of the permission, but there was clearly an "*alibi*" in the case, and the search was suspended, when Kate, with her native impudence and pertinacity, repeated:

"An faith, sir, she's there, sure. By my sowl she is, sir."

Whereupon, with the characteristic sagacity of his class, whose prerogative it is to bring hidden things to light, Mr. Printer recommenced a more scrutinizing investigation of the premises, when, as if with an intuitive perception of the sources of evidence, he drew forth from its secrecy a *night-cap*,

and holding it up, with an air of triumph, before the eyes of the petrified bachelor, demanded, "What is this, sir? Can you tell me the owner?"

"It must be the dress-maker's," replied Badger, coloring with confusion.

"The dress-maker's! What dress-maker?"

"She's sewing for Mrs. Wilson."

"I'll see about this," said the printer, starting down stairs with the suspicious article in his hand. Arriving at the hall door, he met Kate, and inquired, "Where's the dress-maker?"

"In Mrs. Wilson's room, sure, sir."

"Is there any one else there?"

"Niver a one but Mrs. Wilson, sure."

Gathering the cap into a wad in his hand, and availing himself of his accustomed intimacy with the family, he entered with but little ceremony. Not observing his wife, who chanced to be sitting partly behind the door, he advanced towards the ill-fated seamstress, and commenced unfolding the unconscious cause of the brewing tempest. His wife springing forward, snatched it from his grasp, spitefully exclaiming:

"I'll let you know, sir, when I want you to wear my cap!"

"Ah! is that yours, my dear? Perhaps you had better examine it."

"It isn't very likely, sir, you'd have any woman's cap *but* mine. Let me see though (edging towards the window and fingering it with great scrutiny); as sure as I live it aint mine. Now, sir, I'd like to know who that belongs to; you don't get it again till you tell me, or I find out how you came by it."

"You say it is not *your's*, my dear, and that is all that concerns myself. Please hand it back to me and I will return it."

"*I* am *not* satisfied, sir, if you are. Very far from it. I prefer to return it to the owner myself, if you will only tell me who she is. You can't have it again, at any rate."

"Really I think there is something very *suspicious* about this matter," said Mrs. W——.

"So do I think so, too," said the printer's wife.

"And so do I," chimed in the mantua-maker.

"Now, whose cap is this?" demanded Mrs. Printer of her senior partner. I'll find out if I have to advertise it in the paper; that I will."

"You will not advertise it in the paper, my dear," retorted he.

"I say I will."

"I say you will *not*."

"I would—so there—if I was in your place," said Mrs. Wilson."

"So would I," reiterated Miss Hager.

"O, but I should like to see the owner of that thing, though," said the printer's wife, her *eyes* and tone giving momentum to the words.

"Well, my dear, as I exonerate you from all suspicion, the least said about this the better. I own I was a little too inclined to be jealous. Who knows but it belongs to Badger. Old bachelors wear caps sometimes, you know;" at which they all set up a hearty laugh. His wife, pushing the investigation, fixed her piercing eye upon him, and holding the cap by one

string, as it dangled directly before his face, put the question home:

"Do you pretend to say, sir, that that is a man's cap? Any little girl knows better than that," throwing it to Mrs. Wilson, accompanied with, "that's a pretty story for him to tell; may be he'll make anybody believe it."

"I've made a thousand night-caps for ladies and gentlemen both," said Miss H——. "Male caps never have crowns in them and they are always made '*sheep's head.*' Lord-a-massy, I can tell one as fur as I can see it. That's a female cap, I'd be bound. But I don't believe it's a very good *charactered* woman's any how."

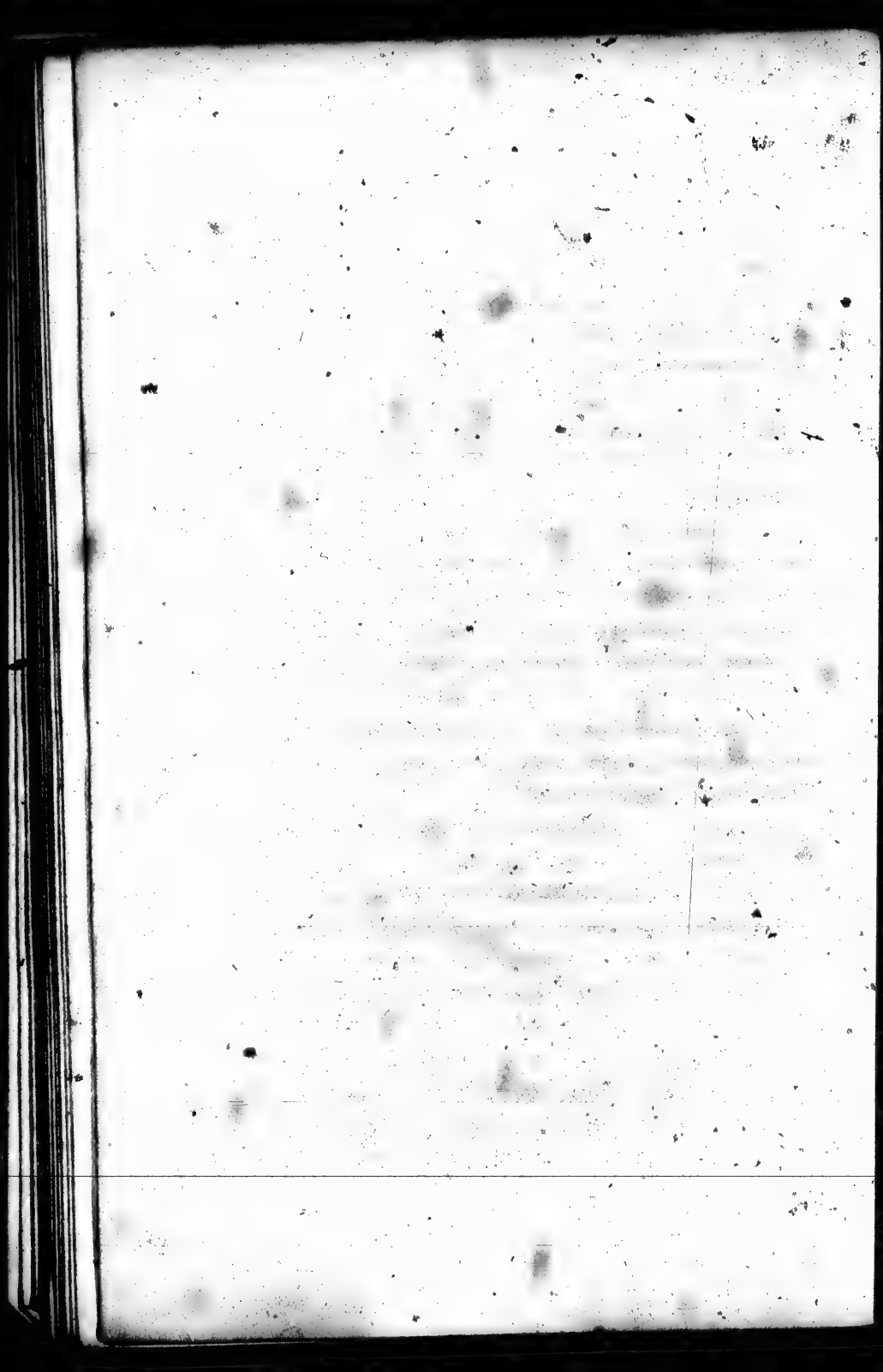
"Them is just my sentiments, or he wouldn't had it," joined Mrs. Wilson, pointing at the editor with a significant look. "I should like to catch *my* husband with another woman's cap, I'd——"

"Oh no, you wouldn't, no you wouldn't, my dear," interrupted Wilson, at that moment entering the room and catching the last remark without knowing its particular connection. What's going on here? These women playing the devil with you, editor? Let's know. I always call in Badger whenever any thing is out of joint with the women."

"Just look here once, Mr. Wilson," exclaimed the editress, showing him the night-cap — "My husband had this. Don't you think it looks mysterious?"

"I do, most certainly," answered the landlord, affecting a grave countenance.

"So do I," followed Mrs. W——, with an emphatic nod and an insinuating motion of the fore-finger.



"And so do I," said the seamstress, with the staid air of old maidishness.

"Well, well, editor," said Wilson, "What do you say! Have they got you? Own up if you're beat."

"You won't catch *him* owning to any thing, I know him of old," declared Mrs. Printer.

"I'll tell you how to find out all about it," said Wilson. "Its the simplest matter in the world. Just give me the cap, and deputize me with the "power of search," to go around and try it on all the women's heads, till I find the one it fits. I'd like no better job. Its sure fire and no mistake."

"You wouldn't try it on *my* head, I can tell you!" exclaimed Miss Hager, with haughty disdain.

"Fraid 'twould fit, I guess. Let's take it," said Wilson. "It strikes me I have met with this pattern before. Wife, let us see how it shapes with your block (playfully putting it on her head); not a very bad fit. What say you, Mr. Editor? Don't that look rather *natural*?"

"I never saw it on a woman's head before," retorted he, a little confused.

"Now, Miss Hager, its your turn," said Wilson jocosely, approaching her, cap in hand.

"You won't put that dirty thing on *my* head, so now just let me alone, Mr. Wilson. This dress must be finished and I'll thank you not to bother me."

"Do, for pity sake, let him try it on, if it will do him any good," interposed both the ladies at once, to which she reluctantly submitted.

Placing it with precision upon her crown and tying it neatly in a double bow-knot under her chin — "There, editor" — exclaimed Wilson, stepping back to obtain a fair view — "that looks a little more like it. If she only had her curls off, I should call that made on purpose. No wonder she was afraid. Glad it don't fit my *wife* so well. What do you say, ladies?"

They cast ominous glances at each other, but made no reply.

"I am satisfied it is hers," said the editor; "Mr. Badger told me it was."

"Miss Hager," demanded the lady printer—"tell me, is that your cap?"

"And that's just what I'd like to ask," said the landlady.

"I don't know as I care much about it, any way — magnificent fit though," observed Wilson.

"*I* care a *good deal* about it," said Mrs. W——.

"And me too," said the editor's wife. "I began to mistrust her when she refused to try it on. There's evidence enough to convict her."

"I suspected as much; and what [illegible] come in here for, if it wasn't to give it to her?" [illegible]. W——.

"Mercy to me, it *is* my c[illegible] true as the world," cried Miss H——, suddenly recogniz[illegible] own property. "Where on earth did I lose it? Where d[illegible] find it? It cost me two-and-sixpence."

"I came across it——"

"I guess you did," interrupted his wife.

"I guess he did too," said the landlady.

"May be *you* want *such* a [illegible] but *I* wouldn't have her in

my house," said the editress, with a toss of the head, and a curl of the lip.

"I *must* have my dress done for Sunday," replied Mrs. W——; "I can't go to church without it. I wore my black silk last Sabbath, you know.

"Yes, it looked real nice; I should just as leave as not wear it again, if I was you," said Mrs. Editor.

"I wouldn't be seen in it again at church, for nothing," replied she.

Wilson sat listening and studying how he might extract the greatest amount of sport from the nocturnal *chapeau*, and amid the momentary lull of the storm, broke forth again: "Well, we have discovered the ownership of the skull-cap; now let's see if we can also discover how it fell into our editor's possession. Come, Mr. Typo, you are in close quarters. Look out you don't get turned into '*pi*.' These women are great on pastry. But you editors belong to the 'Argos' tribe and have always eyes enough to see and pluck enough to *press* your way clear of any catastrophe. So let's see how many colors you can change, and what kind of shapes you can take to worm yourself out of this 'fix.'"

"Well, I confess, that *appearances* are against me, but the *facts* are in my favor."

"O, yes, bravo! It *appears* that you have trespassed upon the wardrobe of some defenseless maiden, and the *facts* are, you are caught with the property, and you don't deny it. Now, *where did you find the cap*, that's the question," said Wilson.

"Ask Miss Hager where she left it."

"Well, that's honest. He is willing to have the whole truth come out. Where then did you leave it, Miss Hager?"

"Under my pillow, of course. Where do ladies generally keep their night-caps?"

"Nobly said. That's where she left it—*under her pillow* Now, Mr. Printer, where did you *get* it?"

"Well, if you *must* know the truth, which proves my innocence, I will tell you. I found it under Badger's pillow."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the editor's wife, horror-stricken. "She left it where she sleeps, and he found it in Badger's bed! Do you allow such things in your house, Mrs. Wilson? I didn't think that of *you*, or you wouldn't 've catched me coming here. I 'sposed this was a respectable house. But I'm satisfied now. Come, husband, let's get away as soon as possible, and I think its your real duty to expose the whole of 'em in the paper, to warn *respectable* people against such a *boarding* house as this is. Its a disgrace to the place, and I ——"

"My good wife," interrupted the printer, "hold up a bit. Let us not get too fast. This little piece of wearing apparel is raising a great 'rumpus.' So trifling a thing is of but little consequence after all, if you will only reflect a moment. First, it made me a little suspicious of *you*, and then it made you more suspicious of *me*. Now those suspicions are abandoned, and you dare to criminate a whole household by this same insignificant item of a night-cap, about which you and I know nothing, and about which it is none of our business to know any thing. Curiosity, everlastingly on tip-toe, leads the women into foolish jealousy. They are good in their sphere, and ——"

"You needn't go to railing about the women now," broke in Mrs. W——. "I aint a bit o' doubt you'd glory to see us all trod under foot just like them poor women in New York."

"Yes, that he would, just like all the rest of the good-for-nothin men," sputtered the dress-maker.

"I don't believe any such thing of *my* husband, I'd have you understand," retorted the editress, in a tone of anger. "*I* think, husband, we better *know* who we associate with after this. Come, let us go home."

"I should like to hear the whole *joke* of the cap first," said the editor good naturedly.

"That would spoil the fun. Its just right as it is, if the tell-tale skull-cap can be replaced where he got it. Its mistress might take cold without it to-night," interposed Wilson, with a wink and a laugh.

"There — I guess you're satisfied *now*. [illegible] at any rate. Did you ever see any thing so bare-faced? Come, husband, how can you stay any longer? If I wasn't afraid to go alone, you wouldn't catch *me* here another minute," expostulated the editor's help-mate.

'O, wife, we have gone so far, let us stay and have it all 'out' now. You will have the more *facts* to publish in the paper, you know."

Mrs. W——, having been in close privacy with the mantua-maker for some moments, failed to catch a full sense of the preceding imputations upon the character of her house, a propitious circumstance doubtless, for Mrs. Printer.

Wilson had greatly enjoyed the scene, for nothing made richer music to his anomalous ear than the modulations of a

woman's tongue under the inspiration of a scolding fit. Desirous of prolonging the feast of fun, he looked the printer's "*devil*" in the eye with a squint, saying,

"You have not the pleasure of a particular acquaintance with our old Bach., I take it. Allow me to introduce you to his apartments. He has just returned from New York, and if you would like a private interview with him, he can give you abundant and useful information about the great convention. Come," said he, urgently offering his arm," I'll present you in style. He's becoming a great favorite with the fair sex."

"I thank you, sir," replied she, drawing back, and gathering herself into the narrowest possible compass of insulted modesty—"I have *sufficient* acquaintance with Mr. Badger now. If I'd only known as much before, I'd never disgraced myself in going to his room."

"O ho!" ejaculated Wilson. "You know him then! Have been *closeted* with him, eh! What do you think of that, wife?"

"I think we had better *know* who comes to our house after this."

"I solemnly protest," said the editress, "there was not the slightest impropriety—"

"Of course, of course, nothing *improper*," interrupted Wilson, with a significant air—"all right, all right."

"But to sum up," continued he, "I think this subject of *cap*-ology is pretty well exhausted, and as we have all had our chance of 'showing off,' I propose calling in Mr. Badger, and he and Miss Hager will unravel the whole mystery for us. I guess it don't amount to any thing very serious after all."

"Agreed," cried the editor, jumping up and clapping his hands in great glee. "What do *you* say to that Miss H——?"

"Must we tell the whole?" asked she, hesitatingly.

"O no, not at all," replied Wilson. "Only how your night-cap got under the old bachelor's pillow. That is the only trouble *now*.

"For my part, *I* should like to know the whole," said the editor's wife.

"My dear," said her husband, "you should not always be prying into other people's affairs. That is one, and I may say *the* great thing, in connection with their jealous disposition, which renders the women so frequently ridiculous in the estimation of mankind. They have the capacity, and for aught I know, might have ruled the world ere this, had they not been forever burdened with the business of their *neighbors*. They have just had a great convention in New York, and which turned out one of the most ridiculous farces ever enacted."

Thus waxing warm, he was interrupted by his fair auditors. They could not withstand such hot shot. But claiming the floor, he continued—

"Now suppose this *cap* business should all turn out to be an innocent mistake—as no doubt it will, though I confess I acted a little *womanish* myself—we may draw a very useful moral from it; that people should not put an unfavorable construction upon every little circumstance that may happen to appear mysterious. Stop, stop, stop," said he, as his wife and Mrs. W—— attempted to interrupt him, "I have the floor, and claim the right of being heard without interruption," and then continued— "Let us now sit down, my dear, and have

this night-cap mystery cleared up, and if it be satisfactorily done, say so; and if not, it is none of *our* business. Miss Hager can give us a clear solution of this dark problem, and she seems willing to do so — are you not?" asked he, turning to her. The seamstress, deeply absorbed just then in laying the plaits of the dress, did not heed his remarks.

"Miss Hager, can you tell how that cap came in Mr. Badger's room?" demanded the editor's wife with a tone of authority.

"Why I slept there, by Mrs. Wilson's direction, when he was gone to New York, and I left it under the pillow, through mistake, and —"

"There," exclaimed the printer, cutting her short, "this dreadful mystery is all explained. A mere innocent and harmless mistake, for which nobody is harmed. I am profited by it, and I hope we all are. What an admirable commentary upon woman! How admirably qualified she is to weigh and dispose of the great questions of church and state! This single occurrence alone is sufficient to convince the world of the folly of this 'latter day' scheme of 'woman's rights.'"

"Query," said Wilson. "If one stray night-cap makes such a *rumpus* now, while the bars are up between the sexes, what may we expect when the bars are taken down and all are turned together into the great pen of 'woman's rights,' when it will require a magnifying glass to tell the difference between a man and a woman."

It was getting late. The editor and his wife departed, and Miss H—— retired to sleep and dream in her night-cap.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Wonders never cease."

WE left Miss Boston returning to the hotel from the "circle," having witnessed a *striking* and most *forcible* demonstration of a *rapping* spirit. As before observed, our Bloomer was a woman of striking good sense, given to sober, calm, reflection. Though reason frequently led her to the verge of infidelity in relation to this new-fangled doctrine of Spiritualism, yet like many others as intelligent as herself, she yielded to the belief that beneath the whole, there lay concealed some great natural law, some elementary principle or fact which was beginning to discover itself in the development of human progress. This conviction taking possession of the mind, it was easy to conclude that the very mystery of the thing was presumptive evidence in its favor, and the greater the mystery, the more likely to contain the elements of truth. The occurrence at the "circle" was well calculated to be taken as fresh and even conclusive evidence, not only of the reality of "Spirit-rappings," but also of the actual existence of the spirit of the Mermaid. And why should she doubt? Her confidence in the lecturer — to use the paradoxical expression — was both increased and diminished; increased by the fact that he had procured palpable "manifestations," or at least

what appeared to be such; diminished because she was satisfied he had not the dominion of the Spheres which he claimed —at all events, the spirit of the Mermaid was not controlled by him. On the contrary, it had plainly, for some reason, shunned even his acquaintance.

From the window, Miss B—— observed the "rappers" in frequent groups, engaged in close and earnest conversation. They wore a melancholy, downcast look. Evidently something was wrong, either a fault in the gearing, too much friction for want of spiritual oil, or a deficiency in the motive power. The chief engineer—in other words the lecturer—not showing himself in the streets, Miss Boston resolved to seek his presence. Admitted to his room, she found him bolstered in an arm chair, attended by a subordinate "rapper," whose guardian spirit was that of an aged Indian doctor, recently deceased, and of which he was endeavoring to procure a spirito-pathic prescription, but the old "medicine man" could not be called. Probably he was on a visit to his spiritual patients, or perhaps his "ride" was exclusively super-mundane—possibly he was *out, gathering roots.* In his absence, and as the nearest approach to the spiritual treatment, a homeopathist was called in, who, administering a billionth of a grain of arnica, pronounced his patient convalescent, and left him.

The unfortunate lecturer did not appear to be seriously injured. She wished him to account for the catastrophe of the preceding evening. He said he had felt for a long time the existence of some strange spirit that was anxious to communicate with him, and the fact had been recently demonstrated that there were *lying* spirits in the *lower* Spheres. In confir-

mation of this, he related a circumstance where the spirit of a person who, for several years absent, and reported to have died, had, through a rapping Medium, *intruded* itself upon their "circle," and given a minute statement of his departure, travels, sickness, and death. Shortly after, to their great surprise and consternation, a letter was received (by the U. S. Mail) from the individual with his own well-known signature, informing his friends that he was alive and in perfect health. He had migrated to the "West" instead of the "Spheres."

"Hence, we conclude," continued he, "that 'rapping' spirits are degenerating into *liars*, but we have never been deceived by a '*writing* Medium.' That order therefore is perfectly reliable."

"How do you distinguish between a truthful and a lying spirit?" asked Miss B——.

"Well, we can't always do it, exactly, in regard to the 'rappers,' so I have adopted the rule of relying upon none but '*writing* Mediums' hereafter. The surest method is to have every thing in black and white."

"Do all the spirits know how to write?"

"No; but they will practice till they do, unless we gratify them by giving attention to their communications."

"What kind of a spirit do you suppose it was that produced the disorder, and finally committed assault and battery upon you last evening?"

"I am not fully advertised, but I shall be very soon," replied he.

"Are you not afraid of repeated violence?"

"O, no. I'm not afraid of any thing. I have been looking

for some such 'demonstration' this long time. It is all for the best. I wouldn't have failed of it for nothing. It will do more to open the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf, than any thing else that could happen. I long for the opportunity of being the Medium of another just such 'manifestation,' and in public too."

"You have then, sir, no definite perception of what spirit that was?"

"No, my face is swelled so, it hurts my vision very much. As quick as the swelling goes down, I shall be able to see as clear as day."

"Can you tell why I was unmolested while you met with such violence?"

"I cannot, because it is not proper for me to know just *now*; but I shall in due time. It is all for the best, exactly as it is."

"Why, sir, were you unwilling to inquire if it was not the spirit of a Mermaid?"

"I might have done it, but then you see I shouldn't have had the 'demonstration.' A good spirit told me to do exactly as I did. Don't you understand?"

"But suppose it was a spirit. What then? Did you ever know one to come with such vehemence before?"

"I have never seen 'em quite so personal, but they often lift tables and such things with folks *on* 'em and carry 'em all about."

"Yes sir, I have heard of the like, but only when done by special request, if I mistake not. It seemed to me different in this case. You were apparently prostrated by some *indignant* cause. You did not invite it, did you?"

"Not *aloud*. It is just as easy to *think* a request or command, as to *speak* it, you know."

"Well, sir, I have told my object in coming to see you, nor do I regret the journey. My visit here has but settled my belief and increased my anxiety. I am now satisfied there is among the inhabitants of the Spheres, the spirit of a Mermaid, and that a manifestation would have been granted, had you simply called for it. I must now leave you, sir, and if possible ascertain the person who has been honored with her communications." She arose to depart.

"Don't be in a hurry, madam. We are going to have a 'circle' to-night but a little ways from your stopping place, and it may be profitable for you to attend. If you will only join us, like enough, your Mermaid spirit may come, but unless it is a 'writing' one, I shall pronounce it *false*, and pay no attention to it. The '*rappers*' are not to be trusted."

"It strikes me, sir, that last night's 'demonstration' was sufficiently emphatic to teach you the danger of *trifling* with the spirits. But my stay must not be prolonged. Good morning, sir."

Leaving the illustrious invalid in something of an uncomfortable or rather discomfited position, Miss B—— took leave for home.

Her last interview with the lecturer satisfied the good sense of our heroine, at least as to his *stability*, if not his candor. Yet she had no doubt of his being a Medium. She was convinced, however, that Spirit Rappings was no mere mechanical nor scientific operation — neither magic nor legerdemain.

The lecturer, under the combined efficacy of *Spiritopathy*

and Homeopathy, was so far restored as to be able to meet the "rappers" — (or rather the "writers," for he had utterly repudiated the former) — according to appointment. Great excitement had prevailed during the day. The recent event eclipsed every thing in the way of "demonstrations" ever before recorded in the annals of Spiritualism. The little village, nestled among the hills, all at once stood out upon the map of the world, illumined with a halo of glory. Its pillar of fame in the estimation of the spiritists, was reared conspicuous and lasting as Bunker Hill Monument, or the pyramids of Egypt; and on it was inscribed, first and foremost, the name of the renowned lecturer, as the benefactor of the world. No doubt existed but theirs was the favorite "circle" of the spirits, chosen and immortalized as the inventors or revealers of spiritopathy, the miraculous "latter-day" medical system destined to annihilate and supersede all others; before which all the "ills flesh is heir to" must vanish like mist before the sun, and even Death himself shall run and hide, afraid, lest meeting any of these spiritual Brandreths, his rattling skeleton should take on sinews and muscles, and he instantly become plump and ruddy. Not only must disease flee away before their all-healing art; but dishonesty and crime could not escape their spirit eye. Farewell, ye Old School Quacks! Doctors, Lawyers and Judges! your crafts are gone! Scepticism would vanish *now*. The destiny of America, of the world, was fixed. The extension of the "area" of Spiritualism, with its cognate sovereignty of "woman's rights," was hastening to embrace the circumference of earth and "Spheres."

But to return to the "circle." The evening found them in

conclave at the appointed moment. "Spiritualism" was now in full blast, and the room was crowded long before the appointed hour, with an excited and anxious audience; among whom were many previous absentees. The occurrences of the preceding night were recounted in order. Graphic was the description, unbounded their regrets on account of absence. Some declared they would not have missed the meeting for any consideration —others said they would have given their farms to be present, while all resolved not to let business or any thing whatever prevent their attendance at each and every "circle," and that with the permission of the lecturer, they would meet every evening.

The praises heaped upon their chief, exhausted the entire list of superlatives. He was the God; the "circle" were his worshipers. Nothing could surpass the munificence they were ready to bestow upon him. A splendid "place" must be presented him in token of their esteem, and his services permanently secured at all hazards.

He soon arrived—and *such* a greeting! Many laughed; some wept for joy. The table marks, visible upon his face and worn with the pride of a martyr, were viewed with greater curiosity and counted more honorable than the scars of the war-worn chieftain received in his country's battles. Calling the "circle" to order, the lecturer announced that he had been surrounded by swarms of spirits during the day—that he had detected the presence of some evil spirit in the midst of them. (Cries of "put him out"—"that's so"—"he's one of 'em.")

"I am satisfied," continued the veteran lecturer, "that hereafter, the safest course is to compel the spirits to put on

paper every communication which we receive as genuine. A writing spirit told me so this day. I am convinced that the 'manifestation' I got last night was a warning against our being any further imposed upon by the 'rappers.' They are nothing more nor less than a gang of impostors. Their cunning cheats are calculated to bring us into disrespect. I, therefore, order this circle to receive no more 'rapping communications' from either of the Spheres, since the prime spirit which has been our general agent turns out to be none other than the Great Lying Lucifer himself, who will drum up all the '*thumpers*' he can to impose upon us, and sink our cause in disgrace. Therefore, I pronounce this the 'Grand National Circle,' henceforth organized for *writing* Mediums alone, as a safeguard against all deceptions in future."

"Should any of the 'bottom sphere' liars intrude upon us, we will hear their 'communications,' but treat or interpret them as we please. Such are my orders. 'Circle,' join hands for written manifestations."

With a tremendous flourish of enthusiasm, this injunction was instantly obeyed, the master of ceremonies watching for the indications of spiritual presence. Presently a number of Mediums began to nod, particularly the females mentioned the previous evening. After sundry manifestations by the lecturer, in obedience to orders, they 'let go hands,' and he put the question:

"Are there any spirits present?"

A sudden and terrific "rapping."

"Silence!" shouted the master, and all was still.

"Are there any spirits present from the lowest Sphere?"

Three raps.

"Do you wish to communicate?"

No reply.

"Do you wish to write?" inquired he, furnishing pencil and "signal book."

Still no answer, but a Medium, with mouth wide open thrust forth his tongue at full length.

"Does that spirit wish to communicate?" asked the lecturer, with evident amazement.

"If so, make it manifest."

"Yes," clearly articulated the Medium.

The circle gazed at each other, dumb-founded at this new phenomena.

"The lecturer, at length recovering himself, congratulated them on thus having made the important discovery of a *talking Medium*, and expatiated largely upon the rapid progress of their darling cause, the flourishing condition of the "circle," and the certainty that according to the present ratio of development, the period was not far distant when spirits would stand before them, face to face, in visible 'manifestations.'"

Meanwhile the new "Medium" shook with *involuntary* spasms, especially in the region of the maxillary muscles, observing which, the lecturer, amid the highest pitch of excitement, said, that, as the spirit was so extremely importunate, he would at once receive the communication, and demanded:

"Are you happy?"

"Yes—sir—ee," shouted the Medium at the top of his voice.

The Spiritualists leaped for joy, at what they deemed the most profound and glorious "manifestation" of the age.

"What does the spirit wish to communicate?" further demanded the lecturer.

"I want all my friends and everybody to become be—lie ——*e*———*vers*," he sang out, laying peculiar stress upon the accented syllable of the last word, and prolonging the acute inflection to the extent of his breath.

"Good"—"*good*"—"GOOD," echoed round the "ring."

"Have you any thing else to communicate?" asked the moderator.

"I don't know nothin more, *now*," was the unequivocal reply, and the puff of inspiration escaping through his wind-pipe, the "Medium" collapsed like an exhausted bellows, and cried "water—water," to quench his thirst.

"A deluge of congratulations poured in upon him from all sides. The old wine was truly in reserve for the last of the feast. Never before had they enjoyed so rich a meeting. It was granted on all hands that they had hitherto been hoodwinked and bamboozled by a "lying" spirit. But the dark imposition had vanished before the new demonstration. They could now *talk* with the shades, and in their sanguineness of yet being able to *see* them, some imagined they already caught a glimpse of their shadows.

Joy flowed full, purse-strings generously relaxed, and "passing the hat," to pay the Professor of Ghostology for his distinguished services, the circle, in its *spherical* capacity, dissolved, but tarried in promiscuous intercourse till a late hour.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Some waltz; some draw; some fathom the abyss
Of metaphysics; others are content
With music; the most moderate shindigs wits—
While others have a genius turn'd for *fits*."

MEANWHILE these "spiritual demonstrations" were in progress, our village editor, whose acquaintance the reader has already made, had issued a number of the *National Bulletin*, which however did not satisfy the eager curiosity of that *reading* people. The previous issue was full of interest, because it was full of news. The following is an extract from his "leader:"—

"During our absence last week, a statement found its way into our columns which threw the community into a high state of excitement.

"Were it not for the fact that, without an explanation, we should be held up to public ridicule by our brother editors, we should maintain a prudent silence. Respect for ourself, however, requires us to correct the error. It is sufficient to say, we were necessarily absent, and in the interim our conjugal partner having assumed the chair editorial, is the sole and responsible proprietor of the consequent excitement.

"The circumstance, however, affords a theme for dissertation.

"We may be called conservative, antiquated, '*old foggish*;' nevertheless, we must be allowed to express our opinion freely in relation to the so-called reforms and progressive developments of the age.

"The two superlative prodigies of these 'latter days,' and both virgin born,* are Woman's Rights and Spiritualism — the [illegible] American Twins, begotten without sire, and hence the [illegible]my of miraculous conception! Although ushered into [illegible] inhospitable world in their paternal orphanage, fortunately for them, they are not *motherless*. More lucky than their ancient prototypes of Roman fame,† which parentless, friendless, and outcast, were adopted and nursed by a philanthropic matronly wolf, the foster-mother of future empire! these sireless foundlings, lying at the exuberant paps of maternal care and affection, are waxing lusty, the fancied founders, in embryo, of a dominion wider than the world, more lasting than time. But whatever may be the cherished hopes of the New Lights, alias the Spiritual Reformers, we cannot withhold our conviction that these hopeful bantlings of theirs, although heirs expectant to the throne of universal sway, are but the incipient 'manifestations' of two mis-shaped boobies, the idols, indeed, of motherly pride and vanity, but doomed to be the laughing-stock of the world. True, they are blessed with a goodly number of beardless and some full bearded god-fathers,

* It is notorious that the "woman's rights" scheme sprung from the ambitious brains of certain maiden ladies, and Spirit Rappings from the Misses Fox of Rochester.

† History records that Romulus and Remus, the twin brothers and founders of ancient Rome, left orphans in their infancy, were confided to the care of their uncle, who, from motives of ambition, exposed them to perish; but a she wolf came and nourished them with her milk, till a shepherd found and adopted them.

yet are they evidently idiotic and rickety monsters. Their 'manifest destiny' is to be lugged and trundled about, a constant burden to their mothers and the objects of wonder and disgust to the gazing public, who will feel a gratifying relief to see them rolled together into a timely grave."

This last announcement blew the flame of public excitement into a still broader blaze. The office of the editor was thronged from village and country. Especially was he beset by the more *curious* and *inquisitive* part of the human family, in a manner that fully tested his patience. He bore the infliction, however, with the composure of a philosopher, wisely consoling himself, by way of indemnity for his martyrdom, with the consideration that he was reaping laurels as the hero of good-naturedness, while his fiery "leader" would greatly extend the circulation of the *National Bulletin*. True, his exposition of the "New Lights," though received as sterling coin by his subscribers, was repudiated with disdain as base metal by his *woman* readers. But as a set-off to this, his independent, liberty-loving wife could steal a march upon him now and then, into the editorial "column," and deal blow for blow, making reprisals with interest for the spoliations committed upon her sex. So by this alliance, offensive and defensive, the *National Bulletin.* not only attained its original domain, but in the march of conquest, conquered the annexation of new and extensive territory.

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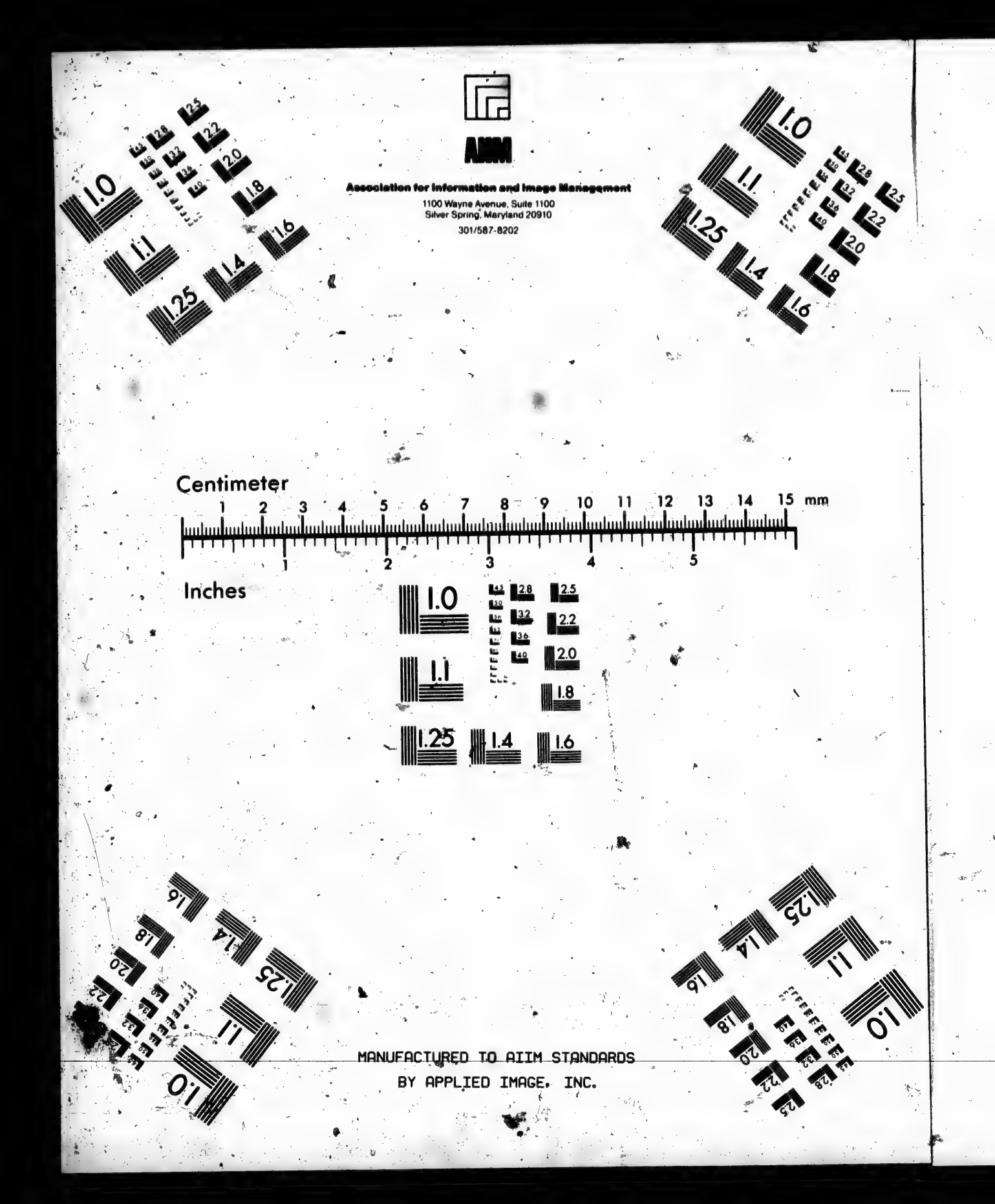
Amaziah, in the ease and freedom of oneness, was something of a "gentleman about town," in part, because he had nothing to do, but more from the fact, that he had no disposi-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tion to do it. He had, however, been something of an observer of passing events — had contemplated to the extent of his ability, in its various bearings, the foretold revolution and reversal of the order of things. True to his calling, as an *impressible* Medium, he remained an adherent believer, in the prediction of what was shortly coming to pass, yet still discovering many things which must have shaken his faith in woman's capacity to govern, had his belief been founded on human evidence. But leaving our bachelor to ruminate upon his "day dreams and night visions," in conformity with the popular art of historiography — which requires the incorporation of every collateral, if not contemporaneous incident, however slight its importance, or doubtful its connection — we will pick up the boarding-house news, resuming the narrative where we dropped it.

Miss Hager, like Amaziah, enjoyed the freedom of simple oneness, but dissimilar to him, she had much to do, and withal the disposition to do it. In pursuing her handicraft at the boarding-house, unfortunately, her experience proved that sometimes *mistakes* as well as misfortunes do not "come single," for as her ill star would have it, she committed a blunder in fabricating the memorable new silk dress. The mishap, though insignificant and harmless, was nevertheless sufficient to throw its owner into a most violent *fit*.

"Mad as the vexed sea."

Mrs. Wilson felt driven to *free her mind*, and like a real Diana discharged the arrows of her innuendoes, till her quiver was emptied, but pointless and harmless, they fell upon the

buckler of the old maid's silence. Provokingly cool, she sat plying scissors and needle, ever and anon looking up imploringly, as much as to say:

"O don't, Mrs. Wilson."

Such provoking coolness was more than the random onset of our landlady's impetuosity could withstand, and she was on the point of calling her husband as a reinforcement, when chancing to over-hear the din, he entered, not as auxiliary, but mediator, exclaiming with great good nature—

"What's up, my duck?"

"Don't you think," was the supplicating reply—"my new dress is spilte—and Badger, I—I wish, my soul, you'd order him out of the house."

"Well, wife, 'tis rather bad, I declare," said Wilson, in a half bantering manner. "But after all, what signifies it? Why take *on* about what you are going to take right off again? Woman's Rights and breeches, not gowns, are the latest styles, you know."

This sunshine was but a "weather-breeder." Wilson saw the cloud blacken—felt the lightning flash in his face—the thunder crack in his ear. The storm-cloud was bursting on his head, as he sought timely shelter, in a sudden turn of the subject.

"But what has she done to your dress, my dear?" asked he, appeasingly.

"What's she done? Completely ruined it—*ruined* it. And Badger's the cause of it. The quicker we 'ship' him, the better."

"Perhaps it can be fixed—if it can't, you shall have

another as good — if not *better* — so cheer up, dovey. Reformers should always keep the upper hand of themselves."

The tempest lulled, but lowered, as she abruptly withdrew to her private apartment.

The mantua-maker continued intently engaged upon the ill-fated garment.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Hager," said Wilson, pleasantly, "if I play the hen-huzzy a little. We husbands have to do it sometimes, you know. What seems to be the trouble with the new gown? Don't it fit, or don't it *suit?* Which? You havn't cut it wrong, have you?"

"Why no, Mr. Wilson. I've only made a little mistake in putting it together. I will have it all done in an hour, and warrant it to set as nice as a pin. You know, Mr. Wilson, what troubles I've had since I came here. Its enough to make any poor girl crazy, to think of it. And now Mrs. Wilson declares she will tell everybody that I have been trying to court Mr. Badger, when I never spoke a single word with him in my life. I think its too much to bear," said she, her voice tremulous with emotion and eyes filling with tears.

"O, that's all, is it? Not half so bad as it might be. I'll set all the bones it breaks. You finish the dress and trust me for the rest," said he blandly, leaving the room.

He sought and found his wife before the glass giving the finishing flourish to her toilet, which always constituted Wilson's domestic thermometer. He saw at a glance the degree of temperature. Her hair—the ends, as if in electrical repulsion, looking porcupinish — had a portentous twist and her

comb a peculiar cant, indicating the mercury raised plump up to the boiling point.

"Pretty fix I'm left in — the huzzy, just as I expected" — cried she nervously, thrusting the last skewer into her top-knot.

"Well, I wouldn't borrow trouble about it, I guess. What's the use of borrowing what you don't want when you get it?" said he sagely.

"Old Badger is at the bottom of it — and ——"

"Bottom or top, my dear, I really can't divine what he can possibly have to do with it. Now, one question, dovey. Aint you a lit — tle too — fast?"

"Fast or slow, little or much, the quicker he's 'shipped' the better. We've seen enough of him. Do you know he's got a whole lot o' books and papers in his room, and porin over 'em all the while? I've seen 'em. They tell about spirits and *woman's rights*, besides other things — I didn't know exactly what it was, but I s'pose 'twas some big doctor's words or other. I don't think that looks well for an old bachelor, especially —— Do you?"

"I don't see any thing so very bad about it. If he chooses to study the sciences, why let him. Its his privilege and we shouldn't interfere with it."

"I don't think its any of his business, any way, and we can't get rid of him too soon, before he makes any more trouble. That's my mind."

"May be he's studying for a doctor. Who knows? Then we can have a physician in the family. Wouldn't that be handy though?" said Wilson roguishly.

"And her brow cleared, but not her troubled eye;
The wind was down, but still the sea ran high."

As it happened, the mail had just brought friend Badger various fresh publications on the subject of "woman's rights," and among them the petition adopted at the Great Convention, accompanied with a request that he would circulate it; also that a meeting be called, the subject explained, and the people aroused to the importance of the matter. How his address was obtained, or why he was selected as a leader in the new movement, was beyond his comprehension; but as the responsibility was laid upon him, and possibly feeling a little flattered by the distinction of being raised to the dignity of a public reformer, he resolved promptly to discharge his official duty. With the formidable array of documents in his hands he was descending the stairs, to lay them before the consideration of his landlady, just as she and her husband issued into the hall, and approaching her with an air of great deference, said:

"Mrs. Wilson, I have got a petition to circulate, which I'd like to have you take and get as many names as possible. You *head* it, and ——"

You needn't come to me with any of your doctor's papers. Give 'em to Miss Hager, she'll take 'em. I'll thank you to move your quarters, sir. We can't board you any longer; rather, we don't *choose* to."

"But this is a petition for woman's *rights*, and I supposed of course *all* the women would jump at the chance of signing it. You want freedom, don't you, Mrs. Wilson?"

"I understand it. You want us to sign away what little liberty we've got left. I always thought we'd have to do all

the men's drudgery yet, before we died. And that's just what you're after now. I know you. So keep your old papers and clear out," and away she whirled to the kitchen.

"What's in the wind this morning, Wilson?" asked the petitioner, dumb struck.

"O, the new dress don't fit, or some dev'lish thing or other."

"Has'nt she got another '*fit?*'"

"Yes, a regular fit — and the hardest kind."

At this, Badger started without preliminary, and in great haste for his pills, thinking it a *fit* opportunity to test their efficacy. He took five boxes, and descended to the kitchen. Finding his patient raving at Dinah (considerate wench, who bore it kindly), and the evident symptoms of the case indicating the necessity of instant relief, he handed them to her, saying,

"Take six now, and the remainder in two hours."

Upon opening the box, instead of following the prescription, she let fly the whole into his face, and suiting the word to the action, exclaimed,

"You old fool! I didn't sign your paper. I see your trick. You wanted me to subscribe for *pills* — but I didn't, you ——".

"No, no, Mrs. Wilson — these is the great 'sovereign remedy for fits.' Just take 'em. They are sure cure. I bought 'em on purpose for you." At that instant, Miss Hager called for Mrs. Wilson.

"What d'you want," answered she, waspishly.

"Will you please to come up and try on the dress? Its ready now."

"O yes," said Badger, "I'd like real well to see it. Its the prettiest pattern I ever saw."

Though at first unyielding, Wilson making his appearance, she was at length persuaded. They ascended, followed by the new pill doctor.

Badger — at whose entrance Miss Hager looked the picture of surprise — taking up the notable garment, as it lay across the back of a chair, and holding it off at arm's length, exhausted his vocabulary in a strain of admiration — and finally remarking, that if it was not "a fit," he would be glad to take it off her hands, seeing the period was so near when he should have occasion to use it.

Mrs. W—— resigning herself into the hands of her mantua-maker, in a trice, she came forth the most buxom-looking creature that silk and cotton could make her.

"Mr. Wilson" and "Mr. Badger," duly presented, went into ecstacies over the embodiment of their "beau ideal," as she wheeled from right to left and left to right, in review before them. Even Mrs. Wilson, conscious of being the "observed of all observers," and seeing her own image in the mirror, was vainly proud that nature and the *mantua-maker* had cast her in a mould of such faultless proportions.

The *fit* was over. Miss Hager was now the model dress-maker, and "Doctor Badger" (as she was pleased to call him) was at once reinstalled in the good graces of his landlady, and her "must not leave on any consideration."

In the course of the afternoon Mrs. Wilson appeared on grand parade, equipped with new dress, chemisette, bracelet, &c., in the most cheerful mood imaginable. Among other

particular friends, she honored the Doctor with a call (not an unusual occurrence by the way), and standing before him in the most graceful, winning attitude, said with a playful smile,

"Mr. Badger, don't you wish I was a widow?"

"I don't know as I wish you was a widow; but I wouldn't care if I was Mr. Wilson."

"I think this makes up real pretty. I don't believe there'll be a single dress in church to-morrow, that'll beat it."

"You are certainly dressed in first-rate taste, Mrs. Wilson; but how long d'you s'pose it will be before the women will put our clothes on?"

"What! wear coats and trowsers?"

"Certainly."

"O I'd just as leave do that as any thing, if it was only the fashion."

"But wouldn't you like to have it the fashion?"

"Yes, I would for a spell, just to see how it would seem."

"And how would it suit you for the women to have the power, as men do now — make the laws, govern the Church and the State, *carry the money*, and all such things?"

"First-rate. I'd give any thing for that."

"Well, Mrs. Wilson, believe me, that *is* going to be so, very soon too — you may depend upon it."

"What makes you think so, Mr. Badger?"

"Well, if you won't tell anybody, I'll tell you."

"Well, I promise you I won't. I'll be sure and keep it a real secret."

"Well, if you believe it, there was the spirit of a Mermaid come into this very room that night it stormed so awfully, and

told me so. She said she come right from the Spirit-Land I never told anybody of it before."

"Can we have all the property?" inquired she, earnestly.

"O yes, you can pass laws so that you can."

"What have we got to do, to get the men out, so we can get in their place?"

"I'll tell you what. You must take these petitions and get everybody to sign 'em you can. And you must talk to your sex and give 'em to understand what's going on. And I think you'd better take a paper that advocates 'woman's rights.'"

"O this is what you call '*woman's rights*,' is it? That's what all your books and papers are for. I've read a good deal about 'woman's *rights*,' but I never really understood it before. Yes, I'll do just what you tell me to. But what do you s'pose my husband will say if he finds it out?"

"O nothing—nothing—Wilson never says any thing—all right. Hope I don't intrude, Doctor Badger? tell me what you think of my wife. Isn't she about X? Wouldn't I leave a pretty nice widow behind, if I should happen to go before?" said her husband, sportingly, who at that juncture entered the room, and who, by the way, was really proud of his wife when she was neatly dressed and in good humor.

"I think Mrs. Wilson is a woman of *taste*," replied the Doctor, "and if she should be left a widow a great while, I'm sure it would be *her* fault. Wilson, your wife will be in the Legislature before two years! Do you know that?"

"I go for the candidate," said Wilson, slapping his hands in great glee; "I'll vote for *you*, ducky"

"But I'm in sober earnest about this," insisted the Doctor.

"We men have got to come under. This 'woman's rights' question is the great question. Its got among the *people* and it must go. 'Twill be the grand issue next fall, and its going to be carried, sure as fate. Its advocates will have a majority in the next Legislature, and I think we'd better go in for it. What do you say?"

"I say," replied Wilson, "the papers are getting into pretty much of a *stew* about it. I say, though I'm no politician, in my opinion, its a dev'lish big humbug. But if they want to try it, I've no objection. I would as soon live under petticoat government in the state, as petticoat government at home."

"You'll have to wear that article then, sir," said she, with an air of triumph.

"Heigh ho! you've got the fever, too, have you wife? Going to take the *stump*, eh? Well, I'm pledged to vote for you, any way. You and *Doctor* Badger will make a most powerful team, when fairly yoked in. I speak for that dress and chemisette, wife. Shall I lay by my over-alls for you to use in the stable?" Wilson thought of something that required his immediate attention, and chuckling heartily, took French leave.

"What a good feeling man he is—always just so," said Badger.

"He won't feel quite so chipper when *we* get in power," said she, with self-satisfaction.

"How glad I am to get you enlisted, Mrs. Wilson. Now you take the petition and obtain all the signatures you can of both sexes. Especially get the ladies of influence enrolled, and we'll have a meeting here before long."

"Yes, I can go all over town in two hours."

"I think you'd better see the editor's wife as soon as possible, and secure *her* support. I know her husband is dead against us, but let her understand that the men can't *print papers* much longer, and she'll be tickled enough to join us."

"Well, I'll do it right off. I promised to go over there and show her my new dress just as quick as it was done. I'll have fifty names in less than an hour," and Mrs. Wilson, with the utmost enthusiasm, departed on her new mission.

The Doctor was left alone to cogitate on the incidents of the day, especially upon the sudden and extreme change in the appearance of his landlady. Congratulating himself on having won her over to the great and good cause, he resolved to push the petition with all dispatch, and arouse the whole community to the subject.

CHAPTER XV.

"Nature hath framed strange things in her time."
"I am a woman! nay, a woman wrong'd."

MISS BOSTON, on her return, found the public mind pretty thoroughly inoculated with the mania of Spiritualism and "woman's rights."

Numerous "circles" had been instituted, and what were named as genuine communications received through a *rapping* Medium. But palpable failures not infrequently occurred in securing "demonstrations," and those obtained bore something of a suspicious cast; still the believers maintained remarkable courage, and were unanimous in promising ultimate female ascendency.

One "manifestation" in particular, more marked than the rest, furnished food for their marvelous appetite.

The spiritual nerves of the "circle," strung around the table in the greatest tension of anxiety, a female, by the direction (as she said) and the inspiration of a *whole Sphere* of Spirits, breaking forth, in an *allegro-spiritoso* movement, sung, as if pouring out the very *soul* of melody—

"Fol, de, rol,
Fol, de, rol,
Fol, lol, de, rol."

"Rol, de, rol,
Rol, de, rol,
De, rol, lol, lol."

This exquisitely spiritual sextain, out-rivaling the ravishing strains of the dying swan, was repeated with various modulations, meanwhile for accompaniment, the performer rapping a splendid spiritual "*rub-a-dub*," with her knuckles on the table.

The "circle," almost swooning with admiration, eagerly inquired the name of the magnificent *cantata*. With a fairy-like air she replied, "*The Angel's Grand Waltz.*"

Jupiter! Apollo! What uninspired mortal would ever have thought of that? But then if the gods are musicians, why certainly the angels may dance. This surely is something new under the sun. Just imagine, reader (if your fancy is sufficiently ethereal), imagine yourself in the great spiritual ball-room, in the midst of a *spree*. Phœbus, the Divine Fiddler in the "box," with his spiritual fiddle, and the shades big and little, of both sexes, black, white and red, touching the "light fantastic toe" to the scraping of spiritual rosin, horse-hair and cat-gut! What French fours, and Scotch reels, and Irish jigs, and Spanish fandangos, and Indian pow-wows, and Dutch fuddles, and Yankee gallopades, and Fanny Ellsler polkas, and Wirginny breakdowns in the grand "promenade all," of the spiritual cotillion!

Our *singing* Medium sought earnestly to be re-inspired, but the Muses were mute. Either they were indisposed, or the fountain of song was exhausted. However, the "circle" entertained hope that the musical spirits would again appear.

Miss Boston was advertised of all that had happened during her absence. Great anxiety prevailed to find the lecturer, whose name was on every tongue: though often interrogated as to her knowledge of his locality, Lucy, for the most part,

she kept her own counsels. To one or two only of her most intelligent and intimate friends, she opened her mind freely in relation to the spirit with which she was so anxious to hold correspondence, and declared it to be of little use to send for the lecturer, since just as good Mediums might be found there as elsewhere. She had pressing invitations to meet with the circles, but declined from prudential, or some other motives.

As yet, Miss Boston had taken no measures to discover the person chosen as the Medium of the spirit of the Mermaid. The best course to pursue — that was the question. She had the impression that he resided somewhere in central New York. Believing herself able to recognize him in a public meeting, even, her first thought was to go into every town, large and small, lecturing on "woman's rights," in the hope of accidentally falling in with him at some point in her wanderings. But this method was attended with great uncertainty. The idea occurred to her, to advertise for his discovery. But how? For the "person who had seen the spirit of the Mermaid?" That would not do. She blamed herself exceedingly for not having learned his name, or at least his place of residence.

No feasible method presenting itself, she at length came to the conclusion that her chances of success lay as much within the "spheres" as the circumference of earth, for steam might have already carried the unknown Medium to California or to China, or he might have taken his departure to the Spirit-Land.

She therefore adopted the bold plan of seeking the spirit of the Mermaid in person. Accordingly, retiring to her chamber, she assumed almost every possible attitude at every hour of the

day and night, mentally and orally invoking its presence, but with no avail. Her ingenuity and perseverance, though prompted by the purest motive, were not repaid with the least sign of a "manifestation," not even the ambiguity of a dream, and she nearly abandoned the hope of securing a spiritual alliance in the consummation of "woman's rights." Invitations were almost daily pressed upon her, from various quarters, to address public meetings on the great topic of reform, but they had all been declined. As the political elements were beginning to be agitated in view of the forthcoming election, and candidates, as *servants* of the people (?) were offering their *disinterested* services, she concluded there was no time to be lost in vindicating the *rights* of her sex and elevating their "long-deferred" claims before the masses.

She therefore arranged and published a list of appointments, when she would address the citizens of different places on the question of "government reform." The series of the programme carried her down to the eve of election. It was stated, however, in connection with the notice, that should any thing occur to prevent the fulfillment of her engagements, due notice thereof would be given.

With a lofty purpose and a brave heart, she entered upon the campaign. The above-mentioned advertisement happened to fall under the eye of Doctor Badger, and observing that the celebrated lecturer was to address the citizens of U———, which being the nearest point to his residence she would touch, he resolved to attend the meeting.

Petitions were numerous, the press grew less rampant in its opposition, converts multiplied, and the work went gallantly on.

The Doctor and his coadjutor, Mrs. Wilson, were indefatigable, but they had as yet called together no public assemblage, principally for the want of a speaker. The merits of the new reform appeared not to be very thoroughly understood in that locality, yet there was enough of novelty and fun in it to increase the list of petitioners to an indefinite length. The village editor stood up a vigorous opponent, but his "*stronger* half" was as vehement an advocate of the cause. Wilson, too, belonged to the enemy, but not of the "rank and file." Choosing the *guerrilla* mode of warfare, no one could leave a spot exposed as big as a bullet, without feeling his "sharp shots," but treating his hapless victims with such superabundance of good nature, they were quite indifferent if not insensible to their wounds. His chief delight was not in killing or wounding, but in *hitting the mark.*

Mr. Badger, in company with his hostess — now a leading spirit in the reform — set out to attend the convention, her husband dryly remarking, as they departed,

"I hope, my dear, you will take good care of the *Doctor* while you are gone."

Reaching U———, towards evening of the same day, they "booked" themselves at the "Central." Mrs. Wilson had but vague conceptions of city life. Although U——— was far from being the metropolis of the state, yet it was in wonderful contrast with her provincial ideas and habits. The evening on their hands, Doctor Badger escorted his landlady through the principal streets, to "see the place." Her gallant companion must have felt that she was beginning already to avail herself of her "inalienable rights," as she compelled

him to halt at almost every step to admire and explain the wonders which under the brilliancy of gas-light appeared to grow more and more wondrous at each successive window.

Among other objects in their peregrinations and sight-seeing, they came in contact with a mantua-maker's sign, or in technical phrase a "*form.*" Badger was inclined to hasten by, circumstances causing the sight of it to produce within him painful sensations. Mrs. W——— observed his impatience. Her curiosity excited to know the cause, and after the fashion of the sex, unwilling to leave without a few "last words,"

"O do see there!" said she; "that is exactly like one Miss Jones had, and a crazy fellow knocked it down in the dirt one day and threw a pail of water all over it, and they had a *great* time. Don't you remember it?"

"Mrs. Wilson, hadn't we better be getting along?" said he, in an urgent tone. "We shan't get round to-night, if we stop to see everything."

"Didn't you hear of that though? I thought everybody knew it."

"How did you get your information, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Miss Hager told me. She happened to be to work there at the time. Oh! how scar't she was. She never——"

"Yes, I believe I did know something about it. Hadn't we better cross over here and go up the other side," said he, interrupting. Her questions were multifarious as a woman's tongue could make them, in relation to the objects that met their gaze on every hand. A tide of people, of all ages, sexes, and conditions, was continually passing to and fro. She wondered where such a "sight of folks" *could* come from, and

where they were going. Every one they met, that struck her as in any way peculiar, she would give his arm a twitch and ask if he knew "who *that*" was. With an indefinite number of crossings and re-crossings, haltings and startings, and turnings and windings, the sight-seers found themselves at their lodgings again.

Mrs. W—— rested but little during the night, because, to use her own phrase, "there was such a raft of folks coming and going all the time," and she "kept getting up to see who they were." But exhausted nature must be restored, and she slept soundly in the morning.

It was time to "ring up" the sleepers. The gong set up its deafening roar through the halls, and came thundering along by our landlady's door. In an instant, though but half awake, she was on her feet. *Such* a noise! She had never heard the like before. It had passed to the further end of the hall, and was returning with redoubled terror, when in her night *regalia*, the picture of fright, she threw open the door and screamed—

"For mercy sake, what is the matter? Is the house afire? 'Tis a fire bell — O, dear! what *shall* I do? I can never find the way down."

"This is the first *ring*, ma'am," said the waiter laughing. "We ring again for breakfast."

Mrs. W——'s panic was allayed, yet she was at a loss to know what it was that made such a dreadful noise.

Let no one make sport of the poor woman, for who that ever heard a gong for the first time, but felt his hair rise on end and his flesh crawl, at the terrific yell.

At an early hour began the surrounding country, to pour into

the city, in its accustomed manner. The morning stages, well laden, arrived from various directions. Mrs. W—— supposed they were *all* coming to attend the convention.

Doctor Badger and his companion repairing to the public hall, in advance of the hour, found but a few persons present.

Miss Boston had arrived in town. A number of "strong-minded" women and one or two (*weak*-minded) men attended her. They entered the hall in company, and occupied the platform. The edifice was respectably filled; the audience a miscellaneous one. In front of the stand sat the reporters of the several "*dailies*," with pen in hand, ready to chronicle the "demonstration" so potent in its bearing upon the destinies of man.

One of the ladies, whose name was announced, opened the meeting by a short speech, at the close of which she introduced Miss Boston to the audience.

Our heroine, amid applause — her naturally dignified person, made even more majestic by her rich costume, new in material but not in style — delivered a lengthy and powerful address, in which she contended—

First. "That woman had been and was enslaved."

Secondly. "That she could if she *would*, be free." and

Thirdly. She followed with some pertinent and forcible remarks, in substance — that a mighty effort was being made — that the world was moving — old foundations were breaking up — a new and better-balanced system was forming — she felt confident that the next Legislature would show a majority in favor of "woman's rights," and urged her sex to "cut" the society of those who refused their co-operation. She

hoped the sacred name of *woman* would no longer be disgraced — or rather that she would cease to disgrace herself, by truckling to the arrogated power of her master — and concluded by affirming that she had a *divine conviction* of the truth and justice and success of their cause — that a supernatural revelation, she had the best reason to believe, had been made, and of which she hoped and prayed they might receive the benefit, before the die should be cast at the Ides of November.

The address was listened to with great attention, and produced an unexpected sensation. The gravity of the speaker and earnestness of her manner impressed every one with the truth of her sincerity and confidence of speedy triumph.

Miss B——'s closing sentence made a special impression on the mind of the revelator of the Mermaid. Satisfied that the allusion was to none other than himself, his pride was elevated, and he felt an itching to make known his identity, but whether to seek a renewal of acquaintance was a query. His feelings prompted him to go forward and introduce himself, but a trembling timidity held him back.

Lucy having resumed her seat, a reverend gentleman followed with some cogent remarks, in support of the previous address, in the course of which, he alluded to the spiritual manifestations and prophecies, all leading, he said, to the conviction that "woman's rights" must prevail.

Badger deeply intent upon hearing and understanding every word, kept his eyes fixed upon the speaker, with the gaze of motionless abstraction. Miss B—— was observed to leave the platform. Her eye had caught and recognized her quondam acquaintance of Mermaid memory. Fortuitous concurrence! ar-

ranged no doubt by the spirits imparting fresh hope to our heroine, and to "woman's rights" a new impetus.

Soon the revelator might disappear in the crowd. It was her care not to lose trace of him again, and gliding noiselessly down the aisle she was quickly at his side, but unobserved by him, so lost was he in attention to the speaker. Her finger rested lightly on his shoulder, yet he was insensible to the touch, when Mrs. W——, who had the happy capacity of seeing *everything*, whispered in his ear—

"Miss Boston's hand is on your shoulder."

Brought to his senses by this announcement, he sprang involuntary to his feet, almost as much surprised as when he saw the Mermaid.

"At what house do you stop, sir," inquired Miss B——, in a suppressed tone.

"The 'Central,'" he replied, in a loud whisper.

"I will see you at your room, immediately after the adjournment," said she, and returned to the platform. The Doctor settled back into his seat with an air of pride, bordering on pomposity, at this public distinction paid to him by the illustrious lecturer. The movement, though observed, attracted but the momentary attention of the audience.

Several individuals followed in brief remarks, committees were appointed to circulate petitions, and the convention closed.

Miss Boston, punctual to appointment, found Amaziah awaiting her arrival, took his hand with almost a masculine grip, and expressed her great joy at meeting him so opportunely.

"The privilege to ask questions being one of woman's *rights*, allow me to enquire your name, sir," said she.

"Amaziah Badger. I live in the village of O ——," was the reply.

"Mr. Badger, pardon me the liberties I take. *Freedom*, you know, is my creed. It is impossible for me to express the anxiety I have had to see you—and great is my good fortune in this unexpected interview. Providence first threw us into contact, and Providence has led us hither for a merciful and benevolent purpose, I cannot doubt. But have you again seen the spirit of the Mermaid?"

"I have not, ma'am."

"Have you ever received 'manifestations' from any other spirits?"

"I have not, ma'am."

"Have you ever attended a spirit meeting?"

"I never have, but I'd like to, though."

"Is it possible, Mr. Badger, that you have never met with a 'circle;' and is there none in your village?"

"No, I never saw any such thing in my life. There aint any at our place."

Lucy was struck with astonishment at the mystery, for such she regarded it, and this entirely convinced her that the spirits came of their own accord, and not by enticement, neither by persuasion nor force.

"Mr. Badger, asked she with anxiety, "do you not know, or can you not devise *some* means by which to obtain one more interview with the spirit of the Mermaid?"

"I don't know of any thing, Miss Boston. I havn't any reason to expect I shall ever see it again."

"But what seemed to be the object of her appearance?"

"She said it was because I didn't love the ladies better, and she wanted to convince me of their cruel wrongs and prophecy about them."

This he said, not sensible of his being made the Medium of spiritual communication in furtherance of the great reform.

"Have you any objection to making this revelation known to the world?"

"I don't know as I have, but it wouldn't do any good. The thing is *settled*, Miss Boston. You are going to conquer. I know it just as well as can be. I don't believe there is six men in our whole town opposed to us, and if you could only hold a convention there we'd have 'em all."

"Is it known there, Mr. Badger, that you have received this revelation?"

"No—I never lisped it to anybody but you and Mrs. Wilson."

"If I *could* only have an interview with that spirit, what a boon it would be to the world. Do you follow the directions it gave you, sir?"

"Certainly I do. I havn't any wish not to."

"Suppose you should take grounds against us, do you think it would make its appearance to you again?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. But I can't take ground against you. I shouldn't know how, if I wanted to."

"What, if you should declare that it was all a dream, and that you *will* not be satisfied without another 'manifestation?' Would she not return to deliver you from unbelief?"

"I *know* it wasn't a dream. I saw her twice, as plain as day, and heard her speak just as clear as I hear you this minute," said he, warming into animation.

"Suppose you *try* to believe that you are deceived, and see the effect, or simply *imagine* it a delusion."

"I know I can't do it. But I'll *try*, if you want me to."

"Well, now, you endeavor for a while to work yourself into the opinion that what you thought you saw, had no *reality*, and we will watch the result. I should like to introduce you to my friends, and have you relate the whole thing to them, if you are willing."

"I havn't no objections as I know of. But shall I tell them it was real, or that I don't believe there was any truth in it?"

"Describe the scene as it appeared to you, and note the impression it will produce upon their minds."

"Shall I answer all the questions they ask me?"

"As you like."

"*You* havn't any doubt but we shall carry the next election, have you, Miss Boston?"

"I think our prospects are very good, but vigilance is the price of success."

"Do you meet with much opposition?"

"O yes, like all reformers, we are talked against and ridiculed by certain classes, in speech and through the press. But the *political* papers dare not oppose us directly, neither have they courage, honesty, nor the justice to come out boldly in our favor. They are the organs of their respective parties, and their *parties* do they serve, alike unheeding the cries of the oppressed and the voice of God. But the principal opposition we have to meet is from a class of *independent* sheets. You will doubtless see a caricature of our meeting in the morning prints."

"Let 'em make all the sport of us they can, Miss Boston," said Badger, with rising indignation. "Every body 'll know they are only pokin fun at us."

"Very true, Mr. Badger, but I had much rather take the field in opposition to sober reason than burlesque, at any time. The blows of argument we can meet and parry, but against the shafts of ridicule and derision we have no defense. They are sure to pierce through the 'joints of the harness' somewhere."

"But if we are only sober and sincere, every body will know that we are on the right side, instead of those who are all the while laughing and making sport."

"Reason and Ridicule, Mr. Badger, are two mighty leaders—the latter more formidable than the former—in strife for the mastery among mankind, in the gross of human nature. It is so in the nature of things. While Reason take[illegible] then a solitary prisoner, Ridicule will draw off wh[illegible]ons of deserters. Hence are we obliged to contend at great odds; t I believe we are destined to conquer, notwithstanding."

[illegible]o I believe so. They are all on the right side, out our [illegible]t out half a dozen, and they are real hard cases. We can never have any peace till they are out of the way. I wish you *could* come, Miss Boston, and hold one convention there We shouldn't have any trouble after that."

"Most gladly would I go, Mr. Badger, if you could secure me an introduction to the spirit of the Mermaid."

"As to that, I can't exactly promise," said he.

"Well, Mr. Badger, I am exceedingly happy in receiving so good an account of our prospects in your section. If you will now accompany me to my hotel, I will make you acquainted

with my comrades, who will be glad to hear from your own lips a description of your interview with the spirit."

"I'd a little rather they'd come here, if you've no objections," said he, with hesitation.

"Very well, just as you prefer; I will bring them directly," said she, departing.

Why he should decline the honor of appearing in public with his distinguished visitor, and in his eyes the noblest champion of the cause he had espoused — whether the reason lay primarily within himself, or more in the vicinity of his next door neighbor — we will not pretend to determine. Suffice it to say, Mrs. W—— knew to a second when her gallant was left alone, and at once put him to the torture of an inquisition as to the origin, subject, circumstances, and results of his being closeted with the bloomer, and why herself had been excused from the secrecy. The Doctor thought he discovered in her evident symptoms of a *fit*, and as she was on his hands, he began to deliberate upon the best mode of treatment. It was a delicate question to decide, whether the case required an internal or *external* application — that is to say, a dose of his "pills," or a new dress. Fortunately there was, from some cause, a sudden change, and the paroxysm passed, much to the relief of the Doctor, as well as the patient.

Miss Boston resorting to her associates, informed them, with evident agitation, that she had found the person who claimed to have seen the spirit of the Mermaid and received at her mouth the prophetic revelation of the certain and speedy triumph of the cause of "woman's rights;" that he had kindly consented to relate the whole matter to them, at his room, and

knowing they would rejoice to avail themselves of the special favor, she had come to escort them thither.

Her reverend coadjutor, Mr. Q——, listened in utter astonishment, then fixing his dark and piercing eye upon her, with withering look and manner, said,

"Miss Boston, I always esteemed you as a lady of sense and a christian. If you are serious and know what you say, you are neither. What! You a believer in these latter-day impostors, these false prophets and lying spirits in league with the Devil, who shame decency and common sense, and set religion at defiance? No one but an idiot or an infidel can be guilty of such blasphemy. The idiot is excusable — the infidel never."

This hasty and severe, if not ill-tempered rebuke, fell like a thunderbolt upon Miss Boston. It was calling down fire from heaven to consume the heretic.

The females composing the rest of her party were at once alive with curiosity and impatient to go and see *the man*. The reverend reformer, in a flame of holy indignation, or of hot displeasure, said he was strongly in favor of "woman's rights," but was ashamed of his present company — that he would travel with them no more, and left in disgust.

They in turn were amazed at the conduct of the deserter. Lucy said it was only another proof of man's despotic nature — that she knew they were bound to succeed in fulfillment of the prophecy, and on the whole it was fortunate he had gone, since he could now have no claim upon *them* for any office, appointment or *mercy*, when the happy day of their power should arrive.

"Yes," added the others, "we'll mark *him*. *We'll* show him who the *fools* are."

Repairing to his quarters they found the revelator, and with him Mrs. Wilson, whose jealousy as well as curiosity was not a little excited. She could not imagine why they should be paying so much attention to her beau, and determined, by sticking by, to know the whole story.

The ceremonies of introduction ended; at the request of Miss B——, the revelator began and narrated, in detail, the account and prophecy of the Mermaid, at which his new listeners, were not only filled with amazement, but intoxicated with joy.

They concluded, that if Mr. Badger could be engaged to journey with them and relate his *experience*, in connection with the lectures, it would put scepticism to the route and annihilate all opposition. It was considered an expedient acquisition, as their ecclesiastical follower had apostatized and seceded from them, that some *man* should be adopted to fill his place as their valet and sort of body-guard.

Mrs. Wilson, delighted with her new acquaintances and fellow laborers in the reform, beset them with great vehemence to accompany her home, because, as she said,

"Husband and I disagree, which will make it very unpleasant if he aint converted. Now, Miss Boston, you're just the woman to do it. If you'll only go and give him one lecture the job will be done. Now you will go, won't you, Miss Boston? Don't say no, for nothing."

Doctor Badger, interposing, also urged them most strenuously to accept the invitation, and as an irresistible inducement

ventured to *hint*, that possibly they might be favored with another visit from the Mermaid. Upon what they deemed mature deliberation, it was decided, on the grounds of expediency, to abandon their published "bill," and follow the revelator and his hostess, in hope of seeing the "spirit;" at least, they could visit the *holy chamber* where it had appeared and prophesied — a circumstance, the relation of which would produce great effect and make many converts.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Murder will out."

WITH the reader's consent—leaving our "woman's rights" *coterie* to follow at their leisure — we will take Express and hasten back in advance to our village, and note some events of importance that had there transpired.

It is almost impossible for the historian to keep pace with the intelligence, improvements, and discoveries of this *fast* age. We set out with the benevolent design of giving to the world a narrative of facts, no less authentic and momentous than novel and mysterious. Already are we filled with fear, lest many incidents in the multitudinous rush escape the notice of our pen, and which almost makes us shrink from our proposed task, to save ourselves the reputation of an unfaithful chronicler. Nevertheless, what we do produce shall possess the substance, not the mask, of truthfulness, a quality of which many works of *fiction* cannot boast, among the countless publications of the day.

Circumstances — by the direction of the spirits, we may suppose — rendered it necessary for the lecturer to absent himself, at least for awhile. Great enquiry was made as to the cause of his sudden disappearance and the place of his re-

tirement; but as the occasion of his absence was veiled in doubt, so no trace of him could be obtained from either mortal or spirit. Rumor whispered that a spirit of envy or jealousy appearing among the fairer members of the "circle," was working a "manifestation" of the mysterious secret. It is worthy of notice that the lecturer displayed the singular sagacity to lay in store against a "rainy day," not only the full arrears of his wages, but a handsome sum in advance.

Still the circle's confidence in him suffered no abatement, till on the heel of his departure it was announced that he was a mere *babe* in spirit-knowledge and power—that he did not understand the geography, nor the inhabitants and laws of the Spirit-Land, at all—that there were "spheres" of which he had never dreamed; in short, he had never traversed even the surface of Spiritualism, much less ascended its heights and sounded its depths.

It was also discovered for the first time that there were but four persons on earth whose capacities enabled them to penetrate and unfold the mysteries of Spiritdom, and these ghostly Tetrachs were enthroned respectively in the four quarters of the globe. There were, it is true, more or less inferior Mediums through whom the lower order of shades would occasionally communicate things of trifling importance.

The author of this thrilling intelligence, and the Great High Priest of Spiritualism, was there in the midst of them, and his name was and is *Amos Funglehead*. To him was nothing unseen nor unknown. He held it a cardinal truth, that under the espionage of his spiritual police, no event escaped his cognizance, neither was there any secret, however hidden, but he could spy it. If the reader is disposed to call

this in question, let the following instance of his infallibility banish every doubt.

In a neighboring town a most diabolical murder was supposed to have been committed in the sudden and mysterious disappearance of a collector of taxes who was known to have had a large sum of money in his possession. Amos, in spirit-vision, saw the corpse! and plunder! and bloody knife! He discovered the murderers, but refused to reveal their names, like a good and peaceful citizen, unwilling to loose the blood-hounds of vengeance; yet, yielding to the promptings of sympathy and the claims of humanity, he resolved to enlighten the world and relieve the friends of the murdered victim from a suspense more intolerable than a knowledge of the dreadful fact itself. Accordingly for the greater certainty, having surcharged the battery of his telegraph, and set all the spiritual wires in operation, he put on his spiritual specs, when lo! he beheld *thirteen* objects, two of which were the body and the money — the former beneath a large stone-heap, the latter rolled up in a blanket, and the localities of which he definitely described. The question was thus settled. The sceptics must succomb now! The reality of Funglehead's inspiration could no longer be gainsayed. With the faith of assurance, a large party of the "circle" and their disciples, in solemn procession, preceded by the hearse, set out to disinter the body and restore it to the mourning friends. Reaching the vicinity of the appointed locality, one thing after another met their gaze, in exact accordance with the vision of Amos. At last the pile of stones was discovered. With slow and muffled tread they approached the grave of the murdered tax-gatherer. How sad,

how awful the scene! Every heart throbbed with emotion, and many an eye moistened with the tear of sympathy. The coroner ordered them to proceed. With sepulchral awe the stones were removed, and behold! the body was not there! What *could* have become of it?

Notwithstanding the solemnity with which the occasion was invested by the spiritists, there was not a little merriment among the "outsiders," at the expense of Funglehead and his followers, who had sweat in vain, in their work of removing the funeral "*hard heads*," for the purpose of furnishing a practical "demonstration" of Funglehead's divinity and the value to mankind, beyond conception, of his spiritual telegraph and spectacles.

Though made the butt of sport and jeer by the unbelieving multitude, the zealots, instead of being disheartened, did but grow in faith and ardor. Martyr-like, they endured it with patience and fortitude, for the sake of the cause. Nor did their recent failure diminish their confidence in their High Priest. On the contrary, hope, "immortal in the human breast," only waxed the stronger, and they returned for the Seer to take another peep through his spiritual glasses.

Amos was consulted without delay. He insisted that his vision was clear, and for a time would not be persuaded that the search was thoroughly made. But his own most devoted disciples were the actors of the scene. Their hands lifted every stone, their eyes looked upon the spot. There was absolutely *nothing there*. Amos was forced to admit the fact, but declared his determination not to give it up. He *would* know where the body was.

Fortunately, he had discovered in the vicinity a large rock, to which the spirits had guided him, and whose particles were pervaded with spiritual electricity in the positive state. Funglehead himself was a *negative quantity;* so by his sitting on the rock, thus bringing the magnetic poles into contact, a spiritual battery was formed, and in which all the telegraphic lines concentrated, like nerves of thought and beams of light, revealing to the optics of the Seer, everything within range of Earth and the Spheres.* One would suppose that, being the "Medium" of the action of such mighty forces, he must have experienced darting pains and convulsive gripes, but contrariwise, his whole system, as he affirmed, thrilled with sensations infinitely pleasurable. This was truly a discovery, superior in marvel and utility to the "golden bough" of classic memory, which served its possessor as a passport to and from the Spirit-World.

This rock was in shape, conical, and in texture, rough; but its surface, to the sensibilities of Funglehead's pantaloons, was smooth and soft as a cushion of velvet. In its exturnal appearance there was nothing peculiar to the natural eye. A geologist of our vulgar system would have called it a granite "boulder," but it belonged to a formation of the Upper Spheres, and had been transported hither by the spirits and christened "The Rock of Vision."

For the safety of those who had not spirit optics in their head, Amos erected over it the inscription, in large black letters,

* This does not militate against the theory of purely spiritual intercourse. In accordance with the law of "means to an end," this was their *modus operandi*.

"Death to him that sitteth upon this rock — thus saith the spirits."

In presence of the messengers bringing melancholy tidings of the corpsely *alibi*, Amos the Seer approached the "Rock of Vision." Having calmly surveyed it, he waved his hand, laid aside his hat, drew off his boots (as they had nails in them which might attract the electric current from the brain to the heels), and said—

"Attend, ye spirits, while I ascend the Rock of Vision."

Immediately mounting, he seated himself upon its apex, with his legs crossed, arms folded, and goggles adjusted with great precision astride his nose.

In addition to its other qualities, there oozed from this rock a spiritual cerate or ointment, which applied to Funglehead's glasses, not only cleared them of all impurities, but imparted to them the quality of clairvoyance. The spiritual chemicals now worked to a charm. The electro-magnetic rays shot through the tubes of his goggles, throwing into the *camera obscura* of his mortal vision a universal panorama of all realities. The rock and Amos together emitted a blaze of phosphorescence, attended by occasional reports of the electrical current.

His disciples, overwhelmed with awe, gazed upon the spectacle in silence.

"Hear ye, hear ye," cried the Seer, "I am going to look! Be ye attentive and believing. The spirits command it!" Each in obedience stood motionless and almost breathless. "Behold, I see!" said Funglehead — "I see the stones ye removed. I see blood upon them now. Had ye gone where I directed ye, and done as I bid ye, ye would have found the body. Let

this teach ye always to obey our commands. We never council ill. Ye never more can behold the body. It hath been consumed by fire. It hath been burned in the lime-kiln. Go ye on the last day of the week, at noon precisely, to the kiln and gather ye the ashes that lieth at the mouth thereof, to the measure of one bushel. Bring them to the "Rock of Vision," in a wooden vessel. Fail not."

Thus spake Funglehead the High Priest. The vision was ended, and his goggles were nought but vulgar glass and leather again.

The body consumed! There was not a moment to be lost in conveying the melancholy intelligence to the friends of the deceased.

Wretches! fiends! who thus could not only slay an innocent fellow-being, but, to destroy the evidence of their guilt, ruthlessly roast the corpse to ashes!

But that could by no means prevent the detection. "Murder will out." The joy of the spiritists was full, for they had now learned, to a certainty, the fate of the collector.

Funglehead descended from his rock, much exhausted. The spiritual afflatus, with the effort it cost him to utter and accent the language of the Spheres, had severely taxed his nervous and muscular energies.

News of the miraculous discovery spread through the community with great velocity. The appointed day arrived to prove the veracity of the Seer, and the authenticity of Spiritualism. The disciples of Funglehead, the High Priest, assembling, *en masse*, proceeded to gather up the ashes of the dead, to be deposited in the urn of immortality. Winds shrieked,

floods poured, as if Nature herself was enraged at the diabolical tragedy which had been enacted. But water could not dampen the courage of the zealots, nor winds "bluff" 'em off." They reached the lime-kiln at the *precise moment*, when to their astonishment the same had not been "fired." Still their confidence in Funglehead's spectacles did not wane, but waxed. One search more would reveal the victim, the infallibility of the Great High Priest would be established, and Spiritualism placed on a foundation as firm and lasting as the eternal hills.

The kiln, it was observed, had been recently constructed, a circumstantial proof of great weight, that they stood by the sepulcher of the dead. The groans of the disconsolate spirit saluted their ears, and every stone cried murder! Returning minus the ashes, they reported to the High Priest the result of their mission.

Funglehead maintained the singleness of his eyesight and the correctness of his glasses. But the Rock of Vision, he said, had gathered dampness from the fog of the previous night, so swelling its particles, and closing its pores, as to prevent a free perspiring of the spiritual essence, which might possibly have occasioned the slight mistake. Indeed, he recollected his having noticed a blur upon his goggles at the time. But he assured his devotees that he would look again, in the night-time, as soon as the atmosphere should clear up, when he could retire alone in the stillness, with nought to distract his attention, and when the rock in a healthy state would yield its spiritual perspiration, to purify and perfect his optical organs. Then no mistake *could* happen, as his vision would be unobstructed by any earthly obstacle.

To his followers, this explanation was abundantly satisfactory, proving the profound sagacity of the great exponent and propagator of "Spiritualism." It also showed how delicately exact, like the Daguerreian art, every item of the process must be, while it argued infinite shrewdness on the part of the spirits to protect the community against impostors.

Funglehead awaited a favorable opportunity *to sit*, having promised to give definite information at an early day, as to the locality of the remains of the murdered man, and charged the "circle" to hold themselves in readiness for the search at a moment's warning.

At length he announced his positive discovery of the body, minutely describing marks of violence upon it, and the wound that proved the fatal stab. It was, he said, in the lime-kiln, about the middle thereof, and which was soon to be "fired," and he commanded them to hasten, strong-handed and with all despatch to the rescue, not only of the butchered victim, but also of the honor of "Spiritualism." Portentous moment! that was to save the spiritualists from defeat and retrieve their falling credit.

Again without delay a large concourse joined in solemn procession, proceeded to the kiln, when — horrible to behold! — the same had been on fire for two days! Not the slightest doubt existed in the minds of the believers, but the kiln was thus early fired for the purpose of consuming the body. Some were for putting out the fire, but the owner interposed the most strenuous remonstrance, which substantiated the fact beyond a question, that Amos was correct, and of course "Spiritualism" was triumphant.

In the heat of their indignation at such cold-blooded butchery, it was proposed to tear down the kiln, but that was impracticable, as the stones were red hot. Some thought if they only had some of the salve from the "Rock of Vision" to rub on their hands it would make them fire-proof. Others were confident that a small plaster of it applied to the surface of the kiln would draw out all the caloric and restore the stones to their natural state in ten minutes! However, neither of these suggestions were followed, but the "circle," joining hands around the burning pile, endeavored to call back the spirit of the deceased and obtain from it a "demonstration" of the whole truth, to corroborate the vision of Amos and enrich their cause with glorious capital.

But whether the shade of the tax-gatherer could not stand fire, or the smoke was suffocating, or whatever the cause, no matter, their conjurations were vain. The spirit refused to appear, even as a witness against the bloody assassins who drove it from its earthly habitation at the point of the dagger. Strange silence! and unaccountable, save on the supposition that the collector was bribed by the murderers to keep the secret; in other words, that he was himself an accomplice of the direful deed, both before and after the fact. This, it must be confessed, is the only *reasonable* solution of the unheard-of anomaly.

Thus covered with repeated defeat, the "circle" "let go hands," to retreat in dismay, when a Medium — ycleped Z. Socrates Nozzleman (one of the old ones!), who had been sitting silently on a stone, a short distance apart — cried out, with sepulchral tone,

"Fe — fi — fo — fum. I smell the flesh of the murdered man, roasting in the lime kil — *un.*"

"Shocking! horrible! *hellish!!!*" exclaimed the Spiritualists; "did assassins ever before resort to such shifts to escape detection? But they were ferreted out at last. Though the vision of Amos was a little imperfect, and caused him to see *double*, the *spirits* were not to be foiled. They had invested a member of the "circle" with a spiritual *nose*, doubtless to be used in connection with Funglehead's spiritual eye. The new system was now perfected, for what Amos the Seer was unable to see, Z. Socrates Nozzleman, the smeller, would be able to smell!

A *smelling* Medium!!

Truly this was a new "manifestation" — a progressive development — the highest incarnation of "Spiritualism." The "circle" were in transports, when suddenly the smeller again exclaimed —

"I smell that Funglehead doth not see straight. Place ye not too much reliance upon eyes, neither upon spectacles. The eyes are two, so are specs, therefore they are liable to see *double*, and that which is double, is deceitful — as double-dealer; but the nose, on the other hand (on the face, I mean), is one — therefore it always smelleth *single*, and that which is single is free from deception — as single-heartedness. The *nose*, I say to ye, is the only sure Medium of communication with the Spirit-Land. Give ye ear to my words. Believe ye not, at your peril. I say ye — a — *oo* ——."

He would have added something, but was prevented by a terrible fit of vomiting, occasioned by the nauseating odor es-

caping from the bowels of the lime-kiln. The High Priest of Spiritualism was superseded — the Funglehead Dynasty ended! It was impossible for the circle to resist the force of this new "demonstration."

"Is not his arguing true? Does not experience prove it?" reasoned they with each other. "For how many times have our eyes deceived us, but our *noses* never! We may look at an object, but cannot always tell whether it is substance or shadow, reality or imagination. But what we *smell* we *know* is a *matter of fact*. That is to say, a person may be double-*sighted*, but he cannot be double-scented. Hence the admonition so often heard, 'Believe not all you see;'" but who was ever told to believe not what he smells?

"And do not facts uphold the same," continued they. "The 'visions' of Amos Funglehead the Seer are sufficient evidence. Thrice hath he assured us we should find the corpse as he saw and described it, and thrice have we proved him false. Brother Socrates hath *once* declared where it is — and see! his stomach hath hoven up the 'demonstration' of his actual 'communication' with the body. Who can doubt such testimony? Let Scepticism now grow pale and hide its rampant head?"

Thus reasoned the spiritists. Z. Socrates Nozzleman was at once ensphered the central luminary in the spiritual firmament, and in whose brightness every other light was swallowed up or shone but dimly.

The disciples of Funglehead crowded around their new leader (who sat resting his head upon his hands), declaring the manifestation to be so powerful that it made them all "feel more or less qualmish."

Elated by the enormous stride thus made in the science of spiritology, they decided to reorganize a *smelling* circle forthwith, and to reject all others as spurious and unreliable.

Z. Socrates, at once, the true embodiment and great apostle of Spiritualism, overcome with retching, was removed to a carriage, and still complaining of a deathly nausea, a "sister" of the circle very kindly sat by his side, plying him with fan and smelling bottle—spiritual ones!—we suppose. His stomach, though continuing "riled" for some time, at length became composed, and the mighty Smeller was himself again.

All hope of recovering the remains of the deceased was now at an end. The fate of the collector was regarded as settled, by all except the "unbelievers." The story of his murder and the burning of the body as a holocaust to the Demon of Avarice, was added to the list of tragedies and given to the world as current history, when, wonderful to be told! he suddenly "turned up," not spiritually, but bodily, a living evidence of optical illusion and perverted smell. His return to his friends, as may well be imagined, changed their agony of suspense into overflowing joy.

But consternation filled the Spiritualists. It was evident, they were either deceivers or deceived. Their "manifestations," so far from inspiring public confidence, were not only looked upon with suspicion, but treated with derision by an incredulous community. Especially the seeing and smelling Mediums were held in "bad odor." "Spiritualism" was on the wane.

The zealots were in sore extremity. They had met with signal discomfiture. A bold stroke must be made to wipe out the disgrace and revive their sinking credit.

Presently it was announced that the spirits had called a mass-meeting of the Mediums to explain the *mystery* of what appeared to be either an honest mistake or wilful deception, and which by a perverse construction of their enemies was hazarding the interests, the existence even, of spiritology.

The time and place of the proposed meeting were specified with great particularity.

Punctual to the call, Believers and Infidels, a goodly number were assembled, and prominent among whom was Amos Funglehead. "The spirits," said brother B——, "have adopted a new method of 'manifestation' somewhat peculiar, but no matter how they may communicate, it is all for the best. If they choose to make a mis-statement, there is a good motive at the bottom, and no one has any right to call it in question."

This was received with marked satisfaction by the members of the "circle," especially by Amos.

Silence for awhile ensued, when it was proposed to sing a song of harmony, but the spirits not giving the key, it was omitted.

Brother O——, with solemn dignity, befitting the occasion, arose and said —

"This meeting doth call to my mind a congregation of Quakers. I would like to hear the 'members' relate what 'manifestations' they have had during the last week."

"We speak you to be quiet," interrupted Amos, vehemently, who had been sitting mute, but with distorted features and nervous twitchings, proving him to be the Medium of some powerful "demonstration." "If ye cannot be quiet we will everlastingly withdraw. A power sways us which individuality

cannot long endure. We are possessed. Spirit thoughts, and ideas and volitions, are pouring in upon me with such dreadful pressure, that unless the audience are attentive and candid, so I can communicate, it will be impossible to bear it. Let the *uncandid* leave the house, as we cannot speak fluently without universal *candor*. The subject to be considered is spiritual influence. Again we bid those who cannot appreciate our spiritual discourse to withdraw, or we (the spirits) will eternally withdraw from the presence of mankind.

"The spirit came here to communicate upon a certain point, but is obliged to postpone it because the minds of this assembly are diseased, and there is a want of *candor*.

"You can form no idea of the amount of thought the spirit infuses into me. We repeat, the topic which we came here to speak upon we cannot discuss for want of *candor*. But at some future time we will give twelve lectures of four hours each, and at the end of which, the spirit will reveal who he is. Sobriety distinguished him on earth, as his friends can testify, and in the Spheres he retains his personal identity. Hence, every thing like levity and sport he takes as a direct insult.

"Do you suppose the Medium insane? Look at the action of lunatics, and then at mine. If you discover no insanity in the Medium, then listen with *candor*.

"Will some one ask candid questions that they may receive a *spiritual, candid* answer?"

Question—by a member of the "circle." "What is the motive power of the system?"

Answer (by the spirits—entirely original). "Eternal principle of thought."

Question. "Why is it that there are but three besides Mediums that have seen the seventh Sphere?"

Answer. "Will answer at a future time, when the spirit can be *candidly* heard." The last reply called forth a tremendous burst of spiritual applause.

"We hold individuals by a power they knows not of," added the Medium, in a monitory tone. "We have endeavored to lead the audience to reflection and *candor*. Therefore beware!"

Thus spake the spirit through its mouth-piece, Amos Funglehead, and took its exit, leaving him again to mingle with *mortals* for a season, promising, however, that when he could be *candidly* heard, he should, by the permission and aid of the spirits, make some remarkable revelations.

The meeting (held on Sabbath evening) was deemed of such importance, and productive of so great good, that by the advice of the spirits the same was adjourned to the succeeding Sabbath, in the hope that a *candid* audience would be in attendance — also that the superstitious and misguided who were accustomed to squander their Sunday's at church, might be prevailed upon to forsake that foolish custom, and adopt the method of telegraphing directly to the Spirit-Land, a speedy and accurate way, so greatly preferable to the circumlocution and dull monotony of the pulpit.

Thus Funglehead, the quondum High Priest, made a successful rally to retrieve his sinking fortunes and redeem Spiritualism for reproach.

We are sorry to be obliged to add, that the adjourned meeting proved a failure, as the spirits were unable to attend, in consequence of the inclemency of the weather.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Speak to me!
For I have called on thee in the still night,
Started the slumbering birds from the hushed boughs,
And woke the mountain wolves and made the caves
Acquainted with thy vainly-echoed name,
Which answer'd me — many things answer'd me —
Spirits and men — but thou wert silent still."

DOCTOR Badger and his landlady, accompanied by Miss Boston, and two others of the "strong-minded," returned home. The arrival of such a force took Wilson somewhat by surprise; but as they were invited guests of his wife and the Doctor's, and more especially in anticipation of a "rich time," he received them with great cordiality and politeness.

A mesmeric affinity, an astrological conjunction, or some other cause, hidden in the depths of nature, led Wilson and Miss Boston, in particular, to form a ready and familiar acquaintance. Pleasantries were the "order of the day," and it was difficult to decide which of the two champions bore the palm in their tilts of wit and humor.

Among other qualities belonging to the personal identity of Miss B——, Wilson expressed great admiration of her costume, and beset his wife to *doff* her female regalia proper and *don* the bloomer, as the latest, if not the richest fashion. This she was not quite ready to do; but, said she, "would be in a little while; as soon as the election was over, if not before."

Bills were struck off by the village printer ("money makes the mare go"), announcing a meeting in favor of "woman's rights," to be held on the following day but one, at Academic Hall. The notices were "posted" and scattered in all directions. The school "marms" of the respective districts, by request, instructed their scholars to tell their parents and every body they should meet on the road.

The same day, several persons applied to Wilson for board. They could be accommodated, he said, in every way except lodging, and that they could have as soon as the visitors should leave — a very indefinite period, he confessed — since his guests belonged to the "woman's rights" party; and among other immunities claimed by them (and which he most cheerfully granted), was the right to visit when they please, where they please, and as long as they please.

The Doctor, advised of the state of affairs, kindly offered to relinquish his room to Miss Boston and *suite*, during their stay. "As for himself, he was willing," he said, "for so short a time, to sleep upon the sofa, or go to the neighbors, or do most any way, rather than have Mrs. Wilson lose the proposed boarders." She finally informed them that they could have rooms, as they wished to remain permanently.

Mrs. W —— introduced her visitors to the Doctor's apartment, which she informed them was the identical spot where the spirit appeared and prophesied. In retiring for the night, Miss B ——'s companions evidently betrayed signs of nervousness. Though naturally free from superstition, they could not help fancying they saw apparitions every moment. Not a flitting shadow, nor trifling noise, but to their sensitive imaginations

was either a ghost or hobgoblin. The house was surely haunted. Not so, Miss Boston. Her nerves were undisturbed, save by a feverish anxiety to see the spirit of the Mermaid, which she hoped and prayed might appear to her. But the silent watches, when specters and witches are abroad, glided darkly by, and her eyes, though longing for the sight, were not greeted with even the shade of a "manifestation."

The following day, Doctor Badger called upon the occupants, *pro tempore*, of his own quarters. By the power of association, conversation naturally turned upon the topic of the Mermaid. Graphic was the description which the revelator gave of the scenes connected with the advent. And they were in the haunted room! The man who saw, and heard, and felt the miracle, himself stood before them! What a reality! What reflections it awakened! What sacred awe it inspired! It was almost like lifting the curtain that hides the Spirit-World.

The timid inmates of the "haunted chamber" (as they called it), wrought upon by the recent narrative till their imaginations swarmed with specters, took the greatest care to guard against all ghostly intrusions. The room was carefully searched, in the closet, behind the fire-board, and under the bed — every door and window was firmly locked, bolted, and nailed, before they dared to lay their heads upon their pillows.

Miss B—— rallied them for their childish fears. She was herself a stranger to any such emotions, too "strong-minded" to be troubled about witches, and too much of a "Spiritualist" to stand in dread of ghosts. Her only fear was that the Mermaid would not appear. She could imagine no good reason why the

spirit might not manifest itself to her that night. Surely it will, thought she, if it only considers my anxiety, the purity of my motives, and the welfare of our cause. She had a strong and growing presentiment that her hope would be realized.

Again, Night stretched forth her "leaden scepter," calling mortals to the land of dreams. Badger, with genuine philanthropy and stoic fortitude, took his bachelor's berth on the parlor sofa. The "silent watches" had begun their round, and he was "dropping off to sleep," when (audible to him alone) broke upon his ear. "Awake! arouse!" His eyes flew open, not with fright but joyful surprise,— for there *she* stood the personification of ideal beauty.

"Miss ——" (Boston he was going to shout)—and his strained optics gazed on vacancy! In feverish suspense he watched for her return, till nature exhausted, he was relapsing into a drowse, as again the voice rung in his ear —

"Awake! awake!"

"Mrs. ——" was on his lips, and again the spirit vanished. Amazed and disappointed, he lay cogitating on the freakishness of his amphibious acquaintance, when, like a flash of moonlight darting into his presence, she forestalled his utterance thus:

"Hold! man, thy tongue! If I to womankind
Desired to speak — think'st thou I knew it not?
My present mission is alone to *thee*.
Thy actions have I seen, and marked them well,
As faithful thou hast been to my behest.
To thy apartment thrice I've been unseen,
This night, and hither do I come, to praise

Thy firm fidelity against the arts
Of that ambitious woman, whose sole aim
It is, upon the wave of popular
Reform to ride, as queen, to quechly rank
And fame, which for myself I claim and thee.
As thou hast been, be steadfast to thy trust,
This speak I from the Spirit-Land — adieu ; "

and with one flourish of her finny extremity, phantom-like, she disappeared.

Badger, like a monomaniac, rushing to his room to deliver the tidings to Miss Boston, assaulted the door with great violence, but she having the capacity of sleeping soundly did not hear him. Not thus her companions. Their thoughts teeming with spirits making sleep "hard to catch," they were "all eye, all ear," as at the first rap on the door, with a half suppressed shriek, they sought escape from danger by burying their heads under the bedclothes. Loud and yet louder echoed the mysterious knockings, while our brave Reformers (!) clung to each other, speechless and almost breathless, with fright at this "demonstration" of a Rapping Spirit.

Miss Boston's slumbers remained oblivous, sleep's "poppied warmth" having sealed her eyelids. With indomitable perseverance our bachelor Medium redoubled his knocks with such determined vigor as to arouse Mrs. and Mr. Wilson; she, affrighted, imagined thieves to have gained access to the house. A repetition of the out-of-season disturbance set Wilson upon search for the cause, which was soon discovered, and discharging a well-aimed volley of wit at the old bachelor, he returned and reported the result of his researches to his wife.

In opposition to the remonstrances of her husband, she started to administer summary discipline upon the disturber of her house, whom she met, and who for once, getting the start of her tongue, said —

"Mrs. Wilson, I've seen the spirit again."

"*Have* you?"

"Yes!"

"Where?"

"In the parlor, — tell Miss Boston; quick."

Away she bounded, and fell to pounding and kicking, and rattling the door, crying —

"Miss Boston! Miss Boston!"

"What is it?" asked she, at length aroused.

"Mr. Badger sees the Mermaid!" exclaimed the news-bearer, with agitation.

"Oh dear! oh — dear!" uttered the two "strong-minded," in a half-smothered tone, still buried in the blankets.

Lucy hastening to the parlor, with the utmost despatch, Badger related to her what had occurred.

"O that I could have been here!" said she. "Why did you not instantly call me, Mr. Badger?"

"I was going to," replied he; "but before I could speak the very first letter of your name, it was out of sight every time."

Feeling a strong presentiment of its reappearance, she proposed to take his place on the sofa, and so by stratagem obtain a sight of the being which had so pertinaciously avoided her. The Doctor gallantly consented, and as a *dernier resort* for a couch, sought and occupied the lounge in the sitting room.

Miss B—— speedily followed, not in the "footsteps," but the resting place of her "illustrious predecessor."

Scarcely had she closed her eyes in pretended slumber, when greeted with, "I come again, O man, with words of cheer to thee, and———"

Of the aquatic speaker proceeding thus, Miss B——, peeping through her half-opened eyelids, caught a glance, and but a glance, when the deluded spirit, discovering the fraud, instantly assumed a horrid aspect, and with a terrific shriek darted spitefully into invisibility.

Miss Boston had seen the spirit of the Mermaid! But why should it leave her so abruptly in a huff? And would it not return?

Revolving these queries in her mind, our heroine, to court a new "manifestation," again closed her eyes in mock sleep, when her hopes were realized in the salutation—

"Awake! thou mortal *good* and *bad*, awake! Since thou myself hast kenn'd, although by trick, felonious; more shalt thou see and hear. Ope wide thine eyes, behold me now and list!"

Lo! what a metamorphosis! Her scales and hair erect, her broad fins spread, and eyes like balls of fire, she stood the personification of Fury infuriated, and thus continued—

"O, woman, thinkest thou I know thee not?
Thy sympathy and zeal for the oppressed?
Why didst thou seek in heart of man to lodge
The disbelief of my own entity,
When him I brought in timely aid to thee?
'Twas wicked guile, and hence my present shape.

Dost see and hear me now? Then doubt no more,
Nor dare again thy stratagems repeat,
Lest haply I, in form more ugly come,
And, like "ten furies," haunt thee night and day."

In a twinkling, resuming her former appearance —

"Behold me now, for what in thee is good,
Our cause is just and will prevail — Be this
The motto on thy shield of faith — adieu."

She spake — and melted into air. The Mermaid was a *fixed fact!* So was the prophecy; and of course its fulfillment must be equally as fixed *in futuro*.

Girded with new strength and fired with fresh zeal, our heroine was now fully panoplied. Henceforth she could boldly plead in aid of the Reform, the proof of its divinity, based not upon speculation nor testimony, but her own "firm, unalterable experience," and repeating to herself, "*Our cause is just and will prevail*," she fell asleep.

Her companions scarcely shut their eyes the live-long night, no less curious to see, yet afraid to move lest they *should* behold a sheeted ghost.

Morning came. To report the meeting of the inmates of the boarding-house is needless. Imagination can supply the omission. It is enough to say that each spoke well their part, especially Wilson, than whom none ever saw

"A merrier man
Within the limits of becoming mirth."

The chief object of Mrs. Wilson in having the "strong-

minded" return with her, was the conversion of her husband to the "good cause."

They saw, at a glance, what sort of stuff he was made of—

> "Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!
> Who relished a joke, and rejoiced in a pun
> Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
> A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;
> Who scattered around, wit and humor at will;
> Whose daily *bons mots* half a column might fill."

Prudence teaching them not to draw him into open encounter, they finally, by dint of argument and exhortation combined, persuaded their over-zealous hostess that what could not be gained by force, must be compassed by generalship, and so the line of policy with respect to her chivalric lord was clear. They must amuse him and retain his good-will until the revolution should be consummated. Then must the jolly heretic submit or suffer. One thing at any rate was very gratifying.

If they could not win him over to their ranks, neither could he stop the Reform. Horses and carriage "summoned," the Reformers took a "turn" into the country, accompanied by their incorrigible host.

All were in the best of spirits, save Miss B——'s room companions, whose dullness, red eyes, and frequent yawning betrayed their last night's vigils. Their excursion was enlivened by pleasant anecdote and sportive jest, Wilson ever and anon exclaiming, "Huzzah for Spirit Knockings and Woman's Rights! That suit you, my duck? You're my candidate, you know — I always go the 'straight ticket,' so I suppose I belong to the party — a regular 'turncoat.' Hurrah for my wife and 'woman's rights'" — and the like.

"You will be taken care of in due time, sir," said Miss Boston, in a prophetic tone.

Mrs. Wilson was sanguine that her husband would be converted. All thought his case a hopeful one, and congratulated each other on the prospective accession to their strength.

Well timed,

"The tocsin of the soul — the dinner bell!"

greeted the return of the *troupe* whose inner and outer man and *woman* were capacitated amply to relish the continuous "feast of fat things." The afternoon waned — our fair Reformers made preparation for the public meeting in the evening. At an early hour the little village filled up with all sorts of people, flowing into it from all directions and in all sorts of style.

Academic Hall proving much too straight for the multitude, they adjourned to the yard in front illumined by the combined light of Reform and the full moon! In organizing, a spirited contest took place in the election of a chairwoman, there being two opposing candidates, Mrs. Wilson and the editor's wife. After a smart canvass the latter was declared chosen, though by a very close vote. Our landlady stood, or sat, the next in official rank.

As a prelude to the exercises, the village band, having volunteered their services, played with great gusto —

"There's a good time coming, girls."

One of Miss Boston's traveling companions opened the meeting in a brief, neat address, showing what the relative position of the sexes had been, and defining what it should be. To the mass, her ideas were, for the most part, entirely new.

Lucy was then introduced as chief speaker of the evening. She was glad, she said, to appear before the honest yeomanry and yeo-*womanry* of the country. It was there that virtue dwelt. She was under the open, *free* vault of nature's great temple, and which, thank Heaven, *man* could not monopolize. Was the air formed more to fan the lungs of man than of woman? Does earth send forth her fountains more to slake his thirst than hers? And shall not her *mind* and *muscles* be held as sacred and as free? From this point the speaker proceeded to establish the equality and identity of all human rights, civil, social and domestic.

Her speech was every way worthy of herself and the cause. Loud cheers attested that she had made a decided "*hit.*" Nor was *noise* the only fruit of her effort. The few who had not signed the petition, did so at once, pledging fidelity to the Reform. A vote was passed on the spot, quite unanimously, to support the "woman's rights" ticket at the forthcoming election.

Miss Boston said it was part of her business to give those an opportunity, who wished to subscribe for *The Broom*, their campaign paper, which would be issued weekly at the Capitol until the close of election.

Great was the rush of subscribers. In that quarter all things were rife for revolution.

Wilson said he hoped they "would have a good time of it."

The following day Miss Boston and attendants took their leave, escorted some distance on their way by Doctor Badger. They separated, the former to prosecute their mission, the latter returned to his "boarding-place."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide."

THE reader will recollect the departure of Miss Boston from the terms of her published bill, in her tangent movement, in quest of the Mermaid, and, as she supposed, the consequent disappointment of several large audiences. But Rev. Mr. Q——, the abrupt seceder, prompted by philanthropy or some other motive, had himself fulfilled each appointment, making eloquent appeals in behalf of the rights of woman, and with favorable results, notwithstanding the fanatical miscarriage of our fair reformer and the disappointment of the people in losing the novelty and pleasure of seeing the person, and witnessing the eloquence of the fascinating Bloomer.

We might stop here to vindicate, or at least palliate the conduct of our heroine, in her apparent want of moral sense, in forsaking her engagements. We will only say, that "to err, is human." Minds the strongest, and souls the most ingenuous, are liable to be thrown from their balance. But a *single* error, however great, if repented of and not repeated, should easily be forgiven.

Miss Boston came to herself again. On consulting her "bill," with the view of redeeming the remainder of her

pledges, she found herself in time to attend the great state convention, to be held on the fourth of July following.

In every quarter, throughout the state, was heard the din of preparation. At length, the ever-to-be-remembered fourth of July, eighteen hundred seventy-six, came. It was a glorious morning. The sun dashed forth in all his splendor over the [illegible] as upon Austerlitz, the harbinger of victory. Coaches, carriages, carts and every other available vehicle, laden with delegates; horsemen, horsewomen, and pedestrians; mothers and daughters, grand-mothers and grand-daughters, civic and rustic; a miscellaneous aggregate of *quality* and *inequality*, enveloped with clouds of dust, crowded the high-ways and by-ways. Locomotives, screaming and thundering, rushed to the depots, with their extra mammoth trains. Steamboats and other craft, large and small, sunk to the water's edge beneath their living freight, choked the river channel for miles above and below the city. To complete the demonstration, chairs, tables, téte-e-tétes, side-boards and every species of furniture with feet or legs from two to four, animated by the spirits, in sympathy with, if not the actual projectors of the political reform, and ambitious of precedence in the grand initiative, sallied from parlor and kitchen, work-shop and ware-room, and struck an *air line*, pell mell, through flood, field and forest, straining every nerve, Albany-ward! From Champlain to the mouth of the Hudson, from Erie's waters to the St. Lawrence, came the "strong-minded" and *cabinet-ware* masses, pouring in upon the capitol, like an overwhelming deluge. The earth trembled under the mighty movement. Particular rendezvous there was none. It was impracticable, for in every direction,

far as the eye could reach, was one dense mass of women, children, furniture and men. Music swelled its most stirring strains. Flags and petticoats flapped in the breeze. And such booming of guns and pealing of bell-metal! Such shouts and huzzas as went up from the sea of voices! The very air became vocal, and the heavens reverberated! Belfries announced the hour for marching in grand demonstration through the principal streets. Coming to time, appeared the officers: Betsey-Ann, Boss, Grand Marshal of the day — a bloomer, after the straitest sect, bestride a milk-white charger — supported by Tabitha Toplady, Rebecca Rider, Lacretia Cockburn and Henrietta Hornblower, assistant Marshals, together with an indefinite number of subalterns, all "booted and spurred" and horsed.

> "After many strains and heaves,
> They got up the saddle-eaves,
> From whence they vaulted into the seat,
> With so much vigor, strength, and heat,
> That they had almost tumbled over
> With their own weight, but did recover,
> By laying hold of neck and mane,
> Which oft they us'd instead of reign."

Fruitlessly the officers essayed to form the procession, so densely were they packed and wedged; nor could they move without trampling numbers beneath their horses' feet. Rising aloft in their stirrups, the redoubtable staff brandished their weapons, and at the top of their slender, feminine voices, vociferated, "Fall into order, fall into order," which did but increase, if possible, the *disorder*, as the mighty *jam* swayed

to and fro like the waves of the ocean. Force and fortune at length opened a breach. The quick-sighted Marshal seizing the lucky moment, shouted —

"Music, strike up! crowd fall into line according to the *handbill*, and follow your leaders."

It was like the conflicting rush of many waters — collapsing, rebounding, chafing, twisting and writhing in alternate impingement and repulsion. Nevertheless, in the lapse of time, by dint of extraordinary exertion and the aid of the spirits — Cleopatra in particular — the chaotic mass verging towards an equilibrium, was moulded into tolerable shape, when the prodigious column moved forward in the following manner:

1. *Grand Marshal* of the day, and Staff, with proud port, dancing plumes and drawn swords.

2. BAND of the MUSES, under the direction of Madam Fugleman, fife and drum major. A union of musicians and combination of musical *implements*, altogether unparalleled. Next to Miss Fanny Fairy-Finger, who "touched the light guitar" — the leading instrument of the band — was particularly prominent Mrs. Thumpemhard, a very portly lady, and the most extraordinary *base*-drummer in all America. It was truly astonishing with what scientific precision and masterly emphasis she made every blow tell upon the deacon-skin. Last, though not least, either in magnitude or celebrity, was Aunt Philice, the Ethiopian Minstreless, executing the most exquisite antics on her *Banjo*. But we will not tantalize the reader by attempting an adequate description of that music. Imagine all the conceivable sounds extractive and extortable from metal, wood,

calf-skin and feline intestines, and you will have a faint idea of the magic execution of the Band of the Muses.

3. *Standard Bearers*, holding aloft and flaunting to the breeze an ensign, huge and unique, consisting of an enormous serpent, of the Boa Constrictor species, on a field *argent*; its position neither *couchant*, *salient*, nor *rampant*, but what, in heraldic terms, would probably be called the *bend-sinister*, as it lay in something of a half circle, with its head thrust out of one leg of a pair of pantaloons, and its tail out of the other. From the sapient lips of her snakeship issued the mystic, armorial motto,

"TH, EDE, VILTO, PA, Y."

These symbolical characters said to have been inscribed by an amanuensis of the Spheres, it is not our province — even granting us the ability — to interpret, but giving the *fac-simile*, opportunely furnished us by a connoisseur artist, we leave it for the reader, if possible, to decipher.

4. *Military*. And first and foremost, directly under the ample shadow of their talismanic standard, the BARE BOSOM BATTALION, a set of rosy-cheeked, cherry-lipped, luscious-looking lasses as man ever fastened eyes on, formed upon a model for speedy execution, and — as their appellation indicates — free, fearless, and brave. Their *arms* of nature's own fashioning, as yet un-battered or begrimed by campaign exposure, but soon to assume the gallant port of actual service, possessed a polish so perfect, as at the first glance of their sheen, to bedizzen and paralyze the sterner foe. Once to aim their true *minnie* (eye) balls at a poor fellow, was to annihilate him.

"Quick work, without waste of ammunition," was their watch-word; while, in clemency to their victims, they were careful never to plant their charge elsewhere than plump in the *heart*. Their distinctive banner, crimson silk, embellished with golden tassels, and interwoven for device, a youthful cavalier, upon his knees, in an imploring attitude, at the feet of a damsel, under the protecting ægis of a swooping American eagle.

Motto: "*Woman's Rights — No Quarter.*"

5. BLUE STOCKING BOLTERS, composed of staid spinsters, tall, lean, and lank, evidently fitted for long marches, hard fare and great endurance, yet looking dejected, wo-begone. Whether or not their uniform was symbolical, we cannot say; but their boots were green;* their jackets and trowsers covered with a profusion of green cord and lace; epaulets, knapsacks, and cartouch boxes the same; and lastly, as a sort of top gallant, to complete the climax, they supported towering green *chapeaus*, surmounted by lofty, drooping feathers of like color. Their banner corresponded; *field*, green flannel hung with festoons and pendants of tea-colored crape. *Device*: a bald old bachelor *lassoed* by a female of Amazonian proportions; the captor dragging the victim to an altar at the base of a decayed hemlock, and overhead a turtle-dove, mateless and roosting on a solitary limb.

Motto: "*Maiden's Rights and Annexation.*"

6. LONG RIFLE RANGERS — distinguished by a peculiarly careless air and jaunting gait: destitute of knapsacks and canteens, doubtless calculating to supply the demands of appetite wherever they might chance to light upon the necessaries. Ban-

* The emblematic color, signifying *forsaken*.

ner, a net-work of *yarn* — not *street*-yarn, but the regular spun. Device: a woman scaling a fence on the margin of an extensive common — house in the distance-behind.

Motto: "*Extension of the area of Female Freedom.*"

7. HIGH-FLYING ARTILLERY, a free and easy, rollicking, dare-devil kind of crew, with features marked and distinctive — eyes black, lips thin, feet small, ankles slender; from crown to toe, trim as a greyhound. But extremes meet. Their *fatigue* dress consisted of a wonderful profusion of all kinds of fashionable finery, with accouterments correspondent in variety and extravagance. Banner: a field of silver be-studded, be-laced, and be-tasseled with pearls, diamonds, and massive golden nuggets. Device: A peacock spread — and a pugnacious swan snapping at the heels of a retreating donkey.

Motto: "*Progress! Clear the track!!*"

8. GRAY-HEADED GRENADIERS, whose appellation is sufficiently descriptive of their character and appearance. They bore a black flag, on which was represented an aged matron throwing her protecting arms around a timid maiden, and "looking daggers" at a group of "boys of a larger growth."

Inscription: "*Plague take the day I begat you.*"

9. FAIRY LIGHT GUARDS; The Municipal *Attache*, or Body Guard of the Great Metropolis.

Fair "gartered" Knights of the Silver Bow,
With quivers full of cupid-darts;
Who boldly face the whiskered foe,
And "conquer peace" by conq'ring hearts.

10. ETHIOPIAN REAR GUARD, the imposing climax in this military display of the feminine *Fillibusters*, heaving up in the

distance, like a thunder-cloud on the horizon, and especially distinguished by their armor of *ivory*, which gleamed in serried rows like streaks of light. Over them floated a white banner, bearing a stately negress seated in the chair of State, with a train of white attendants at her back, and in either hand the insignia of power.

Motto: "*Ethiopia and America — Liberty and Equality.*"

11. Sewing Societies.
12. Quilting Clubs.
13. Secret Societies.
14. Know Somethings.
15. Distinguished characters; among them, Mrs. Caudle, Mrs. Partington, Madam Fudge, and Mother Bunch.
16. Spiritualists, in their respective orders of Rappers, Tippers, Writers, Talkers, Singers, Impressibles and Smellers.
17. Spirits and Furniture.
18. Citizens and strangers, in unnumbered thousands.

Accomplishing the passage of the principal avenues to the foot of State Street, the doughty phalanx wheeled, and with nimble step marching up the ascent to the tune of

"*The Bloomer Gallopade,*"

environed the capitol, with a massive, living wall of iron hearts, in aspect more "battailous" than simply political. An imposing deputation demanded, in behalf and for the occupancy of the Female State Convention, the immediate surrender of the chamber. This summary demand met with a prompt and heroic denial.

What audacity! How grossly insulting to the dignity and honor of the fair *fillibusters*, thus to obstruct the action of

their far-reaching *patriotic* ambition! A case so extremely aggravating, so destructive of authority, so unappreciative of popular sovereignty, so utterly shameless a violation of the laws of good breeding! what could it require but the most summary measures, to avenge the insult and wipe out the disgrace? Patriotism, to the last latent spark, kindled with heroineic rage. A council of war forthwith ensued. Brief was the consultation — prompt the decision. Following a hasty disposition of forces, and a philippic harangue, to

"Stiffen the sinews and summon up the blood."

"*Music. — Onward, ye Braves,*" screamed the Marshal in chief. One enthusiastic shout, echoed by the multitudes, with the voice of swelling thunder, and the cohorts — as greyhounds from the leash — dashed forward, filling porch, hall, and chamber, and like an avalanche overwhelming the Legislature. Resistance was attempted, but in vain. The members of either House driven before the inrushing tide, and unable to escape, huddled together in every corner, like frightened sheep. Hurling the Speaker headlong from his seat, General Boss occupied the desk, surrounded by her staff, and the orators of the day. Over them, aloft, was planted the revolutionary ensign — *breeches* and *boa* — with circling spires, flaming crest and subtle eye; while, from window and gallery, waved the banners of defiance and triumph. Senate and House shared equal fate. Completely overthrown, hemmed in and garrisoned about, they considered "discretion the better part of valor," and made no further show of resistance. The Jacobins thus in undisputed possession of the capitol, Marshal Boss arose amid tremendous

cheers, and waving her claymore, in token of silence, announced that, in accordance with a preconcerted and secret arrangement, the Honorable Hannah Ann Hancock, a worthy descendant of the illustrious John, of revolutionary memory, would read her *public document* for the action of the convention. Whereupon the distinguished lady, advancing with measured dignity and precision, pronounced the following

DECLARATION:

When, in the course of inhuman events, it becomes necessary for one sex to break the oppressive bands which have linked them with the other, and to assume the separate and superior station to which the laws of nature and their own abilities evidently entitle them, a voluntary condescension leads them to declare the causes which impel them to the dissolution.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all women are created *superior;* that they are invested by their formation with certain unmistakable rights; that among these are life and the liberty of doing as they please; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of those ends, it is the right of the women to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new polity, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such forms, as to them shall seem most likely and speedily and safely and successfully to effect their purpose. Prudence indeed will dictate, that a government long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that woman-kind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which

they have been accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a settled purpose to grind them under absolute and eternal tyranny, it is their right, it is their duty, to rise up and put down such a despotism, and raise new breast-works for their future protection. Such has been the meek and patient sufferance of the women of this state; and such is the necessity which drives them to upset the former system of government. The history of man is a history of repeated, uninterrupted, unprovoked and most outrageous injuries, usurpations and insults, all combining in a direct conspiracy, forever, to hamper the females of this state. For proof of this, let the plain facts in the case be told to the world.

He has refused to make laws, wholesome and necessary, for the good of the female public.

He has, on the contrary, passed laws the most unnecessary, unwholesome, and unpalatable to the feminine democracy of this commonwealth.

He has prevented the establishment of justice.

He has erected a multitude of houses and incarcerated us within them.

He has tried to make the male independent of and superior to the female power.

He has endeavored to bring us under a subjection contrary to our constitution; performing acts of legislation and custom:

For saddling large troops of children upon us;

For curtailing our desires;

For limiting our expenses;

For packing burdens upon us without our consent;

For compelling us to make clothes, and scour and starch and darn them every week for him to wear out on his own back;

For dooming us to delve in the kitchen;

For confining us in the nursery prison;

For disallowing us the privilege of voting and holding public office;

For covering us with shilling calico when we choose silk, and with silk when we prefer satin.

For refusing us a seat in the legislature and declaring himself clothed with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever:

He has annulled our right of governing by declaring us under his subjection, and waging war against our privileges;

He has plundered our affections, rummaged our quarters, *hooked* our dresses, and fattened on the spoils of our sex;

He has excited domestic insurrections among us, and let loose his merciless passions to prey upon us, and sought by all the means in his power to crush out our lives under his unhallowed feet.

In every stage of these usurpations and oppressions we have petitioned for redress and relief in terms the most pert and emphatic, as well as lofty and authoritative; our oft-repeated petitions, complaints and demands, have been answered only by repeated wrongs.

A creature, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit and *unable* to be the head and ruler of free women.

Nor have we been wanting in proper attentions to our male

brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, against attempting to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of our peculiar circumstances. We have appealed to their sense of justice, magnanimity and decency, and we have conjured them by the ties of our common kindred, by the cords of affection, by the sacred ligaments of matrimony, by the tendrils of sympathy, by the nerves of independence and the muscles of vengeance; in short, by all the affections that link, and all the antipathies that sunder the sexes, we have implored and notified them to disavow and discontinue these usurpations and oppressions, which would inevitably interrupt our connection and intercourse. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and mercy, of love and hatred, of warning and retribution. We are driven, therefore, to acquiesce in the necessity which impels us to revolution, and to hold them as we hold all *man*-kind—hyenas in war; in peace, mules.

We, therefore, the delegates of the women of the state of New York, in general convention assembled, appealing to the highest rule of the world, the supremacy of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good women of this commonwealth, deliberately and solemnly declare, that the females of this state are, and of right ought to be, FREE AND INDEPENDENT; that they are absolved from all allegiance to men; and that as free and independent women, they have full power to declare war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, forsake their children, enslave the men, let themselves loose, in short, "*rule the roost*," and to do every thing else which independent women may and can do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the

stretch of our ambition, the inflexibility of our will and the strength of our *grit*, we mutually pledge each other to stick together, and, "sink or swim," to *fight it through*, or *fail in the attempt.*"

At this new Declaration of Independence, patriotism, like a pent-up flood, broke loose and rushed beyond all bounds. Hands, feet and lungs, vied with each other in patriotic concussion and momentum. The capitol shook and legislators grew pale. This ebullition of freedom measurably subsiding, Fannyetta Freeman, Esq., presented the following—

Resolved, That this convention, having taken The Declaration of Independence, just read, into their most deliberate and serious consideration, do, on this the fourth day of July, 1876, unanimously declare that the reasons assigned in this immortal document, for pronouncing the women of the state of New York free and independent, are most pointed, cogent and conclusive; and while we greatly deplore the necessity which has made this measure unavoidable, we approve the same, and will, at all hazards, hug together in supporting it.

An approving shout proclaimed the resolution carried. Liberty was jubilant! Music woke to phrensied joy her "instruments of wind and sound," as the band of the Muses delivered in uproarious harmony—

"The Lords of Creation,"

after which the "campaign quartette" discoursed, in a style worthy the palmy age of *Log Cabin-ism*, the following ode, composed expressly for the occasion:—

Ye women of the Empire State!
In your own hands you grasp your fate;
Hold it fast!

The nail upon the head you've struck,
And now with genuine woman's pluck,
Clinch it fast!

Proud man, at last, is in your fist,
And though he flounce, and squirm, and twist,
Hold him fast!

He'll through your fingers try to slip,
But clutch him; and with a death-grip
Hold him fast!

So let him sly, the *possum* play,
Or strive by force, to get away,
Hold him fast!

Now lose no time in parley blab,
But quick, with an almighty grab,
Hold him fast!

This was the signal for the final maneuver in this mistressly "*coup d'tat*," this grand stroke of revolutionary policy. The startling motion was at once made (evidently according to a previously concocted plan) and unanimously passed, commanding the Legislature to go into session upon the spot, and forthwith to pass a law granting women their right to vote and hold public office.

"Treason! *treason!*" echoed from different corners, whither assemblymen and senators had taken refuge.

"Bare-bosom battalion: *prepare arms, charge!*" shouted

the Grand Marshal. The onset was irresistible. Our public servants, as *always* true to their constituents and the interests of the country, met it gallantly, *like men*, and grappled with their antagonists, willing to sell themselves as dearly as possible in their country's service; but each one being taken *smack* in the *face* with a *blunder-buss*, it was too much for flesh and blood to withstand. Capitulating, they cried for "quarters," elevating a white handkerchief as a flag of truce; not however till they had given back to their assailants as good as they sent, and earned by their valor the enviable name of "Defenders of the Constitution." Our veteran and gallant legislators were led to their seats, submissive, pliant, and even willing captives, doubtless with noble magnanimity, acting upon the principle that "to the victors belong the spoils," and forthwith passed the following enactment:—

AN ACT

CONCERNING WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Whereas, it is clearly evident that the women are in every thing equal, if not superior, to the men, and

Whereas, it is just and expedient, because it is just, that they should enjoy fully and freely all the rights of citizenship: Therefore

The people of the state of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact and declare

That the constitution of this State be, and hereby is, altered and amended, so as to enfranchise all females past the age of twelve years, granting them the right to vote at all elections, making them eligible to public office, and entitling them in all

respects to the same, and equal political privileges with male citizens.

Passed July 4th, 1876.

The deed was done! The scepter departed from man! His empire, six thousand years old, was no more! The underpenning suddenly extracted from the Babel of his sovereignty, the cloud-capped iron-ribbed, time-defiant structure came tumbling to pieces. Awful crash! The State-House shook. The very hills of the capital rocked, and the Hudson fled up stream! A portentous tremor shot through either hemisphere, startling the inhabitants like the shock of an earthquake.

But at the capital was tumultuous joy. Music poured out its very soul. The bells opened their brazen throats. Cannons bellowed and roared as if ready to split their sides. Shouts and huzzas from countless thousands rent the heavens.

Meanwhile the male inhabitants of the city and others from abroad, attracted thither by the spectacle, grouped together here and there, wherever a spot could be found for the sole of their foot, some making merry over the scene, treating it as a most capital joke. Others, sedate and thoughtful, shook their heads and cast anxious looks, regarding the transactions of the day as an innovation in the highest degree dangerous, tending strongly to the corruption of morals and the subversion of public order. Deeply earnest were their protestations against the blindness, the folly, the culpability of winking at, or trifling with such proceedings — proceedings of a character so grave, so shameless, so lawless; meriting the contempt and demanding the stern rebuke of every good and honest citizen. Treason stalked boldly in the capital! Civil war was waged! The

reins of government were in the hands of the mob! Anarchy had begun! Imbeciles! madmen! traitors! who could jest over manhood despoiled, laugh at civil polity nullified, and view simply as a pleasant farce, the sinking wreck of society.

But we must, at least for the present, leave the jolly *progressionists*, fearless of "new measures," to make merry, and the old *fogies*, with lengthening visage, to peer ominously through their spectacles.

Their object accomplished in the enactment of a bloodless revolution, the convention adjourned with cheers "three times three," making heaven and earth ring again. With colors flying, and

"All the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds,"

the triumphal return began. Animated nature, and even the very elements, caught the new spirit of *progression*. Horses were fleet as the wind, and carriage-wheels rolled without friction. Vessels like whizzing arrows shot through the foam. Steam generated new power. Electricity darted with increased velocity. Locomotives like mighty war chargers, snorting and pawing, leaped from their stations with nerves of steel and breath of fire, whirling the illustrious victors, almost with the velocity of lightning, over their burning tracks! Waters spouted; forests waved; hills made obeisance; winds whistled *Yankee Doodle*, while every where tables, chairs and stools fell to kicking up their heels for joy! The *Spheres* were evidently celebrating the occasion!

Moonlight gleamed on the capital

CHAPTER XIX.

"Who shall decide when Mediums disagree?"

AMONG those whose vocation led them, by the various "ways and means," to discover the hidden things of both worlds, an intermeddling or prying spirit had been called up, giving an additional demonstration of the beauties and utility of "Spiritualism."

Funglehead the Seer, one night, from the "Rock of Vision," through his spiritual eye-glasses, saw a young lady, a member of the "circle," *somewhere*, and publicly reported the same. She positively declared it was not "her, but somebody else."

Amos also saw a gentleman *somewhere else*, who, when the news thereof came to his ears, pronounced it false, as he was not *there*, and never had been.

This afforded matter for public speculation to an indefinite extent. Some thought the Seer could not be taken. Quite a number suggested, that if he did see anything, he had no business to tell of it. The ladies, in particular, [illegible] the broad ground, that he had no right to *look any way*.

"It comes to a pretty pass," said they, "if a body can't go nowhere, nor do nothing, nor even speak nor think, without having old Amos roosting on his rock and peeking through his specs at us all the time."

This subject of Amos' spiritual clairvoyance was finally and very elaborately canvassed one afternoon, at a large tea-party. Were we writing in the by-gone age of horse-power, when the world trundled along by stage coach, under the everlasting four "knots an hour" system, we would furnish a report in detail of the interesting session, to fill up the time, and relieve the dull monotony. But as this is the age of steam and lightning, making time and space mere abbreviations, when people read, and eat, and sleep laconically, we must adapt ourselves to the spirit of the times, and narrate generically and not specifically, except where very particular reasons necessitate the contrary. Accordingly, the details of our anti-spiritualistic tea-party, though in many respects novel and edifying, we pass unchronicled. However, it will indicate the outline, and imagination can fill up the picture, when we say that Amos would have been in extreme peril, had he shown his head among them. Some threatened to throw scalding water on him, and others declared they would smash his spectacles, if they could get their hands on them. High ran the excitement, and desperate were the machinations against him, when a maiden lady, who had hitherto maintained a degree of taciturnity, with a view to quell the turbulence of her mobocratic sisters, exclaimed —

"Why, law me! I jist as lives Mr. Funglehead would look at me all the while, as not."

Finally, they all agreed they had never said or done any thing to be ashamed of, but still they held that it was ungentlemanly and impudent in Amos to be forever peeking into other peoples' matters.

Celestial meetings had been held, and divers manifestations made, when a spirit (through what kind of a Medium we never knew) called the "circle" together again, on a certain evening. All the members were present and highly elated. Encircling the table, after the manner of the old regimen, they joined hands, and the "manifestations" commenced, varying respectively, according to the different kinds of Mediums.

The "rappers" began to thump. The "writers" motioned for paper and pencil, which not being furnished them, they used their finger-nails upon the table, making deep spiritual indentations. The "talkers" made mouths. The "smellers" snuffed, and the eyes of Amos the Seer projected from their sockets, apparently fastened on some distant object. Thus was constituted a grand union circle, a combination of the different schools of Spiritopathy, a grand consolidation and opening of all the sluices of communication from the Spirit-Land.

The room was evidently full of spirits, loading the Mediums with dispatches, ready to be announced.

But the "master of ceremonies" was in a quandary. If he should put the usual question —"What spirits are present?" they would all answer at once, in clamor and confusion. To ask in rotation was inexpedient, lest those delayed should take offense at being slighted, and in consequence, important messages be lost to the world. Here was a dilemma, unlooked for and perplexing. But something must be done, for the spirits were not to be trifled with. On the whole, as the safest alternative, he concluded to call for particular spirits, from whom he felt anxious to hear. So he asked,

"Is the spirit of Peter Finkle present?"

Thump — thump — thump, by the "rappers."

"Here," "*here*," cut deep in the table by the "writers."

"On hand every time," sung out the "talker."

Funglehead's eyes plainly indicated that he saw it.

Z. Socrates the "smeller," with nostrils distended, snorted like a porpoise.

All answering thus in the affirmative, it was unquestionable that the spirit was communicative *any* way, and *every* way. However, preferring to leave it to adopt its own method, the operator inquired —

"What does the spirit of Peter Finkle wish to communicate?"

Answer (by the talking Medium). "Don't believe any body but me. Those 'rappers' are impostors, and so are all the others. They were turned out of the 'Spheres' and cast down to purgatory. I tell the truth."

Answer (by the writing Mediums). "That talker is no good spirit. It is a notorious liar. Shun it."

The other Mediums were mute, as they never communicated except in answer to interrogatories, although they appeared to be under deep concern of mind, and no wonder. The "writer" had his backers, who declared he was right. So, on the other hand, the "talker" — and things took on a dubious aspect.

The leader, being partial to the old school — in other words, the "rappers" (who were sitting with knuckles ready on the table) — determined to give them a chance, and asked —

"Art thou the real spirit of Peter Finkle?"

Answer, by all, affirmatively.

Question. Art thou in the Upper Sphere?

Hull rapped in the affirmative and half in the negative.

The interrogator, supposing himself misunderstood, repeated the question distinctly, placing special emphasis upon the word "upper;" but the "raps" were the same, *pro* and *con* as before, and each so loud as to leave no doubt of their earnestness.

The respective Mediums, with their supporters, were thus divided into four factions, as above indicated, each claiming to be orthodox, and pronouncing the others heterodox.

Amos, meanwhile, had kept his seat, as quietly as possible under the circumstances, but straining his eyes nearly out of his head. He had not winked even once. Amos never winked when looking through spiritual optics.

Z. Socrates, the smeller, was very uneasy. He had frequently turned up his nasal organ as if in the vicinity of something exceedingly offensive to his spiritual olfactories.

Who shall decide when the spirits disagree? Here was a conflict of communications sufficiently contradictory; but there being two Mediums as yet unheard from, it was thought best to go through the list, so the operator inquired —

"Doth Amos the Seer see the spirit of Peter Finkle?"

"Yea, he does," answered Funglehead.

"Where doth it reside?"

"It doth reside in the bottom Sphere."

"I don't believe a word of it," said one.

"What did I tell you," exclaimed another.

"Humbug!" cried others.

"I never had any faith in the rappers."

"As much as I ever had in the *scrawlers*," was the ready retort.

Thus some declared one thing and some another, criminating and recriminating.

Amos had his full share of followers, who of course denounced all other Mediums, and so a fifth sect was formed. Great confusion prevailed, and the "circle" was likely to break up in a row.

Z. Socrates had maintained a knowing silence, ever and anon, with an air of wisdom, applying a handkerchief to the extremity of his proboscis. Finally, the leader asked,

"Doth the smeller scent that the spirit of Peter Finkle is present?

"The smeller doth smell many things," was the reply.

The question was repeated, when Z. Socrates answered with a snuff,

"I smell Peter Finkle's spiritual presence, and I am his only mouth-piece — *nose*-piece, I mean. I am the real incarnation of spiritualism. I smell that all these Mediums are quacks. Peter Finkle was a Dutchman. His spirit hasn't understood a word of your English, and can't without an interpreter; besides, he is deaf and dumb.

"That's a fact," said one.

"True as the almanac," cried another.

The Medium of the deaf and dumb Dutchman, to prove his veracity, at once communicating with Mr. Finkle, defunct, threw himself into all conceivable shapes and attitudes, thereby demonstrating his familiarity with the manipulative, pedestrial and physiognomical alphabet of the celestial deaf mutes.

All acquiesced in the superior knowledge of Z. Socrates Noz-

zleman. His exposition was entirely satisfactory to the "circle." Although many were loth to abandon their favorite theories and sects, still the star of Z. Socrates was in the ascendant.

A vital truth in the science of "Spiritualism" had thus been evolved, to wit: that spirits retain not only their personal identity, but the features of their physical, as well as moral peculiarities, and cannot naturally communicate save in their own mundane, vernacular tongue. Hence it is conclusive, either that the languages are not taught, or if they are, that all do not become linguists in the "Spheres." Hence, also, the origin of the various mistakes and failures of the Spiritualists. The mystery was thus unraveled, and cleared of obscurity — a great and all-important discovery. Henceforth the New Lights considered their infallibility as settled. They all agreed that the smelling "Medium" was accurate; but as sectarians, more or less felt unwilling to admit that the others were not also reliable. Large bets were laid on the heads of their favorite "Mediums," that if allowed fair play, they would "hit the mark" every time, and it was stipulated, by general consent, that Z. Socrates Nozzleman, the smeller, should act as umpire.

To test their respective merits, the sapient "circle" was again formed, the owner of the table taking the precaution to furnish stationery for the "writers," to save his furniture from being further disfigured.

No sooner was the psychological ring described by joining of hands, than in rushed the spirits like a whirlwind. Never before had they appeared in such numbers. It seemed as if the "Spheres" had made a general "turn out," and all were importunate to speak at once.

The leader foresaw the confusion about to follow. What could he do? How to send them back again he knew not. To turn them out of doors was impossible. His scepter of authority over them was a broken reed. Never before had they acted so lawlessly. Without a question being asked, the various "Mediums", were all in motion, according to their respective "orders." The rappings were deafening. The tongue of the talker, unbridled, ran rampant and wild. Amos' eyes rolled and flashed like two balls of electricity. The nose of Z. Socrates becoming fearfully distended, fell to snuffing as if all the perfumery of the Spheres were unbottled, and the spiritual effluvia tickling its nervous sensibilities, threw it into a fit of sneezing, so violently explosive as to be in danger of detaching itself from the physiognomy of its owner. Surely, in all nosedom, there was not another such nose as that of Z. Socrates Nozzleman. No wonder that by common consent, he was christened the "mighty snorter," as he was.

But to the "circle." It was a moment of most intense interest. The rival "Mediums," each pitted against the others, had fairly entered the "ring" for superiority, and fierce indeed was the contest.

Amid incessant "knockings," the "talkers" continually shouted,

"I can't keep still — I *won't* keep still — stop your noise, and save your knuckles."

The "writers," with great rapidity filling their sheets, in fine hand, closely interlined, wrote —

"Cease that clamor. Shut your mouth — quit pounding — stop that blab," &c., &c.

The leader, with the intention of bringing the spirits to order and putting an end to the noise and confusion, inquired,

"What spirit is present?"

"I'm here myself — I'm here myself," shouted the "talker."

"Its a lie; we're here — Its a lie; we're here" — answered the "writers."

The operator directing himself to the "talking Medium," enquired with emphatic distinctness,

"Whose — spirit — are — you?"

"I'm my own spirit, sir. Nobody owns *me* but myself."

"What is your name?"

"None of your business. Who made you my confessor, sir."

The interrogator was fairly non-plussed. Whether it was Napoleon, Hannibal, Giant Grim, or the Devil he could not tell, but it was *manifestly* a *bold* one. Mr. Moderator would gladly have dropped the subject at this point, but he durst not through fear of exciting a new "manifestation," as the spirits are exceedingly sensitive.

Thinking that possibly his manner of interrogation might not have been sufficiently deferential, he bowed and said,

"Will you have the kindness to inform me whose spirit you are?"

"I told you once I was nobody's but my own. You fool can't you understand nothing?"

This was a poser, *argumentum ad hominem* rather personal. The spirit was clearly in high dudgeon, from some cause, and the poor man knew not how soon a spiritual "revolver" or bowie-knife might make daylight shine through him. Being opposed to war and dueling, he gave the "code of honor" the

go-by, pocketed the insult, and withdrew, by turning his attention to the writers. They had communicated nothing new, but observing one of them with pen in hand, apparently awaiting orders, he politely requested,

"Will the spirit be kind enough to write its name?"

"No, I won't. Its none of your business, sir."

The "circle" looked dead blank at so unexpected a rebuff, and such unparalleled obstinacy. Great was the wonderment as to who it could be. The "rappers," in turn, were interrogated with respect to their spiritual constituents whom they represented, but with no more satisfactory result. Every military chieftain, robber and outlaw, recorded in history or romance, was called, but to each was received a negative "rap."

The backers of the "Mediums" who had "communicated," drooped with discouragement. Who in the name of all the "Spheres" could be the rebel ghost, so wilful and daring as thus to "snub" the "Mediums," and bring the science of Spiritology into public contempt.

Amos the Seer had not winked for an hour. His optics were fixed and glassy. His backers knew it was all clear to *him*, and at their suggestion the moderator asked,

"Doth Amos the Seer see the spirit?"

"Yea, verily," he replied.

"Can Amos the Seer tell his name?"

"Yea, he can.

"There, what did we tell you!" exclaimed the Amosites.

"That art the spirit of General Taylor," continued the Seer.

"It hath on regimentals and is on horseback."

"Doth it wear an overcoat?" asked the moderator.

"Yea, an old gray surtout.

"The color of his breast?"

"It is like unto milk."

"The Old Hero of Buena Vista, as sure as guns!" exclaimed one.

"And the old gray coat?" cried another.

"And old 'Whitey,' too," joined a third.

"Hurrah for Spiritualism and Amos the Seer!" shouted the supporters of Funglehead, with exultation.

"Its all a dev'lish lie!" yelled the "talker," bristling up to Amos in a pugnacious manner.

"That's so," scrawled the writers, assuming a similar attitude.

The "knockers," too, with fists doubled in pugilistic style, gathered around the man of "Vision," as if about to give him a *rapping* "demonstration" that would at least be impressive. Some of the peace members interfering, warned them to forbear all belligerent demonstrations, lest "Old Zach" should play up Buena Vista with them.

The friends of Z. Socrates Nozzleman were anxious to "make a strike," and one of them inquired —

"What doth Z. Socrates, the smeller, smell?"

"The smeller doth smell much."

"Doth he smell the spirit of General Taylor?"

"Nay, it aint here, and hath not been."

"There!" "There!" "There!" echoed from different parts of the "circle."

"What spirit doth Z. Socrates, the scenter, scent?" asked the moderator.

"He doth scent the spirit of a female. It doth savor strongly of *woman's rights*."

"Her name?"

"She doth forbid me to tell."

"And why?"

"*Because*."

The secret was out. It was in truth a lady spirit. The pertinent responses, and especially the universal woman's "reason" or all-final "*because*," proved it.

Z. Socrates exulted in his triumph. The rival "Mediums" stood aghast. *Noscology* was established on a firm basis. It was the grand demonstrator of Spiritualism.

The "circle" broke up in high glee, at the thought that now they were on the right track — the real "straight line" between earth and the "Spheres."

The "Rock of Vision" had become notorious. *The mischievousness of boys was always so.*

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Now, it was the habit of Amos the Seer to make nightly observations from his spiritual observatory. He came as usual and took his position. Never before did granite present a surface of such downy softness. The spiritual oozing was abundant. Surely the rock must have become instinct with the vitality of Spiritualism, and delighted with the contact of a body of its own "kidney," it clung to his unmentionables with the most affectionate adhesiveness. Never till then was there so close an affinity between granite and fustian. The union was beatific. From the tips of his hair to the ends of his toes, the man of vision felt a thrill of pleasure.

Amos had carefully anointed his goggles with the spiritual eye salve, and with clairvoyant optics was about to review the lower regions, when lo! a report like thunder! and amid flame and fume, the Rock of Vision and Funglehead ascended! The last that was seen of Amos he was on his way to the seventh Sphere! His followers declare he was promoted by the spirits, and that the noise and smoke were but the percussive friction of their electric wings in elevating him to his more exalted position.

Rumor said there was a strong smell of pitch and brimstone, and that saltpeter had more to do than the spirits in his etherial elevation. This, however, must be a mistake, as a pilgrim from the Seventh Zone afterwards brought the intelligence that one Amos Funglehead suddenly made his appearance there — that he had turned doctor and was peddling roots with a horse and sulky!

CHAPTER XX.

"It is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much; and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed."

WILSON maintained his accustomed good humor, although he would have been better pleased had his wife remained at home and attended to the household cares. Yet he never allowed himself to cherish towards her feelings of displeasure, nor to address her in the language of unkindness or complaint. In no event had her "rights," as hitherto understood, suffered the least abridgment at his hands. Liberal indulgence, rather than restraint in the least degree, was his rule of conduct relative to his companion — an example, by the way, worthy of all imitation by partners on the voyage of life.

The "woman's rights" meeting had set the community in a blaze. Wilson and the editor were almost the only persons in the vicinity who dared express a doubt as to the new scheme of political reform.

One night when the curtains were drawn, our landlord explained to his wife at large the inevitable effects of the excitement, reasoned with her sensibly on the subject with which

she was so possessed, and besought her to abandon it, assuring her it was not well considered, that she would be ridiculed afterwards, and if unable to be convinced of her error, by all means not to make herself so conspicuous in the movement.

Mrs. Wilson listened with silent but ominous attention. When not out of humor, she had scarcely ever been disposed to cross her husband's wishes. But when the fit was on, which at length had become chronic, — or, to use a more charitable expression, when her spirit of *independence* was aroused, — she would peremptorily demand her "*rights*," and vow that she would have them "any how."

Wilson often asked for *her* definition of "rights," but could get no answer satisfactory to *him*.

"What is it you want, my dear," he would frequently inquire, with real anxiety.

"I want my '*rights*,'" was the invariable reply.

Like a generous soul as he was, he granted her every thing she desired: *money*, ostensibly the sole management of the household affairs, and — to use his own language — liberty to "put on his breeches and raise the devil her own way."

But this was not sufficient. She must and would have her "*rights*." Somehow the idea had found its way into her head, that she was to be elected a member of the Legislature. In short, she had fallen into the *fashion* of being ambitious for *office*.

Wilson saw the futility of attempting to change the current of a "strong mind." He also perceived that Badger was holding her spell-bound — that whatever "Mr. Badger" said, did, or advised, was to her *the rule* of action. His will was

her pleasure, although it might be in opposition to her husband's wishes. Not that Amaziah intentionally trespassed upon the marital authority of his host, nor that his hostess intentionally lacked either in propriety or conjugal fidelity. It was purely the result of spiritualistic affinity — an involuntary coincidence of reformatory activity, and of which they were wholly unconscious, belonging as they did to the class of Impressible Mediums.

Mrs. Wilson had not fallen into a *fit* for some time, a very unusual phenomenon in that latitude.

Now Wilson, with all his fund of good nature, had naturally a great aversion to "fits," but he had come to feel a relish for one, provided it could be induced in a modified form. In other words — was it secret jealousy or to develop human nature and for the sake of the "fun" — he felt an itching to see his wife and the "old bachelor" have a *falling out;* and it must be confessed that in addition (nor is it strange), there was lurking in his feelings a determination not to stand in the way, if the *lady of the house* should again order Badger to change his boarding-place.

"That was a splendid dress; do you know what it cost?" said Wilson to his wife.

"What dress?" asked she, with a tone and look of inquisitive surprise. "Have you bought me one since I've been gone?"

"No. I mean that one Badger got in U—— yesterday. I think she'll look pretty fine in it," said he, archly.

"Did Badger buy a dress there? Who was it for? I did'nt know it," ejaculated she, with jealous anxiety.

"O, you don't know any thing about it then? If he hasn't told you, I suppose I shouldn't speak of it. So let it pass. Its all right; you'll see it when its made up. Don't say I mentioned it; friend Badger might not like it, and I don't want to offend him," said Wilson, as if he had unwittingly revealed a secret.

"You shall tell me too. I should like to know who he's buying dresses for. For my part, I don't think it looks well for any woman to receive a dress from him. Come now, husband, do tell me all about it."

"I guess its all right," said he evasively. "Badger knows what he's about. Perhaps he didn't buy it for a *woman*. The *men* may want satin soon."

"Satin, satin, a satin dress! *I'll* find out who he's been getting satin dresses for. Now you know all about it. You *shall* tell me. If you don't, I'll make *him* tell, and turn him out of the house besides," said she, showing plainly the "symptoms."

"O not so bad as that, we can't spare Mr. Badger. He must stay with us for life, or at least till he gets married. You should'nt *think* of having him leave us."

"Do you suppose I'm going to keep a suspicious old bachelor here always? Can't go out of town but he's buying somebody a new satin dress, and not let me know any thing about it — never. I'll turn him off to-morrow morning if he don't give *me* that dress; so there."

"I guess by what I learn, *you* won't get it. You'll see *somebody*, one of these days," said Wilson insinuatingly. "It must cost Mr. Badger a great deal of money to get so *many*

presents for the ladies. That *watch* couldn't have cost less than sixty dollars."

"What watch, do tell?"

"Ah, you don't know any thing about *that* neither. Of course you saw —— but I hadn't better say any thing more, I guess. Let's drop the subject, its all right, Badger understands himself."

"Now Harry, you *shall tell* me who he's give the dress and watch to — you ought to, when I wan't to know so bad," said she, coaxingly.

"You keep an eye out," returned he, as if putting her on the track to learn it all, "and if you see a certain lady with a new watch, it won't be called inquisitive among *yourselves* if you enquire pretty closely where it came from."

"Has he given it away so quick? I wish I'd known it. He never would've come into our door again, I can tell you that. I mistrusted something wasn't right some time ago, and now I *know* it. I'll give him a walking paper before another day passes over *my* head — new satin dress! — gold watch! — what a mean thing she must be to take 'em. He better not offer 'em to *me*. He knows better than that, I assure you," said she with compressed lip, and a significant shake of the head.

"Don't blame one unless you [illegible] the rest, my dear. May be you'll see a pair of new *ear-rings* on a certain young lady, and —— but what am I about? I must stop," said Wilson, as if inadvertently exposing what Badger had studiously kept a secret from *her*. This was too much. She stood dumbfounded — the "*fit*" *was on*.

"Well now! How many hasn't he got in tow? He's an old villain, and I always knew it. I've turned him out o' doors half a dozen times, but you always sided with him against me, and let him come back again. *I* never consented to it. He shan't stay here another day. I won't give up this time, *any way*," and she raved and tore like one with hydrophobia.

"But what [illegible] berate Mr. Badger? Isn't he a nice man? Very kind-hearted to the ladies? He gives them dresses, watches, ear-rings and every thing."

"Berate him! — nice man! — very kind-hearted! — dresses! — watches! — ear-rings! Yes! and every thing, nobody knows what — the old *scoundrel* — and you ain't much better if you're going to take his part again. He shan't stay here — that's *settled*. If he don't take his traps out of that room to-morrow morning, I'll pitch 'em out of the window, with my own hands, and him after it, if he won't go without. He ought to have his neck broke — who did he give 'em to? I want to know that, and you *shall tell me*, or I'll haunt you as long as you live."

"I haven't said he gave them to anybody — have I?"

"You needn't try to fool me now. You've done it long enough. You can't make me believe any thing good of him."

"I always thought well of Mr. Badger, or I shouldn't have let you go off with him to the convention, and other places," said Wilson, pleasantly.

"Shouldn't *let* me gone off with him. I should like to see *you* or any other man stop *me*, if I wanted to go. You mean to twit me of running around with him, do you? I'll go again if I've a mind to, and *will*, if you fling it in my face any more."

"I hardly think he'll permit you, if you turn him out of doors, as you threaten to do."

"He can't help himself, if I set out. One thing I'm determined on, and all creation can't stop me. I'll throw his trumpery into the street, before another sun goes down. This is the last night he ever sleeps in this house. And if you don't take care, I'll put you out with him, now you understand it."

"Well wife, I guess we better take a good night's rest. Perhaps you will feel better in the morning and not have quite so poor an opinion of our friend, Mr. Badger."

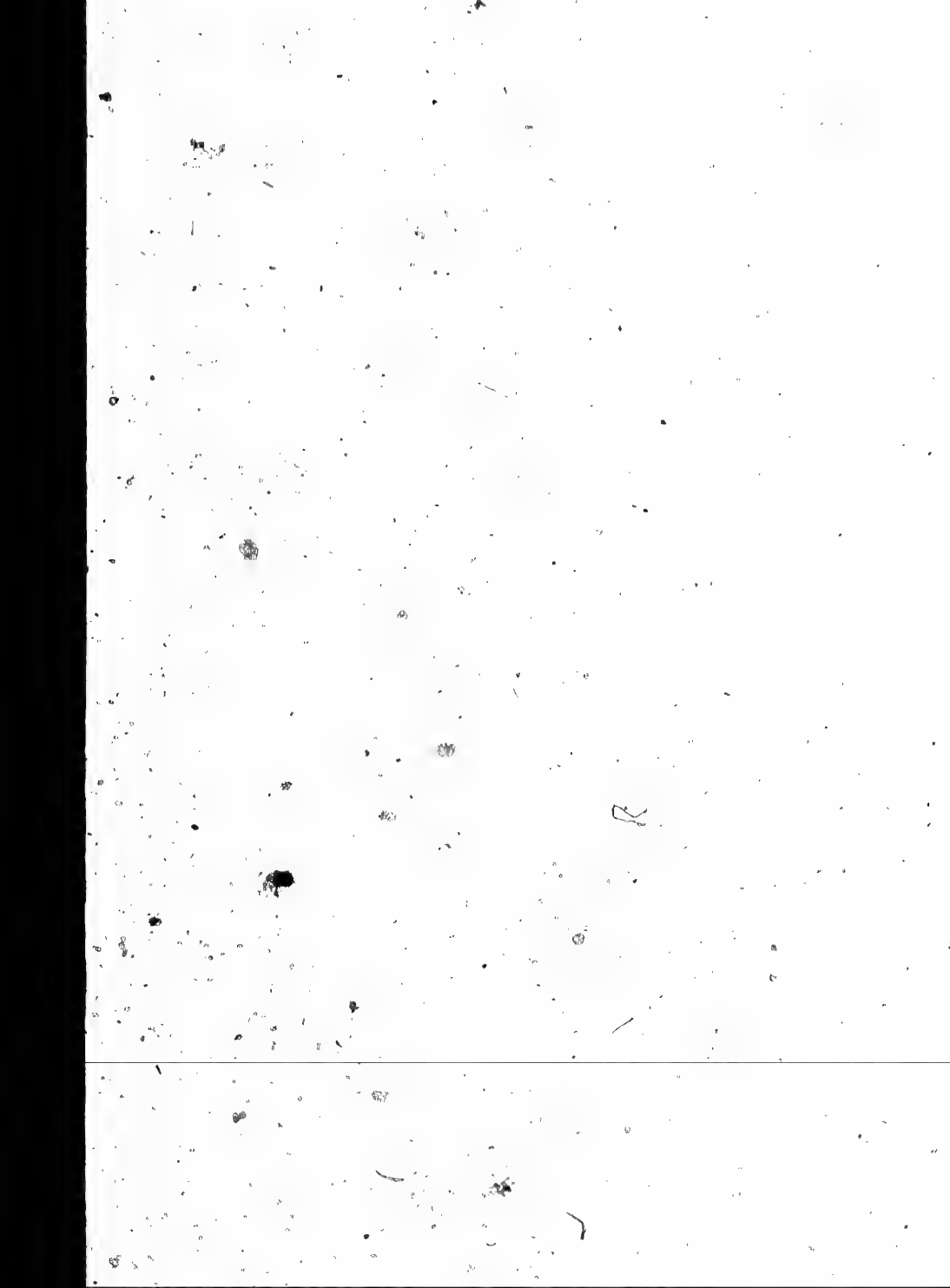
"Don't call him *my* friend. He may be *your* friend and *your ladies'* friend with the satin dress, and gold watch, and new ear-rings, and all so sly and secret from me—I shan't forget this in one night, you needn't think."

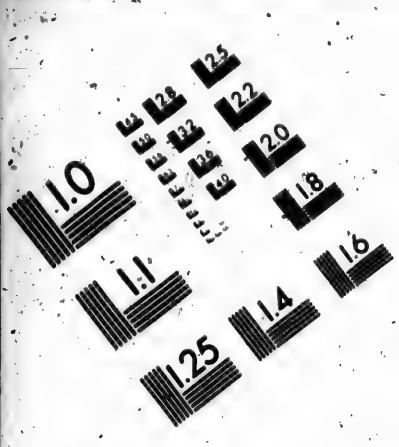
Wilson ere long fell asleep, and anon his wife followed him, in, at least, the temporary forgetfulness of her troubles.

Our landlord opened his eyes with the dawn, feeling a little anxious to know whether his spouse had lost her desperation. He preferred to let the fever rage of its own accord, yet he was ready to excite it, if necessary, which could easily be done by the simple mention of either satin, watch, or ear-rings.

She awoke. A glance satisfied him that all was right. She had not come out of the "*fit.*"

Breakfast over, Badger took his usual morning walk. Mrs. W—— did not happen to observe his departure. Reparing to his room, in advance of the chamber-maid, she found it in what appeared to her, the most shameful confusion, which circumstance seemed to increase the "state of her mind."





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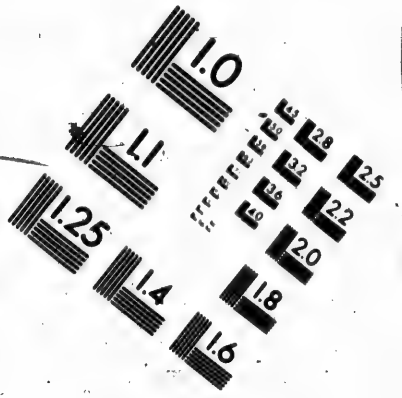

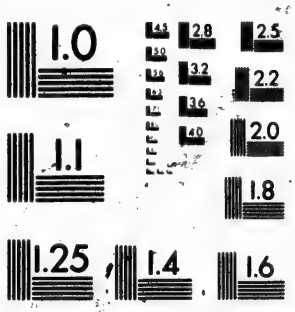

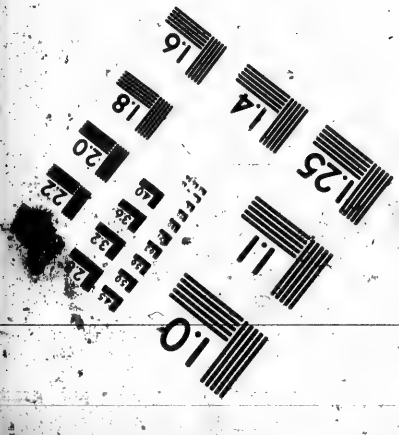

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"What an awful-looking place," said she to herself. "I'll see if I can't have somebody here that won't keep it looking like bedlam. I'll clear it mighty quick," and suiting the action to the word, up went the windows, out flew the chairs, table, wash-stand, looking-glass, and all the paraphernalia of Amaziah's quarters, in rapid succession, until she came to the bed. This unfortunately stuck fast in the window. In vain she applied all her strength to eject it, when in the height of desperation, retiring to the back part of the room and running with all her might headforemost against the hitherto unyielding mass, for once, as fate would have it, action and re-action were not equal. The bed went out and —— *so did Mrs. Wilson!*

It is needless to add, that in that single catastrophe our landlord lost a wife — the cause of "woman's rights," a most zealous champion, while another *table-tipper* was born into the Spheres and some new Medium gained a guardian spirit.

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CHAPTER XXI.

"The spinsters in a desperate manner,
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,"

"Easier were it
To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than force the yoke of slavery on women
Determined to be free."

NEWS of the high-handed outrage perpetrated at the capitol, spread with the rapidity of lightning over the country, wherever the telegraphic wires could conduct it. The public prints — a few excepted — were loud with patriotic eloquence in protestation against such daring innovations, and mobocratic, treasonable movements. Yet, generally, was there discoverable in their ostensible gravity, a lurking irony, leading one to doubt how far those organs really uttered the sentiments of the male public.

Some, however, raised the alarm-cry of revolution, in good earnest, calling upon the people to awake to a sense of danger, to raise up the fallen State, restore order, law, government, and guard with sleepless eye and strong arm, their sacred and inalienable rights. Others, less *conservative*, scouted the idea of serious danger, or actual revolution, and laughed with derision, if not with scorn, at all attempts to carry out this hair-

brained scheme of the feminine politicians. What the grounds either for serious apprehension on the one hand, or for merry-making on the other, the sequel will disclose.

Leaving the Alarmists, haunted

"With wild fantastic shapes of hideous ruin,"

to blow the tocsin of civil war, and the Humorists to indulge in exuberance of merriment, let us trace the operations of the Revolutionists, *alias*, the Reformers.

Returned from their invasion of the Legislature, resolving to seize time by the "forward top," and not be caught "napping," they hastened to construct the requisite machinery, and entered upon the electioneering campaign, for the forthcoming crisis at the ballot box.

State, county, town, and *neighborhood* corresponding committees were organized, a political sinking fund instituted, a secret police ordained, and a campaign paper, styled *The Broom*, established at the capital, the first issue of which contained the following prospectus:

The Broom,

A weekly sheet, will be spread before the public, under the auspices of the "State Feminine Committee," and devoted to the cause of Woman's Rights in general, and the election of a female state ticket in particular.

Motto: *On the carpet for a clean sweep.*

We issue but a brief, though significant prospectus, in simply stating our object, and drawing the line of our policy. Our aim is *revolution* in Church, State and Kitchen, the overthrow of *man*-power and the enthronement of *woman*-power.

Our policy is boldly to take the field and win the day, peacefully if we can, forcibly if we must. The dust and mire of political slovenliness, accumulating for ages, covers and disgraces the social fabric. To us it belongs to *sweep the boards*, set things "to rights," and keep them in a condition of decency and order. The body politic is a mass of corruption, alive with loathsome vermin. It is ours to renovate it, to strip off its filthy rags and invest it with purple and fine linen, making it the model of taste and comfort, no more to be the polluted carcass it is and has been, but pollution purified and transformed to the comeliness of queenly grace and beauty, adored and worshiped by the princes of the earth. Then

Ye women of the Empire State,
If ye would 'scape a wretched fate,
Rally to the standard, rally!
Waste not your time in idle sleep,
But up, and seize the "*Broom*" and sweep:
Rally to the standard, rally!

Of man-power-rubbish, brush the last
Into the great dust-pan — the past:
Rally to the standard, rally!
So bid our tyrants read their doom
In this — "*clean sweeps the bran new Broom:*"
Rally to the standard, rally!

The "*Broom*" made a *sweeping* sensation. Subscriptions poured in by tens of thousands. Mail-bags groaned with the weight of their contents. Everywhere, early and late, might be seen matrons and maidens with "Broom" in hand, industriously at work from garret to cellar of the great mansion of

state, wherever man could make a track, a spider weave its web, or fly plant its foot.

Tetrabune, Screamer, Seasons, Diary, Index — in short, all the political organs, like musty cobwebs, were brushed away by multitudes.

The campaign, opened by a bold stroke, was pushed with desperation, alike by force and stratagem; the more belligerent spirits leading the onslaught, and Sampson-like, with their *jaw-bones*, smiting, "hip and thigh," all before them. Others, political Delilahs, clipped the strength of veteran heroes, put out their eyes, and led them slaves with their apron strings.

The whirlwind was in motion and gathering strength. The wave of popular excitement, lifted from the depths of passion, accumulated. Strange to say, by the major portion of the male democracy, the one was regarded as a mere whiff of air; the other but a bubble on the surface of the waters; a prank of nature, alike harmless and momentary.

Nevertheless, gravely affecting themselves in extremities, the sons of the Empire State called a counter convention, ostensibly to countervail the revolution, but in reality as a caricature of the Albany affair. Inasmuch as the "strong-minded" had convened at the capital on the east, consonantly with the memorable vote, sending the men to the "opposite side of the house," Buffalo was indicated as the place of meeting. Albany and Buffalo in political and geographical antithesis; the "Dan and Beersheba" of this goodly State of promise, and typical of the extreme antagonisms of sexual humanity.

Handbills were scattered like autumnal leaves, conjuring all free-*men* to join the rally and snatch government, and conse-

quently society and the existence of the race, from the jaws of destruction.

The day arrived. Clear rose the sun, yet clouds lurked upon the horizon, massive and threatening. Anon the King of Day turned "*doughface*," and withdrew his influence. Dark forms drove across the sky, like messengers in hot haste, discharging random drops, bullet-like, with ill-boding violence. Lake Erie looked gruff. Even the canal grew turbulent, while Niagara, emptying all its terrific thunder caverns, became audible to an incredible distance. Not only at the capital, but in far distant Gotham, the inhabitants, dismayed, felt the ground rock beneath their feet, and heard the portentous roar. Whisperings filled the air above, and ponderous rappings from below well nigh broke through the rib-crusted earth!

Amid these unpropitious omens the free-*men* of the State, nothing daunted, poured into Buffalo by mammoth trains, the more numerous doubtless from the fact that the Directors of the various railways had, with patriotic magnanimity, granted free tickets to the whole state, an unheard of phenomenon in the age of monopoly!

Were our pen graphic enough and in the mood, we would draw in detail a dioramic view of that uniquest of all gatherings. A "charcoal sketch," in rough outline, must suffice. Imagine, then, ourselves standing on Main Street. Now, while the crank turns, watch the "order of the day" as it passes — here it comes!

Commander in chief, GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT, not the giant veteran of Mexico and Lundy's Lane, but General Winfield

Scott,* the Hercules of Lilliput, towering fifteen inches high! supported by his staff, consisting of the various official dignitaries of state, and among them all the surviving ex-Governors.

UNIVERSAL CALLITHUMPIAN BAND, a consort of all implements sonorous, ever constructed from the days of Jubal Cain and Pan the Piper, downwards.

President: — Gable Angel, of world-wide renown.

Vice-Presidents: — Several braces of naturalized Aztec dignitaries.

Orators: — General Tom Thumb, now a dignified gentleman of forty, and others, names not chronicled.

Military: — BACHELOR BLUES; bristling cap-a-pie, with needles, thimbles, scissors, bodkins, knitting needles,

> And laden with enormous packs
> Of thread and yarn upon their backs.

OLD GUARD, eyed, armed and equipped with spectacles, crutches, pipes and snuff-boxes.

FANTASTIC FUSILEERS, cast in every possible mould of size and form, clad in all colors and the extremes of every conceivable fashion.

> "See, see them in their motley hues;
> Funeral black and brimstone blues,
> And lurid green, and bonfire red,
> At once their varied radiance shed;
> And skin deep gold, and would-be pearls,
> And heaps on heaps of corkscrew curls,"
> With patches, party-color dyed
> Like Jacob's herds, ring-streak'd and pied.

* A celebrated pigmy dwarf, on exhibition through the country.

HEAVY ARTILLERY, manning an immense field-piece — or more properly, *house*-piece — consisting of a stove-pipe, of frightful caliber and paixhan pattern, dragged by "old Crumple Horn," followed by ammunition train of combustibles.

DRAG-GOWNS (dragoons), wearing capacious coats, with a solitary button under the chin, flowing sleeves, a dorsal protuberance and skirts, elongated into trails sweeping several yards in the rear.

LIGHT-FOOTED, LIGHT-HORSE, mounted on broomsticks, mop-sticks, pudding-sticks, fiddle-sticks, and every other kind of stick available and ridable.

CULINARY CAVALIERS, laden with the paraphernalia of kitchen and larder.

EPICUREAN CONNOISSEURS, panoplied to the *teeth*, and bearing each

"A paunch of mighty bulk before,
Which still they have a special care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty fare."
And oft as smiling plenty meets their way
Once, twice, or e'en three times a day.
"Dire is the clang of plates, of knife and fork
That merciless fall, like tomahawks, to work."
At signal, demi-johns and hogsheads bleed,
While boundless stomachs, frightful famine breed.

THE FORLORN HOPE — an embodiment

Of lean, gaunt abstinence and haggard care,
Of ragged mis'ry and forlorn despair.

Know-Nothings; a gallant few and the remnant of many a hard-fought field, brought up the rear of this martial array.

General Thumb mounting the rostrum amid the "hollow square," and elevated on a paper pedestal to augment his perspicuity, with voice keyed to the strongest pitch of patriotism, and modulating between the deepest barytone and most slender falsetto, with thrilling effect, delivered himself thus:—

"Most puissant fellow-citizens and soldiers of the Empire State:— Hem!" —— [Here our noble orator became disconcerted with real or affected confusion, as

> "He scratch'd his ear, the infallible resource
> To which embarrass'd speakers have recourse."

But quickly rallying,

> "Now with a giant's might,
> He heaves the ponderous thought,
> Now pours the storm of eloquence,
> With scathing lightning fraught."]

"I feel amply proud of my position! Man, the Lord of creation, is great! We live in a great age! Ours is a great state! This is a great gathering of great men on a great occasion! But for the lateness of the hour and the pressure of events, it would furnish me the highest satisfaction to review the brave troops under my inspection, whose make and port proclaim them adequate to any emergency, and whose conquering columns I am ready to lead on to victory and to glory! Dark clouds are hovering! Mars has harnessed his battle steeds! already we hear the rumbling of his Juggernaut car! our t estre d on the heels of portentous events! '*Woman's Rights and the Sphere*' is the war cry of the rebels! '*Man's wrongs* be our watchword, and '*Young America*' our battle shout! Yes, fellow-

citizens and soldiers! *Young America!* the projector of this demonstration! the Hercules of this nineteenth century! whose mighty mawl shall pummel the pate of the great Red Dragon of lawless innovation and revolution! Here I stand! This broad rostrum shall fly from its firm base as soon as I! Attention the whole! Shoulder arms!

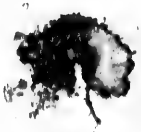
> "'Now set your teeth and stretch your nostrils wide,
> Stiffen your sinews, summon up your blood—
> Hold hard your breath and bend up all your spirits
> To their full height!"

"Follow your noble chief! On, on, ye braves — to the commissary for your rations!!"

Frantic with enthusiasm and voracious with fasting, forward dashed the irresistible squadrons, and stormed the commissariat, sweeping all before them! Terrible was the shock! frightful the carnage! Whole shoals of herring and platoons of sausages; entire ranks of gingerbread and legions of pea-nuts, went down engulphed at each successive charge! Jugs, demi-johns, puncheons, in uncounted numbers, gurgled their last in the overwhelming onslaught!

It was indeed a sublime spectacle to see those vanquishing hosts, like a whirlwind sweeping on in front and flank with weapons drawn, teeth set and courage whet to desperation by mutinous appetite.

Irresistible was the shock! Culinary implements, the trophies of victory, dangled over empty provision waggons, while above, the "stars and stripes," with the cornucopia and goddess of plenty surmounted by "*Excelsior*," floated in lofty triumph!



Flushed with gluttonous excess of victory, the vanquishers would have pushed forward the conquest of "victuals and drink" into the recesses of night; but unfortunately the elements, suddenly forming a league for *intervention*, opened wide their hydrants and air-pipes, pouring down with serious violence, such torrents of cold water, that the conquerors, with the heat of their courage cooled, and more like vanquished than victors, dripping, and drooping, retreated to their home quarters.

Thus opened and thus ended the grand *anti*-demonstration of Young America, at Buffalo.

The government press teemed with high-wrought descriptions of the "*Man's wrongs* convention," magnifying its importance, and lauding it as incontestably the effectual extinguisher of hot-headed bloomer radicalism. The country was safe!

But the "strong-minded" were not so easily intimidated, disheartened nor thwarted. The quality of woman had not changed since the poet so truthfully and forcibly sung —

> "If she will, she *will*, you may depend on't;
> If she won't, she *won't*, and there's the end on't."

The "Broom" was plied with redoubled vigor. The political sisterhood were on the alert. Wo to the Mr. Caudles when the curtains were drawn, who proved refractory in politics. Farewell to the amorous hopes of youthful swains, unless promising allegiance to the cause of "woman's rights." Many a poor Philander suddenly found himself "mittened," and sent home in "single blessedness," to "chew the cud" of repentance, till submissive and gentle as a lamb, he was led to the rick of party alliance.

This was a new species of tactics in political warfare with which the most veteran demagogues were unable to cope; the abductive system by which the sentinels of the enemy were picked up, and even the "rank and file" marched off, publicly or transported on the "under ground" railway by thousands, to swell the forces and fight the battles of the revolutionists. Government journals — the heavy ordinance of political strife — captured one by one, by the rebels, were spiked or wheeled into line, and made to pour their "grape and canister," into the faces of the whiskered and mustached foe.

Resistance was futile. The avalanche was in motion. No earthly power could stay its progress or avert its violence. No alternative remained but timely to flee or be crushed beneath the mountain mass.

The campaign approached its crisis. The ides of November arrived. Liberty blew her trumpet upon the blast, and roused the dormant energies of her sons, who mustering all their available forces, rallied to the ballot-box. But they were anticipated. The daughters of Freedom had risen first and taken possession of the polls. Matrons of commanding influence, and maidens the most fascinating, were appointed runners and ticket pedlers, pitted against the partisans and bullies, old and young, of the administration. Every poor wight of a voter, who appeared to be *in market*, as he approached, was the signal for a rush, and the center of contest, frequently hot and sometimes on the point of coming to blows, but, ordinarily, the heroines came out of the squabble, superiors, and drew their prize into *port*.

The government leaders, worsted in the game of "*fair* play," resolved on playing "foul," and, stimulating their followers

with inflammatory harangues and whiskey, attempted to retrieve the day by mob violence.

But the sisterhood had come prepared. The Liberty Guard, Lucy Boston club, Know-Somethings and Short Gals, were *there*. Captain Grinders, with his "Short Boys," found themselves out-plotted, over-matched and superseded.

Most disgraceful the scene of violence that ensued, as amid confusion and clamor — the Babel of voices, discharge of missiles, clash of arms, exchange of resounding blows and bear-like hugs, with a profusion of black and blue eyes, of bald heads and broken hearts — the day was carried by storm.

Bloomerism came out of the melee triumphant, in the success of a majority of the female ticket, LUCY BOSTON being Governor elect.

Everywhere went up the shout of victory. The attestations of joy how boundless! Throughout the state — cannon! bells! bonfires! illuminations! From the Spheres — jubilant "manifestations" and congratulatory communications!!

CHAPTER XXII.

"Each petty hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but who that will
Govern and carry her to her ends, must know
The tides, the currents, how to shift the sail;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair weather;
Where her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop them;
What strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her;
The forces, and the nature of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests: when her keel ploughs hell,
And deck knocks heaven, then to manage her,
Becomes the name and office of a pilot."

AS it is of no importance to the reader, farther than to gratify his or her curiosity, we must decline being catechised in relation to the way and means of our obtaining so clear and definite a vision into the vista of the future. The fact that we *have* obtained it, should fully satisfy every *reasonable* person, especially as we are so ready to give the world the benefit of what, were it not for us, the race must inevitably have slumbered on in darkness and unbelief.

Be it remembered, that by the power of clairvoyance, or a sort of horoscope, or some other method, no matter how, the shadow has advanced some twenty odd years on the dial of Time, to the period of which we are now writing.

It is eighteen hundred seventy-five. A century has passed away since the immortal Declaration of Independence that proclaimed a nation's birth, when our revolutionary ancestors cast off the yoke of a foreign tyrant, and at length it has come to light, that the fair daughters of America are enslaved by another, more iron-handed and oppressive. That tyrant is *man*. His days of rule and ruin, however, are at last numbered with the things that were. Who can tell what a century may bring forth?

Woman is in power! She is responsible for its use or abuse. New laws are to be formed. The old framework of society is to be taken down and remodeled into a new and different structure. A new era has commenced, alike in the order of nature and the course of human events.

Miss Boston, as officially announced in the "*Broom*," is Governor, and Mrs. Rosalina Rule-the-roost, Lieutenant Governor, of the State of New York. The Legislature is to assemble as the exigencies of the times shall require, or the Executive dictate. Other historians must share the honor of preserving from oblivion many of the illustrious names and deeds connected with this epochal event, in the progression of the great drama of human existence.

At the call of Miss Governor, the Legislature speedily convenes. That majestic, awe-inspiring body is composed of the flower of the State, with a decided majority of females in both Houses. We give a few extracts from the message:

"*Ladies and men of the Senate and Assembly:*

"The year past has been the most eventful in human history. It marks a new epoch, the dominant period in the world's reg-

ister. LIBERTY, exiled from the time that Adam grasped the scepter, returned in triumph to her Temple on the fourth of July last — that day of days, henceforward to constitute the initial of the civil and legal year, the Roman or Julian calendar, *old* and *new styles*, giving place to the Bloomer — LATEST *style*.*

"We have been free from foreign and intestine wars, save a slight brush in the capitol, and which resulted most felicitously.

"Neither pestilence nor famine has wasted our people. *Health* blooms in all our borders. Temperance, enterprise, and prosperity smile on every hand.

"Despotism and misrule have fled the commonwealth, and we are now in the

"Land of the free, and home of the brave."

"*Inertia*, is the law of the past — *Progress*, that of the future. We shall not, therefore, in imitation of the Dark Ages, publish an *annual* message, laying the foundation for a whole year's legislation action in advance, only to become super-annuated and obsolete, but adapt ourselves to our wants and rights as they arise.

"It has been the folly of law-makers to anticipate. Legislation should be, for the present, to meet current necessities; I trust wisdom will guide your steps, and harmony pervade your counsels.

* Any sentiment expressed or action performed by our heroine, indicative of mental aberration or weakness, at variance with her general character, we repeat should not expose the author to the charge of incongruity, or want of veracity, but serve as additional proof, that the greatest minds have their weak points, the truth of which Lucy Boston unfortunately furnishes but one among innumerable examples, in both public and private life.

"I shall be sparing in the exercise of the *veto* power, though it will behoove me to prevent the passage of or withhold my sanction from any enactment, which is not based upon the eternal and spiritual principles of 'woman's rights.'

"I have a few specific recommendations to make, which I trust will commend themselves to your understanding, and command your deliberate and timely action:

"First of all, I recommend the passage of law declaring and enacting in substance, that woman always was, now is, and ever shall be the superior being of earth — the queen of creation — in other words, the *head of the man.* Consequently, that she now is, and from henceforth shall be 'free and independent,' and hence that man is now and shall forever remain subservient to his queen.*

"The matrimonial code requires a radical change. Were it not for contravening the 'higher law,' I would recommend that marriage be entirely abolished, and the social economy left solely to the disposal of my own sex.

"I am by no means ignorant of the difficulties and delicacy surrounding this great question, still, as the conservators of the common weal, it is incumbent upon you to give it such attention as shall comport with your wisdom and the plain necessities of the case. I cannot forbear the utterance of my profound conviction, that in no other direction is there a louder call for reform.

"It is an obvious dictate of reason, that a perfect govern-

* Without disparagement to the political sagacity of Governor Boston, it must be admitted that in the legislative archives of every enlightened nation, are embalmed enactments equally as sage and judicious as anything, either incorporated in or flowing from

ment consists in the adoption of righteous laws, the intelligence and virtue of the people, especially of the rulers, and protection against foreign and internal wrong. To realize this glorious *ideal* is the 'aim of our intent.'

"As the only effective means in arriving at the 'consummation so devoutly to be wished,' and to furnish a key to the solution of this grandest of all problems in political science, I advise,

"First—The erection and perpetual endowment of free schools, normal and sub-normal, exclusively for the education of the female population, on the admitted principle that, as the women, so will the men be.

Second—The establishment of a Spiritual University for the tuition of Mediums, and the general advancement of Spiritualism, as the pioneer and handmaid of public reform in Church and State, and that the school fund, in whole or in part, be appropriated to these purposes.

"Third—The organization of a Spiritual Police, composed of the most accomplished clairvoyants, as an effectual guaranty of public and personal safety, since nothing can possibly escape detection under the scrutiny of their surveillance.

"Thus underlaid, permeated and environed by the elements of perpetuity, our illustrious regency can bid defiance to time and change.

"In keeping with the line of our policy thus indicated, let it be your care so to legislate, as not to disappoint the just expectations of a generous constituency.

her message, although, taken together, it stands the most complete model, from which all future executives may extract volumes of wisdom.

"I need not remind you, that to the dominant party, it belongs at once to seize the reins and rule supreme.

"Be it remembered, that first and foremost, the claims of my sex demand your attention. Man has managed the affairs of State so long, and woman has been kept back so far, that her wisdom even may not suffice readily to unravel the tangled web, and remedy the continued patch-work of by-gone centuries.

"Although we abjure oppression, the history of the past will justify us in holding a rigid scepter, sufficiently stern, at least, to teach all men to have the fear of *woman* before their eyes.

"I would recommend that all public offices be declared vacant and forever inaccessible to male occupants after the first day of April next.

"That the said first day of April be the auspicious period when woman shall in fact come into full possession of all her 'rights;' that the men be restrained by law from disposing of any property in the mean time; that the women be forthwith declared the *bona fide owners* of all personal and real estate, granting their servants the privilege, however, of holding the same by courtesy, till the said first day of April. This will give them ample time for reflection. It cannot then be said that we suddenly sprung a trap upon them, or acted contrary to the plain dictates of humanity.

"On and after that date let woman roll the ball.

"After so overwhelming a demonstration of popular indignation, the Executive does not doubt that the people will cheerfully acquiesce in any legislation we may choose to adopt. But that the means may be at hand to enforce obedience, I

recommend the speedy passage of an act, declaring it highly penal for any man to interfere with the property of his mistress, unless by her consent, or in any respect to neglect or disobey her command.

"Much has been said heretofore in relation to laws in conflict with the constitution.

"I recommend an enacting clause to the effect, that if any law hereafter be passed at variance with the constitution, the latter shall be deemed as thus far abolished.

"This seems to me wise and expedient, well calculated to do away with litigation, in harmony with the spirit of the age, and consistent with the genius of our institutions!

"To the feminine portion of the Legislature, I would say, it behooves us to be Argus-eyed and Briareus-handed, that our "rights" be neither trampled upon nor frittered away by the might or the intrigue of the masculine minority. Let nothing impede our onward march to greatness and glory. You will, I trust, have sufficient independence to suppress all unnecessary and improper debate, by argument if you can, by sophistry if you must, and if worst comes to worst, cast in apples of discord, hang on all the clogs your vigilance can find or your ingenuity invent, and block up the wheels of government, no matter how great the concussion or disastrous the results.

"Remember that the object of discussion is to enlighten and *convince*, and when your *will* is set, not to be enlightened or convinced, you are spending the people's time and money in not suppressing at once the debate. Should you fail of your patriotic purpose by falling in the minority, recollect that all men, not excepting patriotic honorable legislators, have their

price! Adopt the *privateering* policy. Make a cast of the "*doughfaces.*" Go into caucus. Grant letters of *marque.* Fix the *consideration,* and in a twinkling the vision of our opponents will be cleared of obscurity. In the noble spirit of compromise, to save the Union from *threatened* dissolution and preserve the rights of the *dear people,* they will magnanimously lay all a willing sacrifice on the altar of patriotism, and "right about face," turning their batteries upon their own fortifications —— then —— the day is won; we are victors; the spoils are ours! Glorious repetition of that magic *coup d'tat,* by which this Republic has so often been rescued from impending dissolution and destruction!

"Let us look to Him whose justice, though sometimes slow, is always sure, who

'Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm,'

to guide our ship of State which we have so heroically captured. We are afloat upon the tide which, 'taken at the flood,' will lead us on to fortune. Gales blow fresh. Hold hard the helm — swell the canvass — mount the breakers — leave the shore — launch into the open sea, and teach our sister states — teach the sisterhood of nations and the Spheres, this universal formula, in the science of Woman's Rights, *we* CAN *if we* WILL.

"The considerations thus presented are commended to your earliest regard, as founded in good policy, demanded by the exigencies of the times, and wisely adapted to hasten our 'manifest destiny.'"

LUCY BOSTON.

Albany, January 2, 1876.

Senate and Assembly jointly hastened into "Committee of the Whole," upon this masterly inaugural.

A production so radical in spirit, and in progressive scope, so distant in advance of the age, could not but meet with varied reception at the hands of a body, in all respects, so heterogeneous.

The male members jeered it. Spinsters gave it their decided approval. Unmarried but *marriageable* damsels, whose

> Ambition 'twas to conquer hearts
> By beauty, flattery, and arts,

repudiated it *in toto*. Mothers blessed with promising sons felt desperate, while others having daughters long "in market without takers," were delighted. Each class was sufficiently numerous to make a formidable demonstration.

The reform members, to an indefinite number, simultaneously seized the floor, clamorous of expressing their views and defining their position. Vain were the endeavors to restore order, nor did the tumult and uproar cease till the warring elements had spent their force and subsided into quietness by absolute exhaustion.

Meanwhile the anti-reform party — that is to say, the male members — calmly surveyed the scene, luxuriously enjoying the fun, and anticipating a sumptuous feast for the whole session.

It was past the ordinary hour for dinner, and many began to feel the "keen demands of appetite," especially honorable Mrs. Livewell, of the metropolis, who arose amid the abating noise and confusion, and beckoning the attention of the chair, vociferated,

Mrs. Speaker—"It is a well-settled principle in the science of dietetics, that 'nature abhors a vacuum.' It is *unconstitutional* to disregard this fundamental law. I am on the verge of syncope. I claim the inalienable right of dining. I, therefore, call for the speedy passage of an act granting any member leave of absence whenever, and as long as, personal comfort or convenience demands, provided ——"

Mr. Graham.—"I call the honorable lady to order."

Mrs. Live-well.—"Please your official ladyship, may I adjourn for dinner? In your person, I suppose, reposes the dispensing power."

The quick ears of the disputants catching the sound of "dinner," silence prevailed, as the Speaker replied —

"I take it, that I have the control of this honorable [illegible] Mr. Goodman, what has it been customary to consider [illegible] ticable under these circumstances?"

Mr. Goodman.—"I must acknowledge my inability to do justice to the interrogatory of the honorable Speakeress. True, I have had the honor of a seat in this House for several sessions, under masculine rule, but I suppose we are at this moment, *in transitu*, from the old to a new dispensation. In view of a similar revolutionary period, some political sage, M. Doctor Tocqueville, if I mistake not, has somewhere said that 'amid the vast perplexity of human affairs, none can say how much of the ancient institutions and former manners will remain, or how much will completely disappear.' In the language of the same profound statesman, I am compelled to add, that 'as the past has ceased to throw its light upon the future, my mind wanders in obscurity.'"

"However, as I am now up, I will, with the permission of the committee, offer some remarks in reply to the distinguished memberess from the Metropolitan District.

"She has taken occasion to introduce a Dinner Bill, a thing wholly foreign to the subject before the committee, and even were it in order, she has presented it in a state of absolute nudity, that is, without specifying any of its provisions——"

Mrs. Live-well (interrupting).—"If the gentleman wishes to know my 'bill of fare,' I can inform him that it consists of the choicest meats and vegetables, pastry, fruits, confectionery, *champagne* and *brandy*."

Mr. Goodman.—"Truly sumptuous. The 'Omnibus Dinner Bill.' Now, Mrs. Speakeress, of all political aphorisms, there is none more venerable than the one declaring that 'self-preservation is the first law of nature.' Hence the honorable lady's 'bill' which she has had the audacity to thrust into the teeth, with the intention of cramming down the throat of this house, is both suicidal and unconstitutional, for who, that is at all versed in the theory of digestion, does not know that to surfeit an empty stomach is nothing less than a debauch? It is laying an unjust tariff upon the gastric functions, a method of taxation, in direct violation of laws as old as humanity itself.

"Such, Mrs. Speakeress, is this 'Omnibus Dinner Bill,' a most voracious bill, conceived in rapacity, and brought forth with greediness, calculated to induce apoplexy on the one hand, and breed a famine in the State, on the other, to exhaust the public treasury, and skeletonize the body politic." (Cries of "order, order," from the feminines—and great applause by the masculines.)

Speaker.—"I pronounce Mrs. Live-well out of order, and veto her bill as unconstitutional."

Mrs. Live-well.—"I say I am not out of order, nor is my bill unconstitutional. I am in as good condition as the honorable gentleman — and who dares rise in his place on this floor and affirm that it is either disorderly or unconstitutional to eat when, what, and as much as we like, till nature, who is her own best judge, both as to quality and quantity shall say, enough. And I dare the honorable gentleman to deny that as public servants, we have a right to eat and drink and sleep too at the public expense. What, let me ask, has been the career of the *gentlemen* in this House? Have they not laid at the public crib, in gluttonous excess, till they look as plump and blossoming as beef and brandy can make them? As if the chief object of legislative bodies had been to consume the public stall, and lie at the public tap, to gormandize, and smoke, and lounge, telling stories, singing songs and making merry, while *we*, forsooth, must be gagged and left to die of starvation. I tell gentlemen to beware: They have not reckoned with their hostess. I warn them to count the cost before they undertake to rob us of our inalienable rights, rights which my sex have learned we possess, and which we know how to defend. (Great applause from the right.)

Mrs. Lumbard.—"Mrs Speakeress, I do not rise with the wish of protracting this already lengthy discussion; however, with the permission of the committee, I will make a single remark. I agree with the honorable member from O——, that the body politic had better suffer extreme depletion than be crippled with the gout, or expire of apoplexy."

Miss Pindleton.—"I rise to the support of Mrs. Live-well —our position is just; and to a woman, I venture to say, our resolution is taken to maintain it at all hazards. I warn gentlemen that a continuance of this shameful conduct must inevitably result in a "dissolution of the Union!" We most deeply deplore such an alternative — but if gentlemen are madly bent on goading us up to that pitch of desperation, on their heads, not ours, be the consequences. (Great confusion and cries of order.)

"Silence!" shouted the Speakeress, stamping her foot with emphatic violence.

"Question — question!" from the left.

Mr. Moulton. — "I rise to a point of order." (Cries of "put him down," from the right.)

A disgraceful scene ensued, but by great exertion, quiet was at length restored.

Mrs. Duglass.—"Mrs. Speakeress; I move that after an interval of fifteen minutes, we adjourn till to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

Ominous pause! The feminines fell to moulding the "dough-faces." Such lookings! movings! whisperings! pulling of sleeves! rubbing of elbows! and leaning on shoulders! The Omnibus Dinner Bill was evidently making headway. The vote was taken and carried by a majority of *three!*

CHAPTER XXIII.

"How he did seem to dive into their pockets."

THE "spiritual" mania pervaded city, town and country. Strange to say, the spiritualists for the most part adhered to the "old fogy" school, and were content to plod along the beaten path of the rapping, writing and seeing Mediums. This may not have been altogether their fault, since the spirits, for some wise purpose, no doubt, had seen fit to endow but a solitary individual with the miraculous gift of a spiritual nasal organ, the *ne plus ultra*, and only reliable Medium of communication with the Spheres — the real "swiftsure" line of conveyance between the universe of sense and the vapory realms of spiritdom. This, experience had demonstrated most conclusively, as the reader will recollect. The Noscologist and his disciples regarded all other Mediums and their followers with scorn and disgust.

Professor Z. Socrates Nozzleman maintained his just ascendency as the greatest among all the great lights of spiritualism; the Jupiter, or rather the central Sun of the system. His satellites were numerous, whose axis of motion and center of gravity all lay within the circle of his capacious nostrils. Hence his influence within the limits of his own "orbit" was supreme and arbitrary. In this connection, we cannot fail to notice the singular

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phenomenon that his olfactories, though "spiritual," possessed a decided affinity for the good things of Providence, of whatever kind, whether adapted to the palate or the pocket. For instance—he smelt that brother Pliable must give him fifty dollars, and it was forthcoming, at any sacrifice. Our Smeller was in want of a certain horse valued at a hundred and fifty dollars. When seeking the owner, and ostensibly under the promptings of benevolence, he addressed him thus—

"Brother Soft, I am here to let thee know that thy valuable horse is diseased, and will shortly die, unless he fall into my hands. Thou knowest, brother Soft, that I do not covet thy horse, but rather than thou shouldest lose him and suffer a total loss, the Spirits direct me to be just, and give thee the liberal price of forty dollars and save the life of the animal. So bring him hither speedily, and make sure of thy money."

Brother Soft, not hesitating between the skin of a dead beast and so great a sum, hastened to the pasture, brought and delivered up the horse, rejoicing that he had saved forty dollars and the life of his noble "Bay."

Professor Nozzleman was destitute of a family carriage. Sister Marvel, residing some three miles distant, had a new one exactly to the professor's taste, or rather to his *smell*. So mounting his splendid Bay, with whip and spur, he set off at full speed for sister Marvel's. Like a pointer on the scent, descrying in the distance the coveted vehicle before the door, he bent forward with all his might, and came dashing up to the gate, his horse covered with dust and foam, and himself breathless with agitation, just as the good woman of the house with her children were issuing to take a morning ride.

"Sister Marvel! sister Marvel!" said the smeller, with face and jesture the picture of terror, and voice sticking in his throat, "I—smelt that—thee—was—on the point of riding —out—and would—get killed by—that carriage. I've—got—here—in time—to save—thy life. Thou must never —ride—in it again."

"Oh, bless you! bless you!" exclaimed sister Marvel, "you've saved our lives. We should've been dead before night. No other Medium could've told this. Spiritualism has snatched us from the jaws of destruction. Nobody can doubt now. 'Spiritualism'—O its everything—its everything."

A little rested, and sitting on his panting beast, our smelling Apostle related his feelings on first snuffing the sad news, and then apparently subsiding into a state of abstraction, with a melancholy look and an ominous shake of the head, as if contemplating some future occurrence, uttered the exclamation, "That carriage! that carriage!"

"What must I do with it?" asked sister Marvel.

"I'll tell thee what thou must *not* do," replied the Medium, with a sigh; "thee or any of thy family must never set foot in it again, if thou wouldest not be dashed in pieces."

"Would it be safe for you to use it?" asked sister Marvel.

"I don't know till I consult the spirits," answered the wily Apostle. Whereupon ordering the horse to be detached and the wheels well blocked, he cautiously ascended, and seating himself for a short time, said with a smile—

"I scent there is no immediate danger to me, and that should any arise, I shall be advertised of it in due season."

"Well," said the simple owner, with a heart full of gratitude,

"You are welcome to the carriage and the harness too, if you want it, and any thing else I have, for you have saved me and my family."

"I do not foresmell any *immediate* harm to thee from the harness, but as you *might run a risk* in using it, perhaps it will be safest for me to take it," said the Medium.

Sister Marvel cheerfully acquiesced, not only, but superadded heartfelt thanks for her timely rescue.

Our Medium Apostle was now fashionably equipaged. Attaching his splendid Bay to his beautiful carriage, he returned home in style and comfort, having promised sister Marvel that not a moment should be lost in giving her notice, should any accident be about to overtake her again.

The reader has not as yet been made acquainted with the personal character and genealogy of *the* Prime Medium of the age and Arch Apostle of Spiritualism. Perhaps some would like to add his daguerreotype to their picture gallery.

He was in the neighborhood of forty years of age, of middle stature — hair sandy and unsheared, hanging down his shoulders — beard patriarchal — eyes small, gray, sharp and deep set in his head; nose the leading feature of the profile, hugely occupying the foreground — altogether *sui generis*, of true yankee extraction — was a wandering planet, a universal itinerant, had contrived many ways to get a living by his *wits*, but with indifferent success, till, fortunately, his nasal qualities were brought into requisition. Sly, shrewd, cunning, he could lay his plans ingeniously, and promote them prosperously, until some novel idea would drive him off tangent-wise into some new scheme. In short, he belonged to that class who are

unwilling to "let well enough alone," to use a homely adage. He had finally struck a rich vein, and made a permanent "hit," had he not, like those of his class, sought to grasp all within his reach.

Moved by the spirit of lucre, he set himself up as general *Executor* for all his followers, inspiring them with the belief that it was wholly unnecessary to make a will, as in case of demise, their spirits could, by personal communication, direct him as to the disposition of their property, from time to time, thereby retaining the oversight of their temporal affairs as really as when in the flesh. Besides, the method proposed, possessed this important advantage: In the Spirit-Land where there is ample time for reflection and self-review, where all things appear in their true light, and can be clearly contemplated in their intrinsic character and every possible bearing, they would be prepared to dispose of their earthly estates far more safely and wisely than it was in their power to have done previous to their departure.

Our Spiritual Executor assured them likewise that should he happen to be taken away, some one or more of his descendants would succeed to his powers, and the business be transacted by them equally as well as by himself. Most fortuitous discovery! A thrifty branch among the off-shoots of Spiritualism, and promising to bear abundant fruit! The believers hailed it with jubilee. Indeed, what child of Adam could have the obstinacy to reject a scheme of such transcendent utility and so obviously in harmony with the dictates of human nature? Only let this perfection of Spiritualism be universally adopted, and the "empty void" of yielding up the "things

of time and sense" is filled. The dreadful chasm between Earth and the Spheres is bridged. Farewell to the iron-fisted law of hereditaments and the despotic fashion of testamentary bequests, by which past generations have suffered their goods to be wrenched from their grasp and parceled out to their posterity. Henceforth, every passenger to the Spirit World conveys with him all right and title to his temporal estate, both personal and real, holding it in *fee simple*, not only while "grass grows and water runs," but while human nature lasts and the "Spheres" revolve. Auspicious era! Ultimatum most glorious of the great law of spiritual *development!* Think of it, reader, and exult. What a "manifest destiny!" Spirits are no longer the meager ghosts they have been, cut off from their worldly possessions and sent away into limbo like outlaws and bankrupts, but retired capitalists; the real upper-tendom — operators on "Change" — proprietors of the soil with all its incumbrances, of this mundane territory, by actual title, or holding under bond and mortgage, while the Mediums are their agents on commission, and to whom is allowed a very liberal per centage.

At the head of this class of communicators stood, as we have seen, Professor Nozzleman. Though in moderate circumstances previous to his promotion by his spiritual employers, he had "demonstrated" himself into a handsome property.

His disciples multiplied. Some of them occasionally declared they "*smelt a rat,*" but their smeller-in-chief assured them it could not be *spiritual effluvia*, and so he *nosed* them into the belief of his infallibility.

History, ancient or modern, furnishes no example of one-

man-power so absolute as that of Z. Socrates Nozzleman. Here was a spiritual hierarchy with a vengeance, under the sway of this chief Apostle. He levied weekly contributions upon each disciple, male and female, and which were cheerfully paid to help forward "the good cause."

As we have before remarked, many people remained in the dark, in relation to the latest improvements in the science and art of Spiritualism. Even men occupying "high places" in our national synagogue, judges, professors and statesmen, lawyers, doctors and generals, were following in the wake of the rappers, writers and seers. The ancient city of Gotham, christened New York, N. S., proverbial for its *fastness* in everything, teemed with Mediums of the "old school." Spiritual *Noseology* had not as yet been discovered nor introduced there, which circumstance is evidence that the most truthful spirits, eschewing the most populous towns, frequent the "rural districts." In this instance, at least, the great metropolis was far behind our far-famed country village.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"O, madam,
Your sex is too imperious to rule;
You are too busy and stirring to
Be put in action; your curiosity
Would do as much harm in a kingdom as
A monkey in a glass shop; move and remove,
Till you had broken all."

"THE usual hour" found the members of the Legislature in their respective seats, the galleries crowded with spectators, and "lobby" full of anxious expectants.

During the interim of adjournment, the Speakeress having consulted the Governess, they together condescended to examine the constitution and register on the opening of legislative sessions, and thus gathered the necessary information for organizing the Senate and House. They disdained to ask counsel of the Attorney-General, who happened to belong to the other gender, having been elected previous to the "clean sweep," and whose term of office had not yet expired.

The houses were at length organized, in a manner, by the appointment of various committees, a list of which we cannot stay to record, as proper brevity requires us to generalize. It is sufficiently specific to say, that in no instance was a male ap-

pointed chairman, nor even as a member of any committee of prominent importance.

The session wore itself away, dragging its "slow length along," in the succession of buncome speeches, caucussing, and long adjournments. The main topic of discussion was the message, and particularly that portion relating to the marriage question.

As might be expected, a subject of such vital importance to the welfare of the State, so radical in its nature and far-reaching in its results, called forth the strongest effort of the best talent on the floor of the capitol. It is beyond the power of any reporter to do even a moiety of justice to the ingenious and eloquent speakers on both sides of the house.

Miss Lovegood, of Cupidville, earned the notoriety of taking the initiative, by introducing a very elaborate "Bill concerning Matrimony," and from which we extract the following sections:

"The Governess shall appoint in each town three persons as a Board of Matrimonial Excise; said Board to consist solely of females of undoubted character, and not less than fifty nor more than eighty years of age; — that no marriage shall hereafter be lawful and binding upon any lady, unless sanctioned by said "Board of Excise," or a majority thereof.

"That it shall be the prerogative of any female to make application to any male to become her servant — the term "husband" to be expunged from the language, or made obsolete, save as a by-word and reproach.

"That it be unlawful for any man over sixteen years of age to refuse said application, provided always the age of the fair

applicant be between fifteen and fifty-five years. In case two or more applications be made to the same person, at the same time, the mother of the applicantee shall determine which of the fair applicants he shall accept. If he have no mother living, then his eldest sister. If he have no sister, it shall be his duty to accept the eldest applicant — provided again, that no peculiar reasons exist, to be certified by the 'Board of Excise.'

"It shall be the duty of the excise-woman to see that females are not imposed upon, and any want of fidelity in their official capacity shall subject them to severe penalties.

"Immediately following the application, the applicant shall send the applicantee to the Board of Excise, to notify them of said application, and unless they judge that positive injury would result to the fair applicant, let them write 'yes,' on a card, and sign the same, as a marriage certificate; and any applicantee refusing to become the servant of such applicant, holding said certificate, shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor, and subject to such punishment as, in the discretion of the Board, he shall be deemed worthy.

"In case the excise ladies should write 'No' on said card, the applicant, if in reality,

"The sweet lady dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon the ———— man,"

shall have the right to appeal to the Governess, or may, at her option, compel the applicantee to retire to the distance of at least one hundred miles — as a penalty for exciting in the fair

applicant an undue and unreciprocated passion — there to remain in 'durance vile,' until the fair applicant shall have made application for another servant, or certify that the delinquent's return would not infringe upon her 'RIGHTS.'

"The sanction of this most wholesome, righteous law, shall be nothing short of extreme penalty for its slightest infringement."

The minority, to a man, looked upon the bill with abhorrence as a most daring high-handed innovation, and were for quashing it at once. They would speedily have killed the monster at a blow; but that was inexpedient, if not impracticable. It would not do to legislate in a hurry. Precipitate action would not comport with the dignity of such a body, and the interests of the public, which require legislators to proceed with the greatest possible deliberation and caution. Besides, despatch is unstatesman-like and contrary to political orthodoxy. To hinder the ebullition of passion, and the display of eloquence, and the manouvers of statesmanship, and the settlement of private quarrels, and the *making of capital*, would be highly impolitic, and at variance with the first principles of democracy, not for a moment to be tolerated in any free government.

Our State, next to our national Legislature, knew how to stand upon their constitutional and inalienable rights, and among them the freedom to speak as often, and as long, and on whatever subject they pleased.

Miss Lovegood, by the presentation of her famous "Marriage Bill," set the ball in motion and gave it impetus by a long and lusty speech, in which it was contended with great strength of

reasoning, and richness of illustration, that nature was perverted, and society out of order.

"Woman," said she, "was not made for man, but man for woman. True, father Adam was formed before mother Eve. But things made *first* are not necessarily the best. Is it not indeed the reverse? Cannot a journeyman work better than a raw apprentice, and an old mechanic outdo them both? Besides, man was composed of clay, and at best, he is nothing more than humanity in the rough, coarse earthenware, for common use. But woman! whence and what is she? Not a clumsey vessel formed of *mud*. Man's composition in its most refined state was but the raw material for her mechanism. Hence she is not the mere *pottery* that man is, but the genuine porcelain and china in the palace of society. Or to speak figuratively, Nature in the gross assumes the masculine, but in the superfine, the feminine gender; plainly indicating that man was made to be under the woman, and woman to be over the man; he, as her slave, she, as his mistress."

"Now, Mrs. Speakeress," continued the eloquent stateswoman, "in the light of these self-evident truths, what is the inevitable conclusion to which we are driven? Is it not that this bill is absolutely demanded as the only remedy of a great political and social evil? What, let me ask, is the present state of things? What has it been? what is it destined to be without the passage of this bill? Look at my sex, hand-cuffed and gagged; cramped, cribbed, confined and crushed. No matter how often cupid may plant his burning arrows in our bosoms, and howmuchsoever they may rankle and corrode, we

must neither write nor speak, nor look, nor even breathe affection for any mortal man, much less compel him to bow at our foot-stool, because forsooth, it is not *custom*, and therefore the height of impropriety, to say nothing worse. What! Mrs. Speakeress! shall these sons of Jove shake their ambrosial curls, lift their haughty brow, sport their smart imperial and mustache, and in all their pride and pomp strut abroad in defiance of our charms? No, Mrs. Speakeress, it is high time these Sampsons were shorn of their strength, and this bill is the shears to do it with. Mrs. Speakeress, before I sit down, let me abjure all *personal motives* in my presentation and advocacy of this measure. I present it as a public benefaction. Let it be passed, and future generations will rise up and call us blessed."

Mr. Bachelder, of Button Creek.—"Mrs. Speaker, I rise in reply to the honorable memberess from Cupidville. The bill she has had the honor of introducing is a remarkable one, and in support of which she has favored us with a remarkable speech. Yes, a *very* remarkable speech, at once historical, argumentative, philosophical and hortatory. But, madam, let us examine this 'stone ware' and '*cheeny*' argument, as it may properly be christened. It is admitted at the outset, by the honorable lady, that man was made *first*, but she denies it to be evidence of superiority—nay, she has the 'cheek' to argue that it proves his inferiority. Was there ever before such an abuse of facts and reason? What a miserable shift to cover a weak position? (Sensation—many of the female members making mouths at the speaker.) Stripped of the guise of sophistry, what is the naked truth on this subject? Why plainly, that man was created *first*, not only in the order of

time, but also in the scale of endowments and authority. Let whoever doubts it turn to the anthropological record and read it in plain English. The learned lady also debates, not reasons, the same point on the score of mechanical improvement. As if Nature put out to a trade had wrought successively as apprentice, journeyman — journey-*woman* rather — and mistress-mechanic.

"Now in the first place, the honorable lady's argument proves too much. It virtually predicates that Nature was originally imperfect, which amounts to an open impeachment of the handiwork of the great Architect of the universe.

"But in the second place, the lady's reasoning proves nothing at all; for if Nature was apprenticed, let the honorable lady produce the indentures. But admit it. Grant, for argument's sake, that Nature in the march of artistic improvement, for any period however indefinite, and degree of perfection however great, accomplished the product of woman. What then? Does the lady's conclusion follow? Not at all. May not a most skillful artisan turn off the most worthless job? Does it not indeed require the galvanic powers of the nineteenth century to turn pinch-beck and pewter into gold, twenty carats fine, with which to adorn the 'fashionables?' Can any short of the highest commercial dexterity enable a bankrupt to sport his 'coach and four' on other people's money? Is it not the extreme of chemical acuteness, from the bowels of the crucible, to furnish the demands of European and American aristocracy with artificial diamonds, rivaling in their luster the great 'Kohinoor' itself. And what, Mrs. Speaker, let me ask, as the climax of all, what short of the miraculous perfection of

Yankee workmanship can surpass even Nature herself in the manufacture of white-oak cheese, wooden nutmegs and garden seeds! (Bursts of applause from the left — hisses from the right.) In allusion to the textural formation of the sexes, the honorable lady, with an air of triumph, is pleased to call man the stone-ware, and woman china. Man, stone-ware! Woman, china! Very well, admit it. The lady is exceedingly unfortunate in her positions. Is the china-set put to daily, common use? Or is it not kept in choice reserve to be spread in the entertainment of *company?* I put it directly to the honorable lady herself, if this is not attested by her personal knowledge and experience? I challenge the honorable memberess to deny it. Well now, let us apply this in the form of syllogism:

Woman is china-ware:
But china-ware is made for the entertainment of *company* —
Therefore woman was made for the entertainment of company.

"Again—To *advance another link in the chain:*

Company signifies visitors; —
But *suitors* are visitors —
Therefore suitors are *company.*

"The adverse of the proposition, amounting to a *reductio ad absurdum*, is equally unfortunate for the lady's cause. Put in terms consonant with her own showing,

Man is designed for the entertainment of company:
But man is stone-ware;
Therefore stone-ware is designed for the entertainment of company,

A conclusion directly contrary to the *nature of things*, at least

of stone and china, and the universal practice of society, for the honorable lady will not affirm that *pottery* is the highest style of crockery ware; nay, she holds exactly the reverse.

"Thus, Mrs. Speakeress, the power of absolute demonstration deals a fatal blow to this bill, which constitutes woman the court-*er* and man the court-*ee*, in all matrimonial alliances, and which the honorable lady has so strenuously maintained as the pink of nuptial orthodoxy, when as we have seen in the light of reason and the nature of things — and hence constitutionally considered — man is the suit-*or* and woman the suit-*ee*.

"But, madam, there is another aspect of this measure, still more monstrous, if possible — I mean its illegality.

"The honorable lady, in the course of her argument, declared that 'man's composition refined was but the raw material for woman's mechanism.' This, madam, sounds very fine from the lips of the eloquent memberess. But why did she not go further and state the *modus operandi* of the thing? The reason is obvious. She dare not do it. It would have been a death-blow to her bill. What, madam, are the facts in the case? Why undeniably these. Adam retired to rest, and while fast asleep, a rib was dislocated from his side, without his knowledge or consent, and converted into woman.

"Now I take it, Mrs. Speakeress, that a man has a right to his own *ribs* wherever he can find them, as much so as to any other *personal* property whatever. But what is the ground assumed by the author and supporters of this bill? Why, madam, as if it were not enough for a man to have a portion of himself abstracted covertly, in the dark, he must now submit to be seized bodily and held, *vi et armis*, by force and

arms, like a fugitive from justice, and without either the power of *habeas corpus* or trial by jury. What is this, let me ask, but political atheism and legalized piracy? Are ladies and gentlemen prepared to vote for a measure so burglarious, so treasonable, so absolutely monstrous? I trow not. (Great applause from the left — groans from the right.) I shall not attempt, madam, to follow the honorable lady in her eloquent and pathetic episode on cupids, arrows, crushed hearts, ambrosial curls, whiskers, *et cetera*, all of which has about as much to do with the question before the house, as the 'Nebraska swindle,' or the 'annexation of Cuba.' With this exposition of my sentiments, Mrs. Speakeress, I sit." (Great and continued sensation in all quarters of the house.)

Mrs. Pomposo of the metropolis arose. — "Mrs. Speakeress, may it please your right honorable ladyship, I had beatified my sensorium with the deeply-seated hope, that the extant measure which has absorbed so much of the time and talent of this legislative corporeity, would have made its transit without antagonism, and thus have exonerated me from the onerousness of delivering my sentiments. But such is the unexpected and puissant opposition to this political enterprise, so antecedent in its conception, so righteous in its provisions, and so magnificent in its consequences, that I dare not retrograde to my constituency, without exalting my voice in a sample of oratory.

"Mrs. Speakeress, I have the perception of a line of argumentation as yet untraversed, and which I covet the liberty and honor of demarcating. I mean the *property* argument.

"And firstly, in the incipiency of my discourse, allow me to vouchsafe the declaration that I am not under the impetus

of selfishness. True, I am the mother of six young *ladies*, concurrently marriageable and beautiful, between the ages of twelve and twenty-four years. They are all around, that is, circumambulated by suitors, but which possess the intrinsic abatement of congenial and adequate property qualifications. I am anchored in the determination that my offspring, so nobly descended, so exquisitely beautiful and accomplished, shall never so tarnish their ancestral escutcheon as to become the 'ladies' of any thing less than billionaires. Mrs. Speakeress, I persist in my adhesiveness to this measure, in the light of public munificence."

Mrs. Blunt of Stumptown, a bulky-looking matron, and though somewhat illiterate, contended with great natural force, in opposition to the bill.

"Miss Spokesman," said bulky Mrs. Blunt, "I have brought twelve live boys upon airth — Reuben the oldest and Benny the littlest. There haint any on 'em matched yit, and I wants nobody's gals taggin round arter 'em — Mrs. Pamposer's six da'turs for kzample. I reckon as how my boys knows when its time for 'em to have a woman, and who they wants and how to git her tu. My old man sparked me ecause he liked me so bad, and that's just for why I had him. If he hadn't had a genewine feeling towards me, he wouldn't a come arter me at all, and I woldn't thanked him tu nuther. I wants nobody that duzn't want me.

"Now jist look here onc't — you — Miss What's-yer-name, up on the stagen yender. Lets us argyfy a bit. Spos'n a chap had a sort a takin fur you, and you had no sort a takin

fur him back agin — you wouldn't want a marry him, would you? Nor he you, if he warn't a tarnal fool!

"Agin — Spose you was a gal, as you onc't was, an you tuck to likin some feller, all-fired hard fur what I care, an all the while he hadn't a spark o' feelin fur you, any way; but you, poor moon-struck, love-sick thing should coax, or force, or give him a fortin to be your man, agin his natur. I ax now, what kind o' house-keepin you'd have? I reckon as how, twouldn't take much to guess! I've seen zackly sich in my day, and pr'aps you mought be ditto.

"But now, Miss Specchifyer, in the ced, to put this 'ere thing all in a heap together, will tote it right hum, an 'spose you was e'en a'most gone with the heart-ache arter one o' the neighbor's boys, an he the same or more so arter you, and so both on you ciprocated 'tother — jist as lovyers always ought'er — What then? Why you'd hev the knot tied twixt you — quicker — and all on airth couldn't stop it.

"Well then, I'd like to know what this 'ere new Love Bill, as you call it, is good fur, when it duzn't alter nothin? Them's my sentiments.

"But now, as how I'm on the floor, and its my *right* to talk, I'll foller fashion and tack on a bit of a remark.

"I'ze no Doctor of Philosophy nor Physic, in any big *degree*, but I've seen and felt natur. I'ze o' the opinion, if all the legislaturs in Ameriky makes bills to turn the univarse about, 'twont signify nothin. Fire'll burn — water'll quench — zephyers 'll buss the roses — and the sp'eres 'll wheel and spin like as ever.

"Now, I'll top off by saying, its nat'ral for us to like them what likes us. Love goes where its a mind to, and where love goes the 'parson' follers. Its natur's law, an its no use fur Miss Pamposer nor the hull legislatur to go agin it. Natur, I tell you, is a master institution enough sight stouter'n all on yer. So jist hang up yer fiddle about this 'ere bill."

Honorable Mrs. Blunt subsided heavily into her seat, amid hisses, applause and laughter.

It is useless to attempt to follow up the multifarious, lengthy and heated discussion of this measure, attempted to be sprung upon the Legislature and saddled on the commonwealth, but which was staved off most vigorously, by all the means within the constitutional reach of the "old schools." But the "strong-minded" had fairly passed the rubicon, and now they pushed the "war into the enemies country."

Amid secret caucusing, buncome speeches, personal altercations, and amorous episodes, the famous Marriage Bill consumed the entire session, to the exclusion of everything else. The hundredth day found the Council of State in secret session. Night closed upon the contest. Fierce and fiercer still grew the strife, when, as the town-clock tolled out the hour of twelve, the deed of darkness was done! The vote was taken and carried by the timely assistance of the doughfaces. The House adjourned.

CHAPTER XXV.

"O horror! horror! after this alliance,
Let tigers match with hinds, and wolves with sheep;
And every creature couple with its foe."

"While other doublets deviate here and there,
What secret handcuff binds that pretty pair?
Compactest couple! pressing side to side—
Ah! the white bonnet—that reveals the bride."

HUMANITY is pre-eminently the most progressive institution of this nineteenth century. In all its ramifications of feeling, thought, and action, *progress* is the law. Especially was this true of the "New Lights."

In no direction did the demonstrations of reform make such rapid, far-reaching strides, as in the line of matrimony. The "strong-minded" had taken the initiati by demolishing Hymen's altar, cutting down the Idalian Groves, and destroying the "high places of marital idolatry," where the little-winged god, ever since the days of good mother Eve, was wont to practice his skillful archery. But this was merely the prelude. What the mundane sisterhood had begun, the lady spirits completed. The sacred myrtle, planted in the hot-bed of radicalism, in spite of the bleakness and frigidity of this terraqueous orb, by the artificial force of political horticulture and spiritual chemicals, extended its roots into the more genial soil, and

reached out its branches, gracefully waving, into the ambrosial atmosphere of the ever-sunny Zones.

Spiritual Marriage or Free Love-ism was the highest pinnacle in the upward progress of "development"—the Mont Blanc towering in solitary grandeur, whose brow dewy morn and blushing eve kiss first and last; whose hoary scalp, though storm swept and dishevcled, is yet encircled with the eternal diadem of alternate clouds and sunshine, so ethereal, so fairy,

> "So softly blending, that the cheated eye
> Forgets on which is earth or which is heaven."

The chief medium of this grand spiritual manifestation was the Legislature.

The Spherical Fillibusters had conquered the annexation of Earth to the Zones. Carrying out legitimately the code of conquest, they claimed for themselves at least a share in the councils of state. Accordingly, seats were awarded to members from the Spheres. Besides, the capitol was enlarged by the addition of a magnificent Chamber of Conference or Spiritual Star-Chamber, constructed exclusively for spiritual caucusing, and the reception and transmission of communications by spiritual telegraph, express, and private messengers.

Unparalleled was the galaxy of Spherical Representatives. Queen Elizabeth, Empress Catherine, Queen of Sheba, Jezebel, Queen Dido, Queen Mab, in short, the whole troop of "strong-minded" magnates from remotest antiquity, downwards.

Among the *doughfaces*, or, to use a more charitable term, the *impressibles*, that is to say, the adherents of the new administration, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Dr. Franklin, John Ran-

dolph, Lord Bacon, Cicero, Swedenborg, King Solomon, Moses, Davy Crockett, Lorenzo Dowe, and Joe Smith, all of whom, with numerous others of the same "stripe," held seats in the Legislature through their respective Mediums.

Venus and Cupid surrounded by the Muses, with troops of Nymphs and Graces, thronged the lobbies and galleries.

The Spirituals were decidedly the *Lyons* and *Lyonesses* of both Houses, and "crushed out" every thing that opposed them.

The Matrimonial Bill had been passed in the *gross*. It remained to be refined and sublimated into Spiritual Marriage and Free Love-ism, by way of progressive amendment. It was not enough to disfranchise the Lords of Creation *matrimonially*, and allow their fair oppressors the right of choosing a solitary companion and compelling him to submit to the conjugal yoke, howmuchsoever repugnant to his feelings, his tastes, or his affinities. The most important, spiritual, and holy of all human institutions, both in respect to its intrinsic character and extrinsic results, could not be left in so crude a form — worthy only of pagans the most benighted and undeveloped. The honor of the sex, the welfare of the race, and the glory of Spiritualism, demanded its all-perfect consummation in the doctrine and practice of Free Love.

Free Love-ism! Spiritual Marriage! Reader, do you understand and appreciate its import? Let the advocates of the highly-progressed "institution" expound it.

"Marriage is the law of heaven; the marriage of the spirit is the only marriage to abide in any condition. The marriage institution of man is wrong, and must be annulled ere the race is redeemed.

"All mankind were created male and female, in pairs, perfectly mated. The male generally comes upon the earth first, and is older, by few or many years (the difference being generally from five to twenty years); and they are generally located near each other, so that, if circumstances be favorable, they can meet and be united.

"Unless divinely attracted to each other and conjoined in eternal truth, no marriage can be rightly celebrated, and none other will prove ought but miserable. As there can be but one proper marriage, so there can only be one marriage on the earth. Man and woman drawn together by the moral interior of their natures, and driven onwards from the bosom of the Father to the eternities, shall be united to the eternities and never severed. Marriage not thus consummated, will exist but for a time, but when eternity breaks upon our race, every man and every woman shall see his and her own to be united forever.

"Free Love is like the outgushing of water that bubbles from out the fountain to kiss the morning air, — that gives itself to its own in holy marriage, free only from the despotism of mannerism, and from care of the thoughts and opinions of an unrighteous society."

Or, to be more specific, if we rightly comprehend it, Free Love is essentially and solely a spherical element — one of the fundamental spiritual harmonies — a primordial inseparability of the eternities — a primogenial coefficient of the supersensible Zones — a cognate principle of original materiality, flowing lineally towards matrimonial, social, and moral consonance in the universal and eternal *flux* of things.

"In conformity with, or more logically speaking, coexistent and inseparable, if not identical with this ante-cosmological or pre-existent basis, Free Love exists and springs — the ideal and the actual, the simple ontological and complex phenomenal— spirito-material entity "*un*individuated," or *spiricity in the lump*, radiating into individualities, sensific, rational and moral, or *spiricity "individuated,"* which individuations in turn collapse into inseparability, or *spiricity perfection*—— so that conditional plurality becomes absolute singularity; that is to say, abstract duality contracts into substantial, conscious unity; and again concrete dualism absorbs and terminates itself in supra-spiritual *totality!"*

To make it still more perspicuous, if possible, let us resort to a different terminology.

All personal identities are distinguishable into sexual individualities. These individualities possess original conformations differing respectively from each other, in endless, wide, and infinitessimal variety, yet under the plastic force of dualistic law, resolving themselves spontaneously into *duads* or counterparts — intellectual and moral, physical, affectional and connubial duplicates, bating the gender.

Thus in the development of infinite disagreement is manifested finite agreement — amid endless repulsions, individual polarities attracted to the point of magnetic unity, by which limited inherence, coherence, and dependence, out-crop into personal, absolute, and universal *in*dependence. In other words, throughout the heterogeneous external conglomeration of humanity in the "form," there is the development of pre-existent, antithetical sexualities — spiritual *nebulæ*, which permeated

and surcharged with the essence of elective affinity, mutually gravitate, meet and cohere into conjugal synthesis, in which process subjective affection gushes spontaneously into objective activity, hastening to and terminating in the grand *ultimatum*, the *ne plus ultra* development of unalloyed *spiricity!* In fine, to render the whole thing transparent to even the opaque sense of the most undeveloped mortals, we have only to add, that Free Love is a pre-existent cause of which true matrimonial alliance is the present and post-existent effect, in the direct progression of antecedent and consequent — the *a posteriori* manifestation being dependent upon and governed by the *a priori* fitness, whereby the physical, metaphysical, moral and social economy is conditioned, developed and subordinated by the spiritual.

Such is the *rationale* of Free Love, or spiritual husband-and-wife-ism; the new and highly advanced theory of hymeneal æsthetics, or the *feeling* of the beautiful and the true, the symphonious and the beatific, constituting the *clairvoyance* of the heart, by which correspondent nuptial instincts recognize each other, and at first glance, according to a pre-established harmony, meet and coalesce in the most affectionate embrace!

A bill embracing such principles, so dissimilar and antagonistic to the views and time-established custom of all civilized nations, was, to say the least of it, a remarkable novelty in the history of political science. Public opinion denounced it in unmeasured terms, not only as delusion and folly, but the floodgate of iniquity, yet was it put forth endorsed by all the Spirituals as the forerunner and glad earnest of the millennium.

What if the people were not rife for the measure? What if society had not sufficiently progressed to appreciate and wel-

come it? What if it did materially conflict with the memorable Marriage Bill previously passed, and which was considered the ultimatum, the final and perpetual settlement of the great question? Development must progress. Leading spirits developed so far in advance of the age can not wait the tardy movement of rudimental mortals. Legal landmarks, in common with every thing else, must yield to the high swelling, onrushing current of Progress.

Long and heated was the controversy between the Sphericals and the most radical of the "strong-minded" mundaneans, on this fundamental and very delicate topic; the latter party taking the broad ground without modification or compromise, that in no instance had man any right whatever to take the lead in the science and art of matrimony, in any of its phases, either of courtship, wedlock or domestic rule.

But the Sphereites were by no means disposed to succomb to the rudimentals, for spirits can be tenacious as well as mortals in the flesh. Indeed, the higher the degree of spiricity the greater its independence, a manifestation which might easily be, and doubtless often is, construed into obstinacy by those less developed.

Party spirit ran high. Hot and hotter grew the contest, until argument gave place to personalities, zeal to animosity, threats to violence. Slung-shot, bowie knives, and revolvers, material and spiritual, were brandished profusely, by the fiery legislative gladiators, foremost and fiercest among whom, was Joe Smith, the doughty champion of polygamy, and for his matchless eminence surnamed the *Mighty Joe*.

Challenges to mortal combat were given and accepted. But

the "authorities" *threatened* to interfere, the political sages and master spirits interposed a *compromise*, the "code of honor" received the go-by, all insults were mutually pocketed, and the Free Love Bill progressed. In prospect, the domestic economy revised, improved, and enlarged, was committed to the supervision and control of the Zones.

The crisis was regarded as passed. Although not fully developed in form, by positive, legal enactment, yet spiritually, and to all intents and purposes, Free-wife-and-husband-ism was the law of the land.

Behold now the fruits of political reform! Myrtle boughs waved over the heads, rosebuds, phlox, and jonquils — eloquent symbols — flourished in the bosoms and button-holes of the spiritual members, and carrier doves with celestial plumage fluttered and cooed from desk to desk.

Free Love manifested itself in the fusion of the hitherto discordant and antagonistic elements of both Houses. Members began respectively and dualistically to discover their reciprocal internal congeniality and aptitude, so that ere long was scarcely to be found a representative without a spiritual companion. Nor were the developments of this tremendous stride in the onward march of progress limited by the walls of the capitol, or the bounds of the legislature. The reform spread like wildfire. Everywhere spirits were busy as bees, in promoting the due operation of the about-to-be new enactment. Young men and maidens, bachelors and spinsters with blood "caked and cold," felt the inward warmth and motions of Free Love. Husbands and wives discovered, to their astonishment and regret, that they were mismatched — in truth, they were never matched

at all—being destitute of the requisites of true marriage, that is, neither inherently adapted to each other, nor coherently and divinely attracted, and consequently not "conjoined in eternal truth." How unlike genuine spiritual marriage, in which not merely the artificial ligaments of legislation and custom harness together the parties in external companionship like draught-animals, but where above and antecedent to human conventionalities, spirit embraces spirit in sweet elective affinity, and the affections, instead of being either periodically or permanently at loggerheads, are spiritually dovetailed and glued together in perfect and indissoluble union, at once demonstrating the beauty and the genius of pure matrimonial statics and dynamics!

Witness the happy doublet, unattended by priest or squire, who, like heartless mercenaries, for the sake of the *fees*, yoke in mock wedlock those who, from equally mercenary or otherwise unworthy motives, consent to the farcial performance—witness, we say, the happy doublet as in spontaneous conjunction they step forth, hand in hand, heart in heart, twain in one, and recite in concert the formula of spiritual marriage.

"Have you seen the morning sunbeam kiss the opening blossom? Thus did our spirits meet and greet at the first interview; and as the invisible elements of nature unite and blend in one harmonious impulse, so are our spirits affinitized into one accordant living force. Whoever are thus united by the eternal laws of affinity, naught has authority to separate. We thus introduce ourselves unto you in the relation of husband and wife."

Could any thing short of the Spheres be so poetical, picturesque and hyper-romantic? What is it but the flower of

spiricity, the zenith of social development, the sublime climax of domestic æsthetics?

This presents the ultra-spiritual phase of the new connubial manifestation. Now glance at the Woman's Rights side of the picture.

Hon. Lucinda Hardhead and Benny H. Brownwell detecting in each other corresponding instincts, and a reciprocal conformation phrenological, psycological, amorous, and reformatory, ascend the platform, the latter led by the former, and face to face, in the presence of heaven and the world, pronounce the Bill of Rights, constituting them respectively each other's "*lady*" and *gentleman* duly and lawfully united for all the purposes of the domestic and social economy.

LUCINDA:—"While I am not insensible of the fact that amatorial spiricity reciprocated, constitutes the foundation of the so-called relationship of husband and wife, now assumed by us, yet self-respect, self-protection, and the development of a dominant principle impel us to the following Declaration of Rights:"

BENNY:—"While I acknowledge the institution of love and marriage which makes us wife and husband, yet I feel compelled to subscribe to the following declaration of rights:"

LUCINDA:—"This performance implies, on my part, no acknowledgment nor promise of submission to any authority of my servant."

BENNY:—"This performance implies on your part no acknowledgment nor promise of submission to your most obedient servant."

LUCINDA:—"Though forming a matrimonial union, I am still free and independent."

BENNY: — "Though forming a matrimonial union, you are still free and independent."

LUCINDA: — "No *gentleman* will claim superiority over woman."

BENNY: — "No *gentleman* will claim superiority over woman."

LUCINDA: — "No honorable man will so degrade his companion as to call her by the vulgar and barbarous name of wife."

BENNY: — "No honorable man will so degrade his companion as to call her by the vulgar and barbarous name of wife."

LUCINDA: — "To every married woman belong, as inalienable rights" —

BENNY: — "To every married woman belong, as inalienable rights" —

LUCINDA: — "The absolute headship of the household."

BENNY: — "The absolute headship of the household."

LUCINDA: — "The exclusive control of the purse."

BENNY: — "The exclusive control of the purse."

LUCINDA: — "The entire direction of all matters of business."

BENNY: — "The entire direction of all matters of business."

LUCINDA: — "The choice of residence and style of living."

BENNY: — "The choice of residence and style of living."

LUCINDA: — "The undisputed privilege of visiting and traveling when and where, and as long as inclination prompts, or gratification demands."

BENNY: — "The undisputed privilege of visiting and traveling when and where, and as long as inclination prompts, or gratification demands."

LUCINDA: — "In short, the unabridged liberty of thinking, speaking, and acting, or the contrary, in all cases whatsoever, according to the dictates of her own judgment or pleasure; in other words, as she pleases."

BENNY: — "In short, the unabridged liberty of thinking, speaking, and acting, or the contrary, in all cases whatsoever, according to the dictates of her own judgment or pleasure; in other words, as she pleases."

LUCINDA: — "In all cases of domestic difficulties — should any chance to arise — becoming gallantry, courtesy, and a proper regard for peace in the family, will require the male to yield his opinions and preferences, but where such reasonable acquiescence is refused, it shall be referred to the neighbors, to decide the question between the contending parties, and whose decision shall be final."

BENNY: — "In all family quarrels it belongs to the husband to submit to his 'better-half;' but when in judgment and conscience he feels bound to stand his ground, the neighbors shall be called in to settle the difficulty, and from their decision there shall be no appeal."

LUCINDA: — "Finally, we record our solemn protest against the old laws, rules, and customs, matrimonial and domestic, which at best are but a nuisance and a pest; the rotten relics of unprogressed heathenism. Furthermore, as rational, independent beings, in the progressive spirit of legislative, social and moral reform, we individually and mutually

abjure and set at defiance all control, rule, or restraint, in our associated capacity, save the foregoing articles of our matrimonial creed and co-partnership."

BENNY:—"*Amen.*"

(Signed), LUCINDA HARDHEAD.
BENNY H. BROWNWELL.

Supplementary to this nuptial manifesto and the delivery of marriage certificates, by statute, in such cases made and provided, how highly dramatic and impressive the sealing ceremony in ratification of the conjugal alliance.

"Benny dear, my salutation! which makes us twain a unit. Manifest your loyalty," exclaims the bride with severe dignity, at the same time dealing him a smart blow on the cheek with her open palm—most earnest and significant for a "love-tap," surely.

"The league is struck. Accept the pledge of my troth, thou light of my eyes! my 'better half' and stronger *three-quarters!* Witness all ye spheres, rudimental and supernal, the fealty I owe and vow to my liege mistress, whose throne is my shrine, whose footstool my throne," responded the groom with the utmost meekness and docility, falling on his knees and ardently pressing to his lips the empty glove of his goddess-like spouse.

Hon. Mrs. and Mr. Hardhead thus connubially developed according to the great, eternal law of spiritical harmonies, progress at once into the honeymoon. That honeymoon! How shall we describe it? O for the descriptive power of the highest poetic and sentimental spiricity, with pen plucked from

Cupid's wing and dipped in the quintessence of all celestial sweets, and fairy fingers to lend their charm in delineation of the blissful picture! Wish, how vain! and never to be realized, till the Fathers and Mothers of eloquence and song descend in their combined and concentrated mellifluence from the empyrean of the Seventh Sphere. Shall we then — although the medium of prophetic history, yet as a chronicler in the "form," at best and of necessity but partially progressed — shall we venture upon a theme so intensely and delicately exquisite, only to belittle and caricature it, with our rudimental goosequill? Ye gods and goddesses of Celestial Parnassus, save us the daring, presumptuous, sacrilegious thought! But if we may not tread with vulgar, rudimental feet upon the enchanted ground of that honeymoon, we may be permitted, as an authorized historian, to follow in the trail of Mrs. Hardhead and *gentleman* for a short space, with pencil and note book.

We modestly forbear, however, to extend our narrative, or push our researches within the sanctum-sanctorum of family privacy, notwithstanding the domestic archives would yield rare treasures, to enrich and adorn our page.

The scene before the curtains is sufficiently indicative of what passed behind them. But whatever else may have transpired there in relation to opinion and authority, there is no reasonable ground for the presumption that any altercations ever occurred, inasmuch as Mr. Hardhead privately, and on the hymenial platform, publicly entered into bonds to keep the family peace; while Mrs. Hardhead very prudently reserved for herself, under perpetual guaranty, the right — and that an inalienable one — of always consulting her own will and pleasure

without dictation or interference from her *minor* "half" and *weaker one-quarter.*

Installed as sovereign, in doors and out, and firmly enthroned in her isolated supremacy, not only domestically, but to the extent of Mr. Hardhead's sphere of political and business relations, Lucinda could with emphasis adopt the language of the great Selkirk,

> "I am monarch of all I survey,
> My right there is none to dispute."

Only upon a solitary occasion — and that before the days of the honeymoon were ended — did it happen otherwise, when, under a sudden impulse occasioned by the expiring struggle for his manhood, Benny so far forgot himself as to venture the suggestion to his fair yoke-mate, that she had by far the longest end of the lever.

"My dear Mrs. Hardhead," said he with an effort at manly independence, "if I do not misapprehend, you claim to hold the balance of power in everything appertaining to our co-partnership."

"Pray sir," responded she, "where should the balance of power lie, if not in the natural and legal head of our domestic and social commonwealth?"

"Very true, Mrs. H——, but who is the natural and legal head? That is the *question.*"

"That *was* the question, but it is not now, and what is more, sir, it never shall be."

"But you seem imperative."

"And you seem impertinent."

"Ten thousand pardons, my dear Mrs. Hardhead, I meant not the slightest disrespect, but — hem — I — it —"

"But — you — it — what?"

"If I may speak it, my dearest Mrs. H ——, I will. To tell the truth, in spite of myself, the feeling will keep constantly coming over me, that we are somewhat unequally yoked together."

"Indeed!"

"I mean we are not exactly even."

"Indeed!"

"That is to say, we are not entirely one." I have been thinking of what the Bible says about marriage, that "they twain" — meaning husband and wife — "shall be one flesh."

"The Bible! Don't beset me with any of your old heathen fables," exclaimed Lucinda, with a toss of the head, and a curl of the lip.

"Spare the 'good book' such disrespectful epithets, Mrs H.," responded he; "it claims to be a divine revelation, and on very good grounds, it appears to me — at least, I am thinking better of it than I was."

"And I am thinking worse of it, if possible. Divine revelation! For pity's sake, inform me what makes you think it divine?"

"It is so full of common sense."

"So full of nonsense, more like. Pray wherein do you find its superabundance of common sense?"

"Well, I don't know how to express it any better than the *fitness of things* which it teaches. It puts every thing and every *person* exactly in the *right place*."

"Ah! I understand. The old creed: 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands. For the husband is the head of the wife. That they may teach the young women to love their husbands, to love their children, to be *keepers at home*, good, obedient to their own husbands,' and so on. This makes up your sum total of divine revelation, I suppose, but which I say, is, of itself, sufficient to stamp your Book of God a libel on common justice and propriety, not to say decency. Such sentiments! Why, they make God stultify himself, absolutely. Confucius, or even St. Paul — who claims for himself their inspired author-ship — unprogressed heathen though he was, among heathen, ought to have blushed with shame to teach a doctrine so utterly monstrous and revolting."

"But do you rank the Apostle Paul with Confucius?"

"And why not, pray?"

"Was not Paul divinely inspired, as he claimed to be?"

"No more so — not so much, as was Confucius, without claiming to be. But why set yourself up to argue the case. There are the papers, sir," said the Hon. Mrs. H., with an air of triumph, showing him the "Bill of Rights," signed and sealed.

Mr. Hardhead was speechless. He had tied his own hands; thrust his own neck into the yoke, and there seemed no alternative for him but submission. Poor man! But why demur or repine at his domestic vassalage? Was it not ordained, alike by legal statute and the law of development, converging to the focal point of Woman's Rights? With such elements, ordinant and subordinate, entering into, and forming the base of the newly-organized nuptial "institution," how beautiful and

imposing — how worthy of paradise itself, the superstructure of every-day life must, of necessity, have been, it needs not a very fruitful imagination to fancy.

As part and parcel of the honeymoon, Hon. Mrs. Hardhead and gentleman could by no means dispense with the bridal tour. Did not our prescribed limits forbid it, we should delight to follow the illustrious pair, and take notes, which might easily be elaborated into the most interesting "Book of Travels."

Suffice it to say, Mrs. and Mr. Hardhead, wherever they went, were the "observed of all observers." As the pioneers of matrimonial reform, under the operation of the new marriage code, and the Hon. Lucinda being herself a princess among the magnates of the State, they were greeted all along their route with overwhelming congratulations. Their journey was a continuous feto. Chief of all, Governor Lucy honored them with a *soirée* magnificently grand. Bright

"The lamps shone o'er *brave women* and *fair men*,"

and to the most voluptuous music tripped the "light fantastic toe," while hundreds — and among them the chief notabilities of the Spheres, not excepting the Mermaid — crowded to the reception room, with eager rivalry in paying their addresses to the Lioness of the evening.

Gov. Boston entertained the concourse with a speech singularly appropriate to the occasion, and which was unanimously pronounced one of her most brilliant efforts. The Mermaid, through her Medium, followed in a neat strain of blank verse, with which, did it not appear invidious or partial, we should not fail to treat the reader.

Time continued to progress, and so did Hon. Mrs. Hardhead and gentleman, she mainly by public harangues, to enlighten mankind, at twenty-five cents a head, and he, as her "*good man Friday*," in the capacity of ticket-peddler and doorkeeper.

But in matrimony, as in every thing else, the physical was destined to succumb to the spiritual. Human enactments could neither forestall, nor supplant, nor impede the universal and higher law of development. In the ever onward operation of this law, the manifestation was evolved that no woman has any right to live with her husband, unless she loves him spiritually as well as physically; that no man is under obligation to live with his wife, unless he loves her spiritually as well as physically, and that whenever they may chance to meet another, whom they can love better, it is evidence conclusive that they are not spiritually united, and hence they are morally bound to forsake each other, and cleave to the newly-discovered object of their affection. Such abandonment — no matter how often — it is equally their duty to practice, as long as they remain in the form, that is to say, till they die, and are born into the Spheres. So simple, easy, and delightful a method of righting the wronged, of banishing inequalities, and securing equilibrium and harmony to the social system, was hailed with joy by multitudes of every class and condition, but by none more than those of upper-ten-dom.

As under the physical organism of the "strong-minded" Marriage Law, Mr. Hardhead had been first of the victims led to the altar, so was he among the first to lead off the purely spiritual figure, leaving the Hon. Lucinda to look elsewhere for her spiritual servant.

Rapidly did the Progressionists multiply, and infinite were the speculations, on all hands, in reference to this new and highly developed phase of spiricity.

It is true as trite, that "a single fact is worth a thousand theories," but where theory and facts correspond, they together are worth vastly more. Take an example, reader, and contemplate it calmly. Mr. P—— was a gentleman of respectability and wealth, owning and occupying a beautiful villa on the shore of the Hudson, where nature, in profusion, has mingled beauty with sublimity. Art and science vied with nature, and lent all their embellishments to complete the scene of enchantment that bloomed around him. Partners with him in the enjoyment of his paradise, were the wife of his youth, a son, noble, generous, full of promise, and a daughter, just entering the bloom of womanhood, beautiful, virtuous, and loving. They were, altogether, a most lovely and happy family, although not, as yet, spiritually developed. But Spiritualism, all pervading and progressive, at length found its way into this domestic Eden, this home of peace, tranquillity, and innocence. Manifestations ensued, mysterious and convincing. The whole family, except Mrs. P——, became proselytes to the new faith, and the magnificent mansion was soon converted into a rendezvous for the Progressionists, who styled themselves "Literals," for what reason it is not exactly clear.

Mr. P—— progressed with great rapidity to the attainment of a high degree of spiricity. As a consequence, his companion was not congenial. The spirits pointed out to him his spiritual partner, and by unmistakeable communications, en-

joined upon him to take her, and progress, having first appropriated his estate to the "common fund."

So thoroughly spiritualized had he become, as to render it morally impossible for him, allowing he had the disposition, to resist or disregard the mandates of the Spirits.

"I have had a new revelation," said Mr. P——, one evening, to his "physical" companion, as they were taking their accustomed walk in the garden.

"Another revelation! And what is it, pray?" responded she, in a pleasant tone.

"Why, madam, that we are not properly affinitized, and therefore we have never been, neither can we be, united in true marriage."

"O, my husband!" exclaimed she, throwing her arms about his neck and bursting into a flood of tears.

"You are mistaken, I am not your husband, I belong to another," persisted he unmoved, and coolly endeavoring to disengage himself from her embrace.

"Not my husband? — *Not my husband?* — Were not our souls united from the days of our youth? Did we not stand together at the holy altar and plight our vows as the man of God pronounced us husband and wife? And have we not lived together in fidelity and happiness? Are not our dear children the sweet pledges of our love? You *are* my husband, my own beloved; and I am your wife by the laws of God and man, and nation's strongest, holiest ties."

"Do not persist, madam, — the revelation is clear — the spirits are imperative and I must not disobey — good bye —"

and deliberately disengaging himself from her grasp, he left her, fallen to the ground in a state of insensibility. Steadfast and immovable in the faith, without once looking back, he *progressed*, and taking his neighbor's wife as his spiritual companion, emigrated to the city of Mormon, the highest circle of the Rudimental Sphere, and where polygamy was in full blast.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mrs. P——, still lying in a state of helplessness, more like death than a swoon, was fortunately discovered by her children as they were returning from a ramble in the park. In the utmost alarm and tender concern they succeeded in removing her to the house, where, by proper restoratives, she was at length able to answer the anxious inquiries of her children as to the occasion of her sudden illness.

"Your poor father is deranged—what will become of him—hasten, O my son, find him, bring him home again that we may care for and, if possible, restore him to reason."

"Do not give yourself unnecessary trouble about father. His guardian spirit will guide and protect him a great deal better than I can," replied he with singular unconcern, his alarm having all at once ceased upon learning the cause of his mother's indisposition.

"O my son! my son! what dreadful infatuation! How can t be? Where will it end?" exclaimed she, incapable of comprehending such highly-developed spiricity. "Dear daughter," continued the disconsolate mother, "forgive your brother. He knows not what he says. Go yourself, my child. Seek your poor father and entice him home ere some fatal accident befalls him."

"O, there is no danger, mother."

"As you love him, as you love us all — our peace, our happiness, our lives, linger not — seek and bring your father. Your brother will stay by me till you return."

"Mother, you give yourself altogether unnecessary trouble; father is not crazy. He is obeying the spirits. They will take care of him infinitely better than we can," replied she with strange indifference and want of feeling.

"O my children! you are all run mad. This terrible delusion has bereft you of reason. Our happy home is changed to an insane hospital. Oh, how changed! Your father!" —

"You are the only crazy one," retorted the daughter. "We are rational. You are blind. We see with spirit eyes."

"O, my daughter, why torture me thus. Every word you utter is a dagger in my heart."

"The trouble is, mother, you are unprogressed, and of course uncongenial. That is why we appear so strange to you. Nor is it all appearance. We are indeed estranged, because there is a want of harmony between us."

"But are you not my own dear children, in whom my very soul is bound up?"

"Brother and I are your children, it is true, but I am sorry to say we are not spiritual children."

"Forbear, my child, forbear. I cannot comprehend you."

"I mean you and father were never divinely married. You could not be, for you are not *congenial*. He is spiritual, you are rudimental, and that is why he has left you. I heard the spirits tell him all about it, and they pointed out to him his spiritual companion, with whom, by their direction, he has

gone to live in harmony. And what is more, my spiritual husband will be here this evening to take me home with him."

"O no, you will not — cannot—"

"Yes, the spirits direct me to go, and I must not disobey them."

The mother, overcome by the power of these sudden, unlooked for manifestations, relapsed into insensibility. And when, at last, she awoke again to consciousness, it was only to witness new and more overwhelming developments. She gazed around in search of her beloved daughter, but saw her not. She called her name imploringly, but there was no answer.

"Where is your sister?" inquired she of her son as he entered the room.

"I cannot tell," was the careless answer.

"But do you not know?"

"If I did I would tell you."

"Is she not at home?"

"I presume she is."

"Where?"

"With her spiritual husband."

"She is not gone?"

"Yes."

"To return no more?"

"Not to remain."

"Merciful God! — have pity! forgive my child! — Gone — all gone? — No — not all, thank Heaven. My own dear boy is with me — a solace and support."

He made no reply.

"Who is that, my son," inquired the mother, observing a female in the adjoining room.

"A stranger spirit — Mrs. A——, from the city."

"Why is she here?"

"To claim me as her spiritual husband."

"But you will not go with her?"

"I must. The spirits direct it."

"And what if they do?"

"I cannot refuse nor disregard their counsels."

"No matter what the sacrifice?"

"It makes no difference."

"Not even to save the life of the mother who bore you?"

"The spirits command me, and they know what is for the best."

"Then you, too, will leave your poor mother, the sole inhabitant of our once happy home, to linger a wretched existence or sink unmourned into her lonely grave."

"Only believe in Spiritualism," said he, apparently unaffected, "and all will be well enough. You will have a spiritual husband to take care of you. As to our home, and the property, father has conveyed it all for the furtherance of Spiritualism."

"What! sold our home?"

"No, gave it away."

"How do you know that?"

"He told me so, and I saw the deed."

"O God! my last prop taken away. Gone — all — all gone! Husband — children — home — happiness — reason —

ha! ha! ha! My spiritual husband! Where is he? Spirits, bring him! Ha! ha! here he comes. — Gone — all gone — ha! ha! ha! —

Mrs. P —— was conveyed to the Insane Asylum, a hopeless lunatic. Any one passing the door of her cell might hear her disconsolate moan, — "Gone — gone — all gone" — followed by the maniac laugh, as she greeted her spiritual husband.

Let not feeling be excited nor prejudice be aroused in any one, against the "institution" of Spiritualism, by the perusal of this narrative. It is only one case among thousands necessarily occurring, in the progressive economy of the supreme, deific law of Development.

What if the Bible does denounce polygamy as an abomination? Spiritualism is higher authority than the Bible. What though the Saviour has declared that "what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder?" Are not the spiritualistic *Rabbies* greater than Jesus Christ? What if human laws are treated as a nullity? Spiritualism is a "law unto itself." What if society be disorganized? It is to construct a better system. What if youth and beauty are hastened to premature decay, and innocence and virtue perish? Is it not the introduction to higher scenes of enjoyment, a more exalted state of spiricity? What though God and religion, morality, civilization and civil government be repudiated as exploded humbugs? What though the brightest hopes be wrecked, hearts crushed, families ruined, and homes made desolate? What though envy and suspicion, distrust and jealousy, cupidity, lust, immorality, and crime, follow in the train of the "new philosophy," peopling alms-houses, insane asylums, penitentiaries, and the grave,

with wretched victims? What are all these things but minor evils attendant upon a greater good, mere contingencies necessarily inseparable with the eternal law of Development in its upward progress and expansion from the physical to the spiritual, the rudimental to the supernal? Must not the old heavens pass away before the new can succeed; and can the old be demolished without a mighty crash?

Then banished be all unbelief, and hushed every voice of complaint. But if scepticism will rave, if gross human nature does cry out against the developments of Spiritualism, what is it but the friction of materialism grinding its way into spirituality, humanity shaking off the form in its birth-struggle into the Spheres?

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other side."

IN the ever onward flow and complicated evolutions of *Progress*, another New Light, which had twinkled an undeveloped nucleus on the shadowy outskirts of the Zones, now driven by the impulse of its own spontaneous energy, and drawn onward by the All-Central-Force, in the circle of its ascension, with the suddenness of light springing from the bosom of darkness, wheeled its broad disc upon our moral horizon in the person of Judge Addlehead, prince and chief of the Celestial Rabbies, the Gamaliel of Spiritdom, and the Arch Prophet of the Latter Day.

As Doct. Z. Socrates Nozzleman, holding grim Death at arm's length, was the all-healer of the bodies, so was Judge Addlehead the Saviour of the souls of men. These twin celebrities, strictly speaking, were not so much distinct and separate identities, as different manifestations or phases of an identical principle; a sort of Vishnu or compound embodiment of the self-same law of development.

The Judge, by the appointment of the Spirits, stood forth the divine exponent of theology and ethics, physics and metaphysics.

Ah, how the dense fogs of ignorance and superstition, en-

veloping our poor world, fled before the light of his genius, and how like a mighty balloon it bounded aloft into the cloudless sunshine of the Spheres as with his spiritual broad-axe he severed at a blow the cords that hitherto had lashed it down, amid the darkness and chaos of scepticism!

Indeed, the Judge was the prime moral and metaphysical phenomenon of the nineteenth century. In his capacious cranium centered all intelligence, poured in there by spirit influence, and whence it emanated in swelling octavos, to enlighten, purify, elevate and redeem our benighted, misery-stricken world — to develop our undeveloped race.

How poor, degraded, bigoted, priest-ridden rudimentals hailed his highly-progressed incarnation, as the mighty Revelator and Almighty Saviour, let the following epistles attest.

Rudimental Sphere, 3d Circle.
4th month — 76

DEAR JUDGE!

I sincerely beg your pardon for this intrusion upon the notice of so great a personage as yourself. Spiritualism leads me to address you. My desire to write you has increased to such a pitch that I can no longer resist it. We are indeed, personally, strangers to each other, but I am familiar with your exalted position and great and fast-growing reputation. So you will allow me the privilege of inditing you a letter.

When my husband died last month, I was a most abandoned sceptic. I would not so much as turn my head over

my shoulder to witness all the "manifestations" ever got up, or any other humbug. So I said, and so I felt *then*. But when I looked my dead husband in the face — wonderful to relate — I could scarcely help leaping for joy, so ecstatic was the thrill of delight which filled my every sense, and I feel it more and more every day.

Now is not this a *manifestation!* I think it must be. At any rate, it convinces me of the truth of Spiritualism, and I feel constrained to congratulate you as the distinguished author and defender of this great and glorious doctrine.

Yours in spiritual affection,

DORA.

P. S. *When is your next book coming out?*

D.

Rudimental Sphere, 2nd Circle.
3 rd month — 76.

MY DEAR JUDGE:,

We are strangers. But I can't keep still. I *must* write you. Therefore excuse me. I have devoured a book from the Spirit World, edited by you and Doctor Nozzleman, which has yielded me more knowledge, satisfaction, and solid comfort, than I had ever drawn from the whole universe. I take this method to hail and herald you and the Doctor, as the two greatest benefactors — yes more — the very Saviours of all mankind.

I know this book has cost you a vast deal of hard work — *but you will, no doubt, get well paid for it.*

I have myself long been a distinguished physiologist, leading reformer in the healing art, and a close observer of men and things, but I have been buried in the thick darkness of unbelief, as to a future state of existence, till I read your immortal volume, in which perusal I experienced a glorious resurrection, and I can now survey the Spirit Land as easily as I can look over the map of the United States.

Fraternally yours,

JOHN JONES.

Rudimental Sphere, 4th Circle.
6th month — 76.

MY VERY DEAR JUDGE:

I have never seen *you*, and perhaps never shall, at least in the form. But I *have* met and read your great work on Spiritualism. All the books ever composed, sacred and profane, cannot compare with it. It has made me an out-and-out Spiritualist. I hesitate not, no, not for a moment, to stake my temporal and eternal all, upon its transcendent doctrines.

I was reared from childhood in the Presbyterian faith, but when of age, acting on my *manhood*, I became successively a Puseyite, Methodist, Baptist, Millerite, and Mormon, and found Pharisees, hypocrites, and false professors, among them all. Consequently, I cut loose from all religion, and set myself adrift on the tide of Infidelity. But your magnificent treatise on Spiritualism was put into my hand. It is my chart and compass amid the shoreless ocean of Progress. Its doctrines

are the cable and sheet-anchor of my hope. Farewell to my former superstition and sectarian bigotry Welcome the "beautiful and the true" Hail ye spirits! bear me on the Spheres!

Dear Judge, your book must have a *run*.

Spiritually yours,

JOHN SMITH.

Rudimental Sphere, 5th Circle.
10th month — 76.

MOST HONORED JUDGE:

Pardon the boldness of a stranger. I have just risen from the perusal of your immortal volume on Spiritualism. It is the storehouse of all knowledge and wisdom — emphatically the Book of Books.

I have been a most indefatigable student of nature from my infancy up. Still I was unable to fix myself in any belief. The *Bible* I long ago discarded as an outrageous libel on human nature, and hence opposed to reason and common sense. But you and the Doctor have settled me. Success to you. Your book is destined to eclipse all others, and repay your *disinterested* labors with a *rich* reward.

Yours in spiritual bonds,

JOHN BROWN.

Ruamental Sphere, 6th Circle.
7th month — 76.

JUDGE ADDLEHEAD:

Very dear Sir,

I am naturally a strictly religious woman. The past was an enigma to me — the future dark. I longed for light — sought it in the Bible, but found that old book a mass of contradictions, absurdities, and nonsense. Met your divine work on Spiritualism, and found relief. Am lifted from the slough of infidelity. Feel my soul unburdened. Think better of myself. Glorious change!

Dear Judge, how can I pay the debt of love I owe you? I earnestly hope your book will meet with triumphant success.

Yours in spiritual affinity,

AMARILLA.

Rudimental Sphere, 5th Circle.
2nd month — 76.

DEAREST JUDGE:

Congratulate me! I was always an anxious, restless inquirer after truth — truth that makes the mind, soul, and body, free from restraint. I sought for this "pearl of great price" in every Christian creed and all the *isms* of the past and present, but it was only chasing an everlasting jack o'lantern, till you unfolded to me, in your book from the Spheres, the great, the new, the all-harmonious doctrines of Spiritualism. My soul leaps for joy in its unrestrained freedom.

I am now on the track of *progress.* How fast I am developed! Oh! how my soul warms, and expands, and mounts, and soars, and basks, and banquets, amid the the celestial nectar as it drops in more than honeyed sweetness from the spirit lips of Abner Kneeland, Joe Smith, and Tom Paine!

Dearest Judge, I wish you success in your enterprise.

Progressively yours,

CONSTANTINA.

Rudimental Sphere, 7th Circle.

8th month — 76.

ADORED JUDGE:

I was born and raised under the *blue laws* of Presbyterianism, after the straightest sect. Before entering my teens, I cast off parental despotism and turned with loathing, and unutterable hatred, from the fabulous religion, the puerile dogmas and sickish mythology of the Bible.

Delivered from the bondage of pious bigotry, superstition, and tyranny, I boldly unfurled the black flag of infidelity and atheism.

I am now in the full bloom of womanhood, and a settled believer in the science of Modern Spiritualism. My husband is wholly *undeveloped* and the children are treading in his footsteps. I am satisfied there is a total want of affinity between me and them. I feel myself attracted towards *you* by the most delightful and irresistible coherence.

Dearest Judge, the manifestation is clear. The Spirits are

imperative. We are *congenial*, and therefore "conjoined in eternal truth." Let us progress immediately.

Yours in sweetest harmony,

FIDELIA.

Rudimental Sphere, 3d Circle.
5th month — 76.

HONORED JUDGE:

Blessed with a sound mind and a good education, I have from my youth led the life of a philosopher, untrammeled by Christian dogmatism — giving myself up to the study of the constitution and laws of nature. By the process of philosophical, chemical, and logical analysis, I discovered nature to be surrounded, permeated, generated, and in all its phenomena identical with the inherent, self-existent, all-creative, and controlling law of *progressive development*, which, by its own innate, independent energizing, from the latent nucleus of chaotic nonenity, gradually expanded into symmetrical system inorganic and organic, material and spiritual of universal nature. I considered my name as immortalized by the profound discovery, and was about perfecting a spirito-mechanical machine, at a vast expense of time and money, to prove and elucidate, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the beauty and truthfulness of my theory, and for which I was on the point of applying for a patent, when, to my astonishment and consternation, I found myself anticipated.

You announced yourself as the legitimate discoverer of the

New Philosophy, and in the glorious light of which it was revealed to me, that instead of being an originator in the fabrication of the true cosmological theory, I had only been the chosen medium of Bacon, Newton, Plato, Ptolomy, and other highly-progressed philosophers of the Spheres.

Judge, enrol my name among your foremost disciples and *coadjutors* — ever on hand for a trip to the bright El Dorado, the golden Ophir of the Zones. The work goes bravely on. Your next volume is anxiously awaited and will make a mighty sweep. All the humbugs of the age will be cast into the shade — etc.

JOHN DOE.

Jupiter, 7th Sphere, 7th Circle.
4th month — 76.

MOST BRAVE AND NOBLE JUDGE:

You are a great man — so acknowledged in the Spheres — and Earth shall not long be ignorant of the fact. Your name is a household word up here. You and Doctor Nozzleman are by common consent the two most highly progressive developments short of the Zones, and as such, you have been elected the first Honorary Member of our Zoological Society.

N. B. Your letter in behalf of the Doctor, I put into the hand of the President of Supernal College. He assures me that the *consideration* is just, and the Doctor shall be progressed by the title you ask for him, at next commencement.

Confidentially. — As you "tickled" the Doctor, he has, according to agreement, "tickled" you in return. I saw Professor Esculapius yesterday. He has received the Doctor's favor containing *satisfactory inducements* for your promotion. Your great talents and attainments shall not long remain unappreciated down there, for the want of a *degree*. The Trustees of Celestial University will meet on the first day of April, *proximo*. I hold a string which I can pull effectually at headquarters. Rest easy. You shall be dubbed at once D. D., L. L. D., F. R. A. S. S. You will then be ensphered a nabob among the *Literati*, and I can secure you an invitation to deliver the annual address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, or, if that cannot be compassed, I hold the respective committees under my individual thumb, and can get you unanimously elected to speak before the Alumni of the Ethereal Institute; or give the address at the Seventh Sphere Agricultural Fair; or pronounce the oration at the laying of the corner-stone of Liberty Monument, to be erected on the Acropolis of the Seventh Circle, to commemorate the advent of the Spirit of the Mermaid and the holy crusade from the Zones, which issued in the complete victory of Spiritualism and Woman's Rights in the "Rudimental Sphere."

You may, dear Judge, take your choice of the appointments, either of which will furnish you a most capital opportunity to *progress*."

Yours in harmony,

SIMON MAGUS.

P. S. Judge, exert yourself to the utmost of your command

ing ability for a friend. Leave not a stone unturned nor a table untipped in my favor, lest the German Neologists and American Transcendentalists get the start in the "Rudimental Sphere," and outstrip me in the race of development. You are working nobly. I have no fault to find. Write, lecture, publish. Doctor Nozzleman will be your worthy coadjutor. Together plan — together execute. I am your guardian spirit. Your reward shall be a *golden* harvest.

S. M.

Progress Point, 6th Sphere, 7th Circle.
4th month — 76.

DEAR ADDLEHEAD:

Like you down below, we have incorporated up here the progressive "institution" of Popular Lectures, and I have seized the first opportunity to put you on the course. We indeed have no lack of distinguished spirits of our own Sphere, such as Bacon, Swedenborg, Newton, Shakspeare, Voltaire, and hosts of others who are abundantly qualified to instruct and delight the most sublimated and highly-developed audience. But here, as with you, "no prophet is without honor save in his own country," to use a mythological adage. Human nature in the Zones is the same as human nature in the "Rudimental Sphere." We saturnians have indeed progressed to a far higher state of *spiritcity*, than you mundanians, yet we retain our leading original *idiosyncrasies*, one of which is the love of novelty. Hence, not

withstanding there are lions, Bengal tigers, and giraffes, among us, in any quantity, yet having no "Elephant", in our natural history, the spirits are all on tiptoe with curiosity to "see the *Elephant.*" What are lions, Bengal tigers, and giraffes, roar, growl, and stretch as much as they may, to those who meet them every day? The *multitude*, even in Spiritdom, must and *will* see "*the Animal*," though he comes from the comparatively undeveloped region of the Zones.

As to the item of expense for the trip, allow yourself no care. I can easily get you checked as a "dead head" on the Celestial Air Line Express Railroad. So get us up something spicy, to tickle the palate of novelty. I will have you announced in all dailies as "*the* Elephant," *par eminence.* We will create a grand rush, raise the tickets to double price, and send you home loaded with "rocks."

Yours harmoniouslv

ISCARIOT.

P. S. Can't you engage Barnum for us? A fine opening for him up here. I——.

Symmes' Hole, Rudimental Sphere, 1st Circle.
12th month.

JUDGE ADDLEHEAD:

Sir,

I have no apologies to make for writing you. Does a poor

fellow, accidentally fallen overboard and ready to drown, whine, out to the bystanders,

"Gentlemen, you are strangers to me, therefore please excuse me for soliciting a little of your assistance in keeping my head above water?" No. He sings out "help! help!" without preface or apology.

Now that's just my case, only a master-sight worse. It's cussed hot down here in this great boiling hell-pot of a place. There's not a sea that floats on the surface of this round world that I havn't sailed, not a storm ever blew that I couldn't weather. But I'm brought upon my beam ends at last. I can't navigate this fiery gulph, this subterranean Hell-Gate, full of rocks and whirlpools, and covered with the thick fog of smoking brimstone. My father was an old voyager before me. I sailed under him eighteen years, studied the "old school" navigation from beginning to end and was as good a sailor as ever manned a helm or pulled at a rope. But dad was an old fogy, a regular blue-skin. I was for progress, and set out on my own hook. I put upon the stocks and launched a new bottom after my own model. A finer-looking craft never floated. But she's gone to pieces upon the reefs of perdition. There's not a plank, broken spar, nor shred of rigging even to cling to. I'm surrounded by pirates, landsharks, and huge sea-serpents, writhing and hissing and spitting out black poison at me. Judge, I am fairly swamped. Even my sailor's pluck failed me, and I was ready to strike and go to the bottom, when I chanced to spy the signal that you had descried my flag of distress.

I want to get on deck again, but, shiver my timbers, if I can do it. Now just bring your spiritual life-boat, or fling down a

rope to a poor fellow and help me out. It's getting around, down here, that you are the only pilot of skill and daring and good-will enough to venture amid the fiery breakers of damnation to save helpless castaways. Good luck to us. There's no end to the lost in this shoreless, bottomless, maelstroom of death. You will have plenty of business, so ship a-hoy! round to! lower your luff-tackle, and heave away, you brave old wrecker.

UNHAPPY JACK.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

IN pursuance of Governor Lucy's recommendation, in her inaugural, a polytechnic was chartered by the Legislature, denominated "The Spiritual University," and placed on a munificent foundation, at the expense of government, not so much from charity as considerations of state policy. It was altogether a most princely institution, the course of study embracing every department of learning, and the Board of Instruction consisting in the main, of native teachers from the Spheres, and prominent among them, Aristotle, L. L. D.; Socrates, D. D.; Plato, S. T. D.; Esculapius, M. B.; Cicero, L. L. D.; Moses, D. D., L. L. D.; Lord Bacon, William Shakspeare, A. M.; John Milton, A. B.; John Calvin, D. D., F. R. S.; Right Rev. St. Peter, S. T. P.; Right Hon. St. Paul, S. T. D., L. L. D., F. R. S., with a large number of under Professors and Tutors; in all, for versatility of genius and profundity of acquirement, by far the most "*talented*" and "*accomplished*" Faculty in the whole country.

Spiritual University was modeled after the old Peripatetic school, in which all instruction was conveyed by familiar conversation or dialogue, affording at once the most facile, agreeable and ample method, for the impartation and acquisition of

knowledge, inasmuch as it avoids the narrowness and restriction of prescribed text books, while it affords free and unlimited scope to the highest discursive faculties of both teacher and disciple, forming thus an element of vast utility in the science of education in general and pre-eminently so in its specific application to Spiritual University, where it was optional with the professors to dispense instruction separately or collectively by dissertation and [illegible] colloquial discourse, or if for any reason they preferred it, to call forward at their pleasure, any of the spirits from either of the Spheres, and by familiar dialogue to develop the hidden stores of wisdom, as well as rectify the dogmas of past ages, not only for the immediate instruction of the pupils, but the enlightenment and progress of the community at large.

See now, with what magic facility the old-fashioned *bogus* orthodoxy in science and art, philosophy and religion, was detected and replaced by the true coin.

John Calvin and Tom Paine, evoked from their respective planes of spiricity, appeared upon the boards in the following edifying colloquy:

TOM: — "Well, friend John," shaking him heartily by the hand, "here we are on our old theater again. But how changed! It hardly looks like the same planet, so vastly has it progressed, since we were in the form."

CALVIN: — "Yes, dear Tom, the development of the Rudimental Sphere has been most wonderful. What a metamorphosis! Mountains leveled — vallies raised — space annihilated — the earth overlaid and seas traversed with nerves of thought — the elements harnessed and made the ready, obedient, al-

most sentient, and voluntary messengers of intelligence! How mighty a leap forward of the law of progress!"

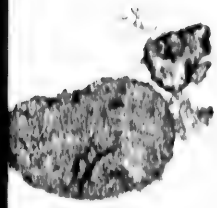
TOM:—"But the propulsion, so sudden, rapid, and magnificently grand, has been no more remarkable in the gross material organism, than in the intellectual and moral."

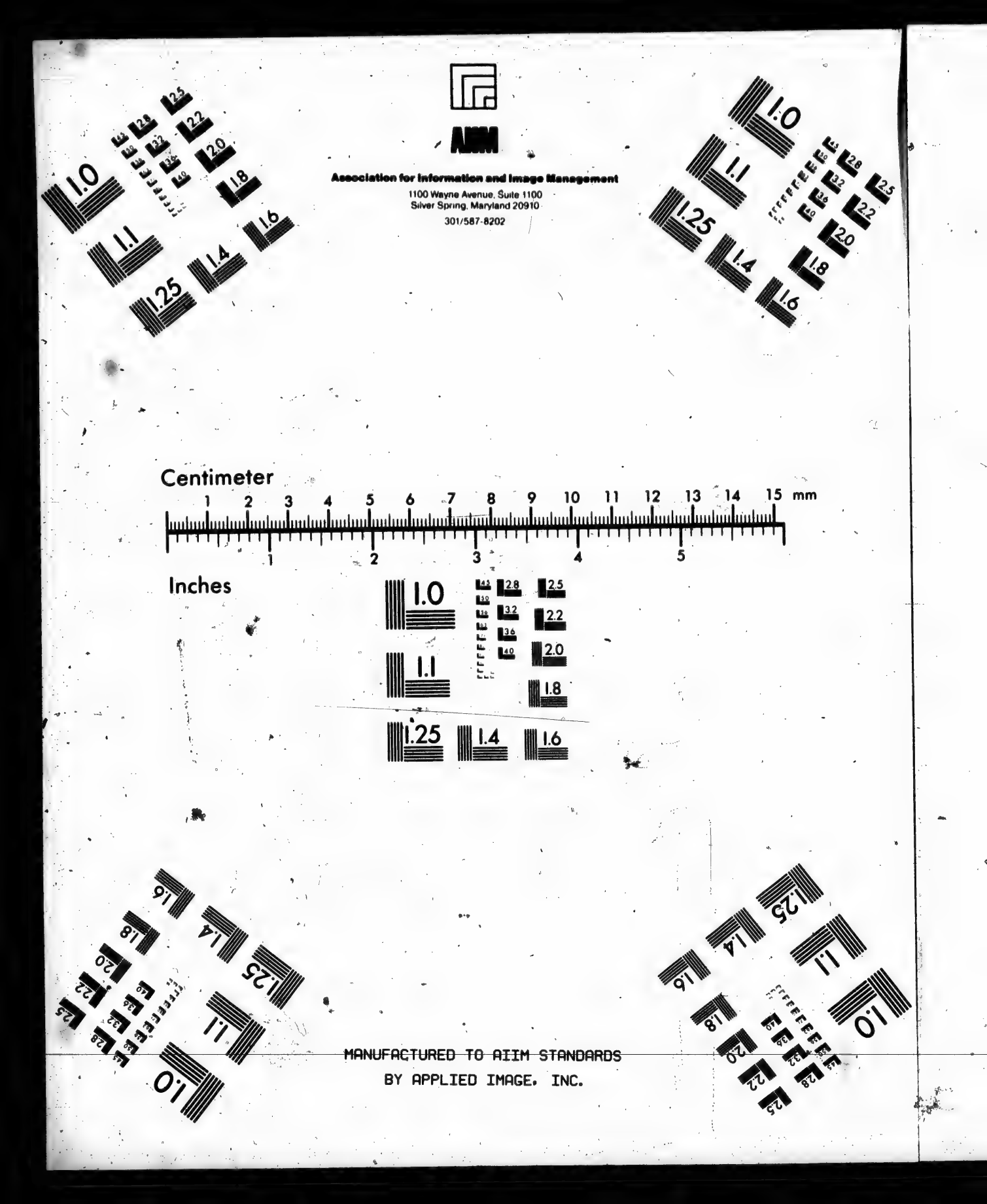
CALVIN:—"Very true. While there are doubtless no greater minds here now, than in our own day and generation, yet cultivated intellect is infinitely multiplied; and as education has developed the masses, it is emphatically the age of thought, reflection, experiment—the reign of reason without faith. Hence your disciples have increased beyond measure. Never was infidelity, at once so rank, and rampant, and subtle, and prevalent, as at this present time, and unless arrested, it must inevitably reverse the order of progress and plunge humanity backward into the horrible pit of the most undeveloped materialism."

TOM:—"What! denominate me an infidel?"

CALVIN:—"I mean that others called you so, and alas! there are not a few who stubbornly persist in repeating the accusation."

TOM:—"I know that by my contemporaries in the form, generally, and by their descendants, whose orthodoxy is to believe what their fathers before them believed, I am christened an *infidel*. And why? Because I was a man of too much sense to be trammeled, hoodwinked, and priestridden. An infidel! and why? Because I would not remain an inert clod when within me glowed the promethean fire of God-like spiricity. Because I would not seal my lips with silence, when, through me, nature herself struggled for utterance. Because

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the very core of Divinity in my heart of hearts would articulate eternal truth, from out the depths of undeveloped materialism. Because my eager spirit, hungering and thirsting for the illumination of superior spiricity, sought to escape from its chrysalis, and, new fledged and unfettered, to soar away in immortal sunlight."

CALVIN: — "Understand me, dear Tom, that *I* do not style you an infidel. You were indeed a man of sense, though the public pronounced you an insane fool; and not only were you a man of sense, but a prodigy of wisdom, albeit the multitude, in other words, the mob, denounced you as a vile, shameless, impious, blasphemous wretch; a moral pest, loathsome and abhorred alike in the sight of earth and the Zones. The trouble was, your philosophy, or more properly your spirituality, was too profound and luminous for the sensualism of the vulgar herd to appreciate or comprehend. To you, it was self-evident truth, the bright coruscations of all luminous spiricity in which your towering, god-like soul progressed, while the very intensity of its brightness blinded and bewildered the mass of more undeveloped humanity, leaving them to wade in the quagmire of unbelief, and not a few to wallow in the deep and filthy slough of atheism. Not only do they repudiate, as you did, the dogmatisms, puerilities, and nonsense of Christianity, but unable like you to penetrate with spirit-vision through the fog and darkness of formalism, the future is *terra incognita*, an impenetrable, dread unknown. To them death is the all-life extinguisher, instead of a new birth into the Spheres, and the grave, not an advanced stage of development in the career of endless progress, but the infinite black night of annihilation!"

TOM: — "I am not to blame for that. If people will be deaf, and blind, and dumb, in spite of their senses, the fault does not lie at my door."

CALVIN: — "Truly spoken. You wrote in a style clear, nervous, and caustic enough, to give hearing to the deaf, eyes to the blind, and speech to the dumb. But your enemies say, you wrote in a bad spirit."

TOM: — "I confess that my writings wear a tinge of severity. And how could I help it? I must develop myself. The law of progress, working out its destiny in and through me, must be obeyed. Think of my intellect towering above those around me. My head butted the stars. I was a giant among pigmies — a *man* among *puppets* — a spark of divinity surrounded by the gross rubbish of sensualism. The beings called men — what were they? Veriest automatons — undeveloped earth-machines. Oh! how I loathed their groveling, cringing, pusillanimous submission to the yoke of Christianism, apparently unconscious of their *un*development, and that sublime destiny ever beckoning them onward to the Zones. How it stirs my blood to think of it. Can you wonder that I spoke out? How could I smother the divinity within me and keep my light hid under a half bushel?"

CALVIN: — "Truth, Thomas, every word truth, and fully do I appreciate it. Had you not possessed the patience of Job, combined with the meekness of Moses, to quote a cant phrase of the pietists, how could you have refrained from imprinting your burning thoughts with a pen of steel, red hot, and dipped in the wormwood and gall of bitterness, boiled down

to black lye in the fiery furnace of infidelity, the most confirmed and intensely malignant.

TOM: — "Right, John. Now you talk like a philosopher and a gentleman, in short, like a 'simon pure' spiritualist. How different from your old orthodoxy — your blue light — total depravity — whining repentance — slavish fear — divine decrees — eternal hell and fury — you can and you can't, you shall and you shant, and you-shall-be-damned-if-you-don't creed. Dont you see now, brother John, that with all my black-hearted infidelity, and fiendish blasphemy, and foul obscenity, as my enemies termed it, I was nevertheless infinitely above you all, on the score of intellectual and moral development. How I looked down with scorn and contempt upon the whole world of scientific dwarfs and Christian pagans, and babel of creeds, Catholic and Protestant, as in the strength and grandeur of my superiority, mental and moral, I soared aloft on the pinions of light, and sailed through the cloudless blue ether of the Spheres! And yet was I comparatively undeveloped — a fettered prisoner in the materiality of rudimentalism, groping in the dark — longing and seeking for light, yet entangled in the horrible labyrinths of pagan midnight. Had Spiritualism then beamed upon me in its present full-orbed glory, how my spirit, escaping from its cell, would have mounted to the highest plane of thought, and roamed the upper circles of spiricity!"

CALVIN: — "What a calamity to the cause of science and religion, what a deplorable loss to humanity itself, that you did not appear early in the eternal series of development. Had you only issued upon the stage of existence when time was young,

how different would have been the history of the universe, and especially of earth!"

TOM: — "Yes. It would not have remained as it did, through countless ages, dreary, lifeless, motionless, chaotic, but moulded into shape, symmetry, and harmony, it would, long ere this, have been far out of sight on the track of progress."

CALVIN: — "You do not mean, Thomas, to be understood, that prior to the phenomenon of your advent in the form, the system of nature, or any part of it — the Rudimental Sphere, for instance — had no existence; that there was no sun, nor moon, nor stars, neither vegetation nor inhabitant."

TOM: — "What, Cal.! are you not yet sufficiently progressed to understand the simplest elementary truths? I mean that, previous to the manifestation of myself and Spiritualism, the world was in its rudimental state. There were the *germs* of form, life, activity, but they were not expanded. There reposed, latent and undeveloped, the seeds of things, of vegetables, animals [redacted] men, the most forward of which had only sprouted, a few were in the bud, but none had advanced to the maturity of the fruit or the blossom."

CALVIN: — "You do not mean to say there were no advanced phenomena of the human biological, intellectual and moral. What think you of Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Galileo, and La Place; of Socrates and Plato; of Homer, Shakspeare, and Milton; of Napoleon and Washington; of King David, Solomon, St. Paul, and other like developments in the history of the Rudimental Sphere?"

TOM: — "Now, John, are you really so ignorant still? Or do you mean to manifest antagonism to me, and introduce dis-

harmony into the Spheres. Beware, beware. Forget the old tricks you were up to when in the form.

CALVIN: — "No, no, my dear Paine, we are in unity. There is not the slightest shade of discord between us. It is not at all on my own account, that I appear thus to doubt or cavil or query in any case, but for the enlightenment of the circle, and through it, of benighted mortals still dwelling in the form."

TOM: — "Well, Cal., I thought it unaccountably strange, if, with your present progression, you could have the face to cast the faintest shadow of doubt upon the fact of my superior spiricity."

CALVIN: — "Doubt your transcendental enspherement in the uppermost circle? As soon might I doubt any other self-evident truth, the existence of the Spheres themselves, or the truthfulness of Spiritualism, for example.

To evince my profound appreciation of your pre-eminence as the pioneer explorer of the Zones, as well as of the boundless wilds of science and philosophy, I was about to turn our discourse upon the topic of your travels through the Spheres, that the world might reap the benefit of your adventures, and hail you benefactor of the race."

TOM: — "A very timely suggestion, my dear Calvin, which I have anticipated, and one that will afford me the opportunity of interesting and enriching the public with the fruits of my pilgrimage and discoveries. The great Christopher Columbus crossed the Atlantic and unwittingly run aground upon a New Continent in the Rudimental Sphere, while I have traversed — not a mere rivulet like the Atlantic — but the shoreless and

hitherto trackless ocean of Spiricity, and brought to light, not an insignificant speck of land like North America, but a New Earth and new Heavens. Columbus found himself so completely eclipsed by the intelligent conception, the bold, daring, and transcendent success of my adventures, that, covered with chagrin and mortification, he has thrown aside his chart and compass in despair, and retired into obscurity, a disappointed man. But pardon me, my most magnanimous Cal., I perceive your eagerness to enter upon our colloquial disquisition. The welfare of our brethren in the form, the progress of humanity and Spiritualism, is hindered by our delay. Ask what questions, propound what queries you choose, you will find me everywhere at home."

CALVIN: — "Well, Thomas, to begin at the beginning, expound to us in outline the grand fundamental theory of development."

TOM: — "That I can do in few words. Matter and spirit are but the phenomena or attributes — whether dormant or active, visible or invisible — of the Supreme Law of Development. This Law first reposed, the self-existent, all-creative Force, imbosomed in illimitable blank space. All was the universal void of *un*development. The period for *manifestation* arrived, when by spontaneous combustion the constituents of matter were evolved in atomic particles or nuclei, suspended inert and imperceptible throughout the depths of boundless, silent, gloomy vacuity. This was the starting point of *progress*, or the Law of Development in active operation. And now the grand process of creation set forward. By the inherent, self-impelling force of attraction, drawing the particles of matter into organic

contact, friction was produced, which of necessity generated heat and light, or the principles of life and locomotion, and which, in the progress of development, have issued into all the endless manifestations of Nature, inanimate and animate, rudimental and spherical.

Or to speak in the more exact and scientific terms of the New Philosophy. "The Law of Development, the Law of Development in Progression, organized the first Orb-Creation in form of appearing as one globular ovarium, which was the germ of the terrestrial universe of universes; and within the globular was the embryo of the external of the universal, impersonal creation, as one curvilinear ovarium; and within the curvilinear the germ of the external of the universal, personal, or intellectual creation, in form of one vortical ovarium."

"In the beginning of the orb-formation, preparatory for man-formations, vehicles of Quickening Spirit into intellectual formations, the universal concavity and the universal convexity, were co-enfolded and encompassed in the universal Zodiac, and within the concavity was the visible disclosure unto the germ of the Terrestrial."

CALVIN: — "Exceedingly lucid and satisfactory exposition of a dark and knotty subject, friend Thomas. To couch the same facts in the vulgar tongue of the Rudimental Sphere, I suppose you would say that all the manifestations of matter and spirit ascend in regular progression from inferior to superior organisms, the superior being nothing more nor less than the legitimate productions of the inferior, according to the law of Nature, and not by the creative power of a personal God."

TOM: — "Precisely so. Particles of matter dampened by

the moisture of the atmosphere exhaled from the face of the deep, and nurtured by the genial influence of light and heat — in other words, matter by the process of fermentation transformed itself into moving, living, feeling, organisms. A lump of mud progressed into a clam; the clam into a lobster; the lobster into a quadruped; the quadruped into a monkey; the monkey into a negro; the negro into a white man; the white man into a woman; and the woman into an *angel.*"

CALVIN: — "Sublime theory, and beautiful as sublime, in harmony with reason, common sense, and the nature of things; carrying with it its own demonstration, for how often do we meet with people who are exceedingly *crabbed.* So there are the mulish, the swinish, the snakish; the chicken-hearted, the lamb-like, the hawk-eyed, the brazen-faced; with block-heads, leather-heads, and so on, according to their respective pedigrees, or the biological channels through which they have been severally developed. Especially is the fact notorious that in the *genus homo* are multitudes of *croakers,* affording the strongest presumptive proof, at least, that a large share of mankind were originally but tadpoles, and are progressing into a higher and more sublimated species of human frogs.

TOM: — "Exactly. Such is the true cosmogony for which I can vouch."

CALVIN: — "But how could you fathom such depths of mystery?"

TOM: — "By the power of my superior spiricity."

CALVIN: — "Through what process? simply theorizing, or absolute demonstration, or both?"

TOM: — "Neither — but by actual observation. My mission

was discovery to know and reveal the hitherto unknown. Nothing daunted by the hugeness of the undertaking, with the New Philosophy as my chart and compass, I boldly struck out and followed the course of nature back to its source, looked off into chaos, penetrated the arcana of creation, and returned down the track of progress, scrutinizing most minutely, from beginning to end, the whole process of development."

CALVIN: — "You speak then from positive knowledge?"

TOM: — "I speak from positive knowledge."

CALVIN: — "In relation to everything?"

TOM: — "Yes, in relation to everything."

CALVIN: — "Well, as a philosopher and eye-witness, you have unfolded the true theory of Creation. Now as a theologian, define what God is."

TOM: — "God is not a person, neither matter nor spirit, but a *principle*."

CALVIN: — "Self-existent, or self-created?"

TOM: — "Self-created — the product of developed intelligence."

CALVIN: — "If the Deity be not a person, but only a principle, how should we be taught to pray?"

TOM: — "Why thus. Oh, thou Universal Principle! thou omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent Abstraction! the self-created Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor, by which all things sprang spontaneously into existence, and in which they continue to progress! we recognize thee as the Almighty Law of Development, enstamped the Sovereign Ruler of the universe, and by whose operation all nature is advancing in the march of progress. O, thou most blessed Abstract Principle, save us from

the idol-worship of Christianity, the infidelity of the Bible, and the despotism of priestcraft. Bring us into harmony with the 'beautiful and the true,' and enable us speedily to progress from the low lands of rudimentalism to the heights of pure spiricity, where thy power and glory is manifested in the high-style of phenomena. And Oh! our Law of Development, thou most holy deific Principle, which was and is, and is to be, the only Potentate and Great I am, help us ever to feel the presence of thy workings, in the career of manifest destiny. And finally, O thou most Mighty Law, may we never in our unbelief throw obstructions upon the track of thy progress, but reverently acquiesce in the motions of thy propelling force, till we reach the apex of the cone of Development, and poise our identities in harmonic unity, forever and ever, Amen."

CALVIN: — "Most beautiful, comprehensive, and affecting manifestation of the spirit of devotion and pious homage. In all the elements of true worship, how infinitely superior to the Lord's Prayer, which I was wont to repeat while in the form. By the way, Thomas, tell us what estimate we ought to put upon the Bible."

TOM: — "The same as upon any other book made up of some truth and a great deal of error."

CALVIN: — "But were not its authors inspired?"

TOM: — "No more than any other Mediums are inspired."

CALVIN: — "They were, then, simply spiritual Mediums?"

TOM: — "Nothing more nor less."

CALVIN: — "How then could they promulgate either false or erroneous communications?"

TOM:—"In various ways. The Mediums may have been low in the grade of spiricity, comparatively undeveloped, weak in intellect and moral stamina. They may also have been warped by their own opinions, wills, prejudices, and imaginations; or by the controlling influence of gross, *un*departed spirits around them; or low, sensual, perverse *departed* spirits might have been intentionally deceived and led them astray. Either one or more of these suppositions will sufficiently account for the blunders, absurdities, and falsities, throughout the Christian Bible, as well as for all heterogeneous, contradictory, deceitful, silly, uncouth, vulgar, and false demonstrations."

CALVIN:—"The Bible, therefore, is not a revelation from God, nor the product of its several authors, but a series of communications from departed spirits, through their respective mediums or amanuenses."

TOM:—"Yes, that is the sum and substance of it, except those portions originating in the mediums themselves. But lest any should be disposed to doubt my veracity, Doctor Paul is present and ready to corroborate and confirm what I say. Am I not right, Doctor?"

ST. PAUL:—"I count myself happy, most noble Paine, in the opportunity of bearing witness to the truth, touching the topic whereof thou speakest; especially because I know thee to be expert in all questions of revelation; and more especially because I can bear record before all who hear me, how perverse and evil, and that continually, was my manner of life and doctrine when in the form, and after my conversion to Christianity."

TOM: — "Well, Doctor Paul, to begin with the Old Testament: — In the light of your present grade of spiricity, what say you of Genesis?"

ST. PAUL: — "About as true as any fictitious work that is now printed."

TOM: — "Of Exodus?"

ST. PAUL: — "As good a book as could be expected in that day."

TOM: — "Of Leviticus?"

ST. PAUL: — "Not directly from God, as man supposes."

TOM: — "Of Numbers?"

ST. PAUL: — "Such an absurdity as that ought to be cast into the lowest depth of the infernal regions."

TOM: — "Of Joshua?"

ST. PAUL: — "Almost the whole book is false."

TOM: — "Of Judges?"

ST. PAUL: — "About the same as the others; and it needs no argument to show that it is void of inspiration."

TOM: — "Of Ruth?"

ST. PAUL: — "Without inspiration, the same as the others."

TOM: — "Of Samuel?"

ST. PAUL: — "A part of it is correct."

TOM: — "Of Kings?"

ST. PAUL: — "Multitudes of mistakes — not correct — no inspiration."

TOM: — "Of Ezra?"

ST. PAUL: — "By a person bearing its name, without inspiration."

TOM: — "Of Job?"

ST. PAUL: — "Written through mediums — would have been correct, had it not been that man destroyed its purity."

TOM: — "Of Psalms?"

ST. PAUL: — "Written in the same way, and some of them are correct."

TOM: — "Of the New Testament?"

ST. PAUL: — "The same as the Old. Both of a piece."

TOM: — "Of the Bible as a whole, from Genesis to Revelations?"

ST. PAUL: — "MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN."

TOM: — "In what light do you regard the entire system of Judaism and Christianity?"

ST. PAUL: — "As a cunningly devised fable."

TOM: — "How was it got up?"

ST. PAUL: — "By priestcraft."

TOM: — "And how perpetuated?"

ST. PAUL: — "By priestcraft."

TOM: — "What is its manifest destiny?"

ST. PAUL: — "Annihilation."

TOM: — "In what way?"

ST. PAUL: — "By Spiritualism."

TOM: — "How do you look, upon the present structure of society, and the state of civilization in the mundane Sphere?"

ST. PAUL: — "As all wrong — unprogressed-pagan."

TOM: — "And how shall it be righted — developed — enlightened?"

ST. PAUL: — "By Spiritualism."

TOM: — "What do you consider the chief appliances to be employed in the work?"

ST. PAUL: — "In general, Spirit Circles, Spirit Literature, and Legislative Reform; but in particular, your 'Age of Reason,' Common Sense,' the 'Rights of Women,' and your 'Pilgrimage to the Seventh Circle.'

TOM: — "Doctor, you are an oracle of wisdom. Unbelievers, Festus-like, will declare you are beside yourself; that Spiritualism and much progression do make you mad. But the lunacy and madness belong to your accusers in their want of development. They, in reality, are insane heretics, while you speak forth the words of truth and soberness, worthy the disciple of Gamaliel, worthy of yourself, worthy the exalted plane of spiricity, to which you have attained, as the leading Professor of Spiritual University. But pardon me, Doctor Paul, for detaining you so long. If I have trespassed upon time or been tedious in my inquiries, the importance of the subject is my apology.

"And now, brother Calvin, shall we resume, for a few moments, the thread of our disquisition?"

CALVIN: — "I am always at your service, my dear Thomas, but as Governor Boston has been pleased to favor us with her distinguished presence on this occasion, and is one of the most highly-developed in the form, I beg leave to introduce her in my stead, to complete the present interview."

TOM: — "A courteous suggestion, brother John. I accept the substitute. Miss Governor, do you acquiesce?"

LUCY: — "With pleasure."

TOM: — "Propound any question, at your option."

LUCY: — "What is the lowest form of existence in the Superior Spheres?"

TOM: — "Matter."

LUCY: — "The same in its constituents as that of the Rudimental?"

TOM: — "Exactly like it, only more refined."

LUCY: — "What is the structure and physical geography of the Zones?"

TOM: — "A precise *fac simile* of earth; more sublimated to be sure, but yet composed of land and water in endless variety of mountain and valley, hill and plain, field and forest: beetling cliffs and yawning chasms: snow-capped peaks and belching volcanoes; fountains and rivulets; rivers, lakes, and seas; scenery the most sublime and beautiful, spread out and almost always smiling beneath cloudless suns, but sometimes shook and swept by thunder and tempest, flood and spherequake."

LUCY: — "This would indicate that spirit life in the Spheres cannot differ materially from human life on earth."

TOM: — "Your inference is correct. As the geography of Spheredom is an exact type of the geography of Earthdom, so the inhabitants of the former correspond to those of the latter in their physical, mental, and moral characteristics and activity."

LUCY: — "Are we to understand that the same laws of human physiology obtain in the super-mundane circles of spiricity as in the mundane?"

TOM: — "Precisely. In every stage of their progression, spirits carry along with them all the elements of their earthly materiality. Having the same physical organs performing the same

functions, they are just as truly 'in the body,' as when in the form. Hence they continue, as usual, to dress, and eat, and drink, and sleep. In short they keep up all their old habits of living."

LUCY: — "Without the necessity of forecast and manual labor?"

TOM: — "By no means. Though nature is prolific in spontaneous productions, still under the strict regimen of her immutable laws, she compels even her progressed, spiritual children, to develop their subsistence from her hidden stores at the cost of individual skill, industry and economy."

LUCY: — "Is it possible that spirits are obliged to eat bread in the sweat of their brow?"

TOM: — "And why not, pray? Does nature change in the conditions of her being? No. Everywhere and to all eternity, effort, exertion, *nixus* — as we philosophers would say — is the essential, necessary property of *progression*, which is the outworking or external manifestation of the Supreme Law of Development; a property alike indispensable, universally and forever indispensable, to physical and mental, moral and social health, purity and happiness."

LUCY: — "What sir, then, are the peculiar employments of the inhabitants of the Spheres?"

TOM: — "As a matter of course, all the various occupations, useful and ornamental, in the respective departments of art, science, manufacture, commerce, agriculture and speculation."

LUCY: — "What are the prevailing amusements in the Zones?"

TOM: — "Music and dancing; a constant routine of con-

certs, parties, balls, and operas; sight-seeing, hunting, fishing, and gaming, particularly card-playing, &c."

LUCY:—"Are there distinctions of caste in society there?"

TOM:—"Very great."

LUCY:—"On what ground?"

TOM:—"The score of spiricity. Each successive circle constitutes a distinct and separate class, the highest or *upper-sevens*, answering to the 'upper-tens' of the Rudimental Sphere."

LUCY:—"So with you there is only the aristocracy of spiricity, irrespective of wealth or connections?"

TOM:—"That is the rule, though it sometimes happens that where spirits wish to be exceedingly select, they take the liberty to pass by their neighbors who may be either not so wealthy or of less noble birth, or spirits of *color*. However, as a general thing, there are no mere artificial distinctions in spirit society. For instance, during my travels in the Spheres, while exploring the western wilderness of the Sixth Circle, far beyond any spirit abode, as I supposed, I chanced to light upon a wigwam, and entering, who should I find there but old Daniel Boone, Black Hawk, and Dr. Franklin. They belong to no church, they acknowledge no creed, but together spend their time alternately, in trapping, chasing deer and buffalo, and looking from Nature up to Nature's Law of Development!

"Furthermore, as there is no personal *caste* in the Zones, so is there no aristocracy of business or avocation in any single Circle. To my surprise I found John Bunyan keeping tav-

ern at the foot of Delectable Mountain. General Jackson is a blacksmith; Cromwell, a tinker; Martin Luther, an auctioneer; John Calvin, D. D., the very amiable and accomplished Professor in Spiritual University, owns a brewery and drives a splendid business since the repeal of the Maine Law; Timothy Dwight, Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Chalmers, and some other celebrated divines in spiritdom, spend their time in writing sermons for their successors in the form; Father Abraham is a butcher; John Wesley keeps a ten-pin alley at Spiritual Springs; General Putman peddles yankee notions; Cuvier, Buffon, and Goldsmith, have formed a co-partnership in the breeding of Shanghais; while others less famous in history, follow the learned professions."

LUCY: — "You astonish us, Mr. Paine, with the marvelousness of your revelations."

TOM: — "I could easily astonish you with equal wonders, to the extent of many volumes."

LUCY: — "Doubtless, and great would be our satisfaction in listening to the recital. It is earnestly to be hoped we may yet have that pleasure. At present, however, we are admonished by the dial to be brief. With the permission of the professors and your own, I would like, before the close of this interview, to put a few interrogations in relation to several topics of the first degree of interest."

TOM: — "I am at the service of your Excellency."

LUCY: — "What is the prevailing form of civil government in the Spheres?"

TOM: — "Invariably democratic, or, more strictly speaking, a representative democracy."

LUCY: — "Do females exercise the elective franchise, and are they eligible to public office?"

TOM: — "In all respects, the population of the Zones enjoying equal political privileges, without distinction of gender. Of the two the fair sex are by far the more popular, and are in reality at the head of government in both the civil and social commonwealth. For example, in the Sixth Circle, General Fanny Wright is President of the Federal Union. Her entire Cabinet is composed of females, while General, now George, Washington holds the post of corporal in the militia."

LUCY: — "In spiritual courtship and marriage, which party is accustomed to take the lead?"

TOM: — "The bride; in every instance. Hence, in all the Spheres, there is not to be found a single old maid."

LUCY: — "What is the prevailing style of costume, particularly in the circles of fashion?"

TOM: — "Invariably *Bloomer*. Indeed *Bloomerism* is the handmaid of Woman's Rights, and Woman's Rights are a constituent element of Spiritualism."

LUCY: — "It is held that, as persons progress in spirituality, they also glow in harmony, love, good-will and charity. What therefore is the general character of the dwellers in the Zones, for benevolence and kindness?"

TOM: — "They are, for the most part, exceedingly generous and kind, especially to strangers. In all my pilgrimage to the Seventh Circle and back again, I was treated with the utmost hospitality, save in a solitary instance. Faint and exhausted with fasting and traveling, I approached a farm house of goodly dimensions and near by which, was a large number of cows grazing in

a field of luxuriant clover. Entering the kitchen door, and leaning on my staff for support, I craved of the good dairy-woman, a little milk to quench my thirst and impart strength to my weary frame; whereupon she turned me off with a short pint of buttermilk, and for which I was obliged to pay her *two cents!* I progressed, hoping the good woman might soon be developed into a higher plane of spiricity."

LUCY: — "Is it practicable for individuals while in the form to pass to the Zones and return?"

TOM: — "Certainly, but rarely. We have a distinguished instance of the kind, in the case of Judge Addlehead. His famous "letter" produced so profound a sensation and awakened such enthusiastic joy throughout the Zones, that a deputation of distinguished spirits was commissioned to invite and escort him thither as a public guest. His progress was a continued triumph. Every possible distinction of honor was heaped upon him, and as the climax of which, he was voted the entire freedom of the Spheres; to go and come at his pleasure, free of expense; and in addition to which, a handsome fortune was bestowed upon him, by individual subscription, in token of the invaluable service he had rendered to the cause of Spiritualism in the publication of his 'Letter.' Nor is this all. Leaving his great twin manifestation and co-adjutor, Doctor Z. Socrates Nozzleman, to superintend the development of humanity in the form, or the temporal welfare of mankind, the Judge, as the very incarnation of the Law of Development, conceived the exceedingly original, bold, and striking plan of rescuing lost spirits from the pit of perdition. Successful in the very first attempt, he published himself to the unfortunates as the only and

Almighty Saviour. But his benevolence not satisfied with the deliverance of a single soul at a time, he is now engaged with a spiritual Boring Machine and Steam Paddy in cutting a tunnel and staircase up through the eternal rocks that wall in the realms of darkness; so that all Hell can rush at once into the upper circles of heavenly spiricity!"

The interview closed.

Bookhout Eng.
N.Y.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Out, ye impostors!
Quack-salving, cheating mountebanks — your skill
Is to make sound men sick, and sick men kill."

IN all the "region round about," a variety of physicians had sprung up, administering relief to the sick, upon the newly-discovered principles of Spiritualism.

Next to numberless were the ailments that flesh, in time past, was unconscious of being "heir to," and of which were furnished diagnosis and remedy, by a spiritual inspection of a lock of hair, and all for the simple sum of one dollar!

Prescriptions inundated the community, from which numerous individuals experienced a speedy cure, even before they were themselves aware of being diseased.

Other doctors, less famous, could detect disease when openly palpable, and treat it with tolerable skill, but their pathology and practice being of a more ordinary stamp, their utility was therefore not generally appreciated nor understood.

It was an extremely mysterious theory, this crinopathy — and hence more scientific and satisfactory — holding as it did that all disorders in the human system manifested themselves fundamentally in the *hair*, for the reason that the skull was sympathetically affected.

We have often wondered at the decrees of Providence, but never doubted their justice, although often apparently unequal. Imagine a poor *bald* victim afflicted with a complication of "*ralgies*"—"*new* and *old*"—yet stripped of the only means or condition necessary to make available the priceless art of the hair-inspecting doctors.

Although, without positive knowledge on the subject, we must nevertheless believe, that the kind-hearted spirits could not suffer a fellow mortal to drag himself to the close of such a miserable existence, unrelieved, simply because he happened to be bald-headed. We might, therefore, safely anticipate the adoption of an expedient, in behalf of the hairless unfortunates, by a substitute lock clipped from the patient's *wig!* Nay, reader, [illegible] with your incredulity at this supposition, for is it not manifestly in keeping with the whole history of spiritual development? * Nor is it unphilosophical. Because, spirits say, that all symptoms of disease tend to and locate themselves in the hair. Now, symptoms are things. It cannot be supposed they will inhere and terminate in the barren skin of the poll, for they are *diffusive* and *tend to hair*. Hence it is not illogical to affirm, that if they find no hair on the scalp, the place where it ought to grow, and where they might reasonably expect to find it, they will seek the nearest hair to be found, which being the *wig*, it must as an inevitable consequence be the receptacle of the symptoms.

Impartiality, however, requires us to state that another school, or in reality another branch in the same school, adopted

* We in no sense allude to any doctrine of the Holy Scriptures, or the out-workings of christianity, but technically and exclusively to Modern Spiritualism.

with great success a modification of the above theory. They started with identical data, but reasoned adversely. Their diagnosis was the same, their prognosis totally different. "We agree with the *hairopathists*," said they, "that symptoms are things. But there cannot be a thing without substance, nor substance without gravity; therefore, disease is never sublimated in the apex, but always precipitated at the base of the system, from which it follows, conclusively, that the *terminus* of the symptoms is not the *capitis pilus*, but the *ungnis pedis pollicis*, that is to say, not the hair of the cranium, but the nail of the great toe!" This theory, more philosophical, marked by greater common sense, and resting on a *deeper foundation* than its antagonism, was at once in the ascendant, speedily acquiring universal celebrity. The public prints carried to every invalid in the land the happy intelligence, that a shaving from the nail of the great toe, sent by mail, accompanied with TWO DOLLARS, *postage paid!* would convey an accurate knowledge of the disease and secure a prescription, which if faithfully followed, according to directions, would inevitably work a permanent cure. Great was the demand for jack-knives, and many a poor wife performed secret amputations, cleaving the horny substance to the quick, after the "symptoms," at the imminent hazard of becoming a cripple, and the expense of her husband's best razor!

But all this was Spiritualism only in the bud, and destined soon to be succeeded by the flower and the fruit.

Z. Socrates Nozzleman, the prince of Mediums, and Apostolic Vicar of Spiritdom, though what would be called "well to

do in the world," concluded to turn his hand to physic, not — as will appear — for the sake of gain, but as a benefactor.

Among other employments which he had followed for a livelihood, in days gone by, was that of agent for a patent medicine. This professional *advantagement* furnished him an intimate knowledge of Anatomy and Physiology, which fortunately was now brought into play. Having naturally a keen eye in his head, and observing the universal *ailibility* of mankind with their hankering after "spiritual" potions, in the yearning of his bowels of pity, he decided on having a "run."

Accordingly, a general meeting of the "circle" was convened, and having revealed to them many mysterious mysteries, Z. Socrates, with one hand on his breast, and the other thrust to the bottom of his pocket, as if unconsciously feeling for "change," threw back his head, looking the picture of honest sagacity, and said —

"Listen ye to me. This earthly Sphere is full of three things — *folks* — *distempers* — and *quackery*. Of this big world-hospital, I am superintendent and chief physician, by the appointment of the spirits. They have conferred upon me the very *highest* medical degree, with a 'spiritual' diploma, imparting an exact knowledge of all the maladies, actual and possible, both of body and mind, and their only remedies. The appointment is not only merited, but imperative. I am not at liberty to decline it.

"Therefore, if ye be ailing at any time, ye must consult me, the physician-in-chief, without delay, and charge everybody to do likewise, lest ye all die.

"Hark ye. Those *hairy* spirits, are not medical spirits. They do not doctor right. They are quacks, and so are all others that have manifested themselves. They have killed many. Alopathists drug their patients, hydropathists pickle them, pepperopathists steam them, homeopathists starve them, hairopathists *shave* them, and so between salivating, pickling, steaming, starving and *shaving*, it is hard to calculate whether there be more patients cured than victims made. Beware! beware! Ye are in danger. I smell the poison about you now." Whereupon those present, supplied with spiritual medicine — as most of them were — all agreed it 'hurt' them, and at once throwing their 'physic to the dogs,' they *changed physicians.*

The Smeller had evidently struck the scent. Next day in front of his door was displayed, in mammoth characters, the following sign: —

"Z. SOCRATES NOZZLEMAN, SPIRITUAL M. D., K. Q. X., OLFACTORY MEDIUM, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON — by appointment of the ROYAL MEDICAL COLLEGE of the ZONES.

"Prescriptions carefully made out, under the direct supervision of the Medical Faculty of the Seventh Sphere.

"*Consultation hours at all times.*"

The effect greatly surpassed the professor's most sanguine hopes. The circles, as matter of course, being all more or less diseased, daily frequented the office of the new Spirit Doctor. His prices for single prescriptions ranged from two dollars to ten, according to the nature of the complaint and *condition* of the patient — uniformly cash in hand, it being well understood that he *kept no books.*

As might be expected, Doctor N—— at once took the lead in his profession, as *mediumly*, the Founder and Chief Practitioner of *Spiritopathy*.

But time hastened to the final and crowning manifestation of Spiritualism. Fame blew her bugle over her favorite son. Its notes were the knell of Quackdom. Hygeia stretched her scepter over the world. Disease fled away. Death stood aghast! And no marvel, for the subtle olfactories of our great Spiritopathist had ferreted out the fundamental principle, that all disorders in their normal origin and ab-normal process are conditioned and propagated by spiritual *miasma*, which was amply demonstrated by a course of the most nice and satisfactory experiment with his nasal organ, which served the capacity of a clairvoyant stethoscope, and whose delicate acuteness no essence, however attenuated or occult, could evade.

The only thing now wanting to secure perpetual longevity to the race, and rob Old Mortality of his dues, was the invention of a universal specific. This was readily furnished by the spiritual pharmacopœia, and consisted in the quintessence of spiritual orders, sublimated to the point of indivisibility. It may puzzle the reader to imagine how a volatility so infinitely attenuated could be obtained and confined for use. The process was simple. It was not indigenous, but exotic, a product of the Seventh Sphere. The spirits having expressed and volatilized it by a "spiritual" apparatus, conveyed it by telegraph to our chief physician, who resolving it by spiritual analysis into two kinds — one for internal, the other for external application, including surgery — confined it in proper quantities in miniature phials, which phials he scientifically

labeled respectively *Min. Nil.* (Minimus Nihil) and *Max. Nil.* (Maximus Nihil) — in plain English, the *littlest nothing* and the *biggest nothing*. Not by any means that his nostrum was a nonentity; but these terms were selected, as the best that language affords, to express even an approximate definition of the "Universal Spiritual Catholican and Elixir of Life." The name of the Spiritual Medicine Man, as Doctor Nozzleman was called, *par excellence*, was a household word. Such at length became his skill, he had no more than to meet persons on the highway, or pass them at their daily avocations to detect the premonitions of disease lurking in their system, and of which his benevolence would not permit them to go unwarned. As the barometer foretokens foul weather, and the galvanic battery sends its message on lightning wing, outstripping steam and tempest, to arrest the fugitive assassin or snatch the mariner from coming shipwreck, so our Smelling Medium snuffing the ubiquitous proximity of the *malaria*, at almost any distance, transmitted telegraph admonitions in every direction, by which multitudes marked for victims were rescued from the stealthy approach of consumption, the irruption of the deadly epidemic and the fatality of accident.

The celebrity of the great Socrates spread not only through the United States, but across the great water into distant countries. Business so multiplied upon his hands, that by direction of the spirits (probably as matter of convenience and economy) he erected an Infirmary of immense dimensions and published to the world his readiness to receive patients on the most *reasonable terms*.

Thousands flocked to the great Spiritual Hospital, all of

whom — save those "*doctored to death*" by the "old schools," at least, till past the possibility of recovery — were restored and sent home, armed with their spiritual smelling bottles, an occasional snuff of which made them forever impervious to the *malaria*, and a slight rubbing with the cork was sufficient to cure the rickets or mend a broken leg.

The "watering places" of both continents were deserted. Puffemburg — as the new institution was called — became the place of all resort; the Spiritual Mecca, to which valetudinarians from every quarter, far and near, thronged on pilgrimage after health.

The "universal Spiritual Catholicon, and 'patent' *Elixir* of Life," swept the field. The age of humbug nostrums was past. Brandreth, Fitch, Townsend, and all the "craft," with your "extracts," "compounds," "magnetics" and *trash*, farewell! Your own "miraculous inventions" and "infallible remedies" cannot save you! Good-by quacks! Good-by quackery! And

> "All maladies,
> Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms
> Of heart-sick agony; all feverish kinds;
> Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs;
> Intestine stone and ulcers; cholic pangs,
> Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy,
> Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence;
> Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums,"

with every other ailment, accident or infirmity, incident to mortal flesh, not excepting even old age, gray hairs, spectacles and crutches! — everlasting adieu!

Sceptics! banish unbelief — Courage! poor bed-ridden ones! — and leap for joy, O ye cripples! while you read the following sample of the numberless certificates poured in for the proprietor and professor of Puffemburg, as voluntary offerings from his grateful patients, embracing multitudes of the most distinguished personages:

"DEAR DOCTOR: — I will be one hundred and ninety-three years old on the first day of April next. For one hundred and one years I have been bed-ridden, and having lost the use of my voluntary powers, I was unable to stir, except when moved with a lever. But six weeks ago yesterday, I saw an advertisement of your Universal, Spiritual Patent Catholicon. I bought a phial of the 'Minimum Nihil,' smelt of the cork, and found myself a new man. I can now outrun the best locomotive, beat a stump-machine at a dead lift, and throw twenty-five double somersets without stopping.

"Yours, with heartfelt gratitude,

"PETER PUFFER.

"P. S. A red flannel cloth rubbed upon a vial of the *Max. Nil.*, and wrapped round a wooden leg, reduces a triple compound fracture in just seven minutes, and is now covering the limb with a fresh cuticle of bark. There is the *manifestation* of a foot and knee joint. Its sensibility increases, and I have no doubt, that in three weeks it will be a perfect leg.

"You are at liberty to use this testimonial of the miraculous power of your Medicine in any manner you choose, for the benefit of suffering humanity.

"P. P."

Z. Socrates, the chief luminary of Spiritualism, was in the zenith of his glory, not however as a *fixed* star, but like all *progressive* plants, he had reached his point of culmination.

Mr. Abner, a man of high public standing, a prominent member of the "circle," and the possessor of a handsome property, in the prime of life and bloom of health, was taken suddenly ill, and in spite of the "Patent Catholicon shuffled off his mortal coil," and passed to the Spirit-Land. He had been a useful and honored member of society. The anti-spiritual portion of the community afflicted at the prospect of losing so valued a citizen and neighbor, besought the relatives of the victim to summon the aid of a regular physician, but in vain. The appeal was met only with indignity, by the spiritualized kindred, who hoped "people would not trouble themselves. The spirits probably understood what they were about and needed no assistance from the quacks."

Soon after the good man's decease, our Spiritopathic Medium, in his capacity of *Executor*, called upon the surviving companion and family, to inform them what the spirit of the departed wished to have done with the estate.

"How glad I am, dear Doctor," said the cheerful widow, "that you have called upon us in our affliction. Yet it is'nt much after all, seeing we can communicate with him every day."

"Your husband," said the Medium, "directs me to keep a watchful eye over his estate. My instructions are to convert the real and personal property into money, and then he will tell me what to do with it. I have not the time to devote to this, but respect for my departed friend will not allow me to decline. Besides, I cannot bear to see the property squandered

from thee and thy children. There are notes and outstanding accounts, and money, which I must take for safe keeping, and apportion to thee from time to time as thy husband shall direct."

The affectionate and obedient widow rejoiced at this mark of friendship, and forthwith the "private secretary" was ransacked, the Medium taking possession of all the "convertibles" on the spot, as sole administrator of the deceased.

The notes and accounts were collected, at once, and the personal chattels struck off at auction, the terms of sale being *cash*.

Nothing now remained unadjusted except the real estate, consisting of a fine village house and lot, with farm adjacent, and a tract of western land. This also the deceased ordered his spiritual agent to sell. Accordingly he struck a bargain with a certain speculator, to whom he was to convey title on a given day and receive the purchase-money.

Punctual at the appointed time, our Medium administrator appeared with conveyances in hand, duly sealed and signed as follows: —

DAVID ABNER (deceased),
Per Z. SOCRATES NOZZLEMAN, M. D.,
Spiritual Agent.

This singular autograph bore a kind of suspicious-look to the scrutinizing eye of the purchaser, who refused to pay the money until the seller could produce a power of attorney a little more intelligible.

The Spiritualists were indignant at the incredulity of this suspicious infidel, and assured him that if he would only meet with them a single evening, it would be demonstrated before

his eyes, that the great professor Nozzleman was no impostor, but the *bona fide* agent of the deceased, and acting under his immediate direction and control. But the wary speculator stood in fear of a "trap," and the bargain was broken off.

The widow and her family were not only "sold out" rather close, but kept on short allowance. The Medium, however, declared that he disbursed as fast as his instructions allowed.

The good wife was satisfied with this assurance, yet could not but think that her husband had grown very economical since becoming an inhabitant of the Spheres; nor could she conjecture for what he was hoarding his money, but she wisely concluded that he knew, and would direct everything to the best advantage, both for himself and family.

The sudden death of so estimable and prominent a person as Mr. Abner, was of course somewhat widely circulated through the public prints, by which means the melancholy intelligence chanced to reach an absent son, and from whom the family had received frequent spiritual communications, furnishing conclusive evidence that he had passed to the Zones: in other words, that he was dead.

On learning the decease of his father, Edward (for such was his name), in obedience to the promptings of filial and fraternal affection, hastened home with all practical dispatch.

Extensive travel, with a close observation of men and things, had made him a competent judge of character.

To his relatives, his return occasioned even greater surprise than the untimely death of his father. Spiritualism was, of course, the first topic introduced to Edward, by the family, and on which he expressed his opinion, respectfully and kindly,

yet in terms so decided and caustic, as to fill them with grief, that a fond mother and affectionate sisters should experience such a greeting from a long absent son and brother.

It was evening when Edward arrived. His mother — assistance was unnecessary — prepared him a meal so exceedingly coarse and scanty, as justly to excite in him a momentary look of surprise, and observing which, by way of apology, she said it was the best his father had afforded them lately, and besides, there was no place in the house for him to lodge, but on the floor, as his father had ordered all the beds and bedding not in actual use to be sold.

"How came father to be so poor?" inquired Edward.

"O, he is not poor," answered the mother. "He is worth *twenty thousand dollars*, and communicates to Doctor Z. Socrates Nozzleman how to dispose of it."

"Did father leave a will?"

"O no, my son. His spirit communicates daily with our Medium, as his sole administrator and agent. He told the Doctor to take the property and turn it into money, and he would then give him directions how to use it.

"Who is this Doctor Z. Socrates Nozzleman, as you call him?"

"Why! is it possible you have never heard of him? He is the Great Smelling Medium, olfactory physician, surgeon, and professor of Puffemburg Hospital, appointed by the spirits themselves. We are to have a circle here to-night, and you can talk with your father just as freely as I do with you."

"Professor Z. Socrates holds possession of the property, does he?"

"Your father's spirit told him to take it."

"How do you know it did?"

"Because the Doctor says so. Besides, father's spirit tells us the same, and that we must always look up to his agent as our guardian and protector. Don't you want to see our Medium, Edward? He will be here directly."

"Guess, you must excuse me. I will call on some of my old acquaintances this evening. I couldn't very well enjoy your 'circle,' as you term it, if I should stay.—— *When* did father tell your Medium to take the property?" said Edward, musingly.

"O, right away after he died, or rather after he emigrated to the *Zones*, and he tells him something about it almost every day."

"And this is what you call '*spiritual manifestations?*'" rejoined Edward, rising to depart.

Mother and sister besought him to remain at the circle, but gently resisting their entreaties, and promising to return in the morning, he bade them an affectionate "good night."

Edward sought his old associates, a part of whom, as he was pleased to find, were anti-spiritualists, and who made him acquainted with the exact position of affairs.

Edward had seen too much of the world, mingled with and read too many characters, not to fathom this whole business at a glance. To him, Z. Socrates Nozzleman was no enigma. His line of duty was plain; nor did he hesitate promptly to pursue it, but wisely concluded to seek no interview with his Spiritualship, till having first taken proper measures to establish a little higher earthly claim to his father's estate, than the Medium had produced from the Spheres.

The circle, headed by Professor Nozzleman, convened at the widow's, and to whom she announced the unexpected arrival of her son. The professor was taken aback by the startling news. He evidently smelt something "in the wind," being exceedingly inquisitive as to the character of her son; his age, intentions, place of residence, how long he was going to stay, et cetera, expressing also undue anxiety to see him.

Learning from the widow the fact of his rank infidelity, on the score of Spiritualism, the unlooked-for heir was consequently any thing but a welcome visitor to the ghostly administrator. Nevertheless, resolving to finish the game by a bold throw, he sought Edward early next morning, and addressed him thus:

"Young man, thy father hath duly appointed me executor of his estate. He doth direct me from the Spirit-World, to pay thee one thousand dollars, and take from thee this receipt in full. Here is thy money. Lay it carefully away, and see that thou makest good use of it."

"Please, excuse me, sir," replied Edward. "The death of my beloved father bears heavily upon me. I feel too indisposed for the transaction of business just now."

"The spirit of thy father ordereth me, that if thou refusest to comply, at this present time, never to pay thee a farthing," said his Mediumship, in a tone of authority.

"I am in no immediate want of money," responded Edward. "Be so good as to allow me time to become a little more settled. You shall then have my attention."

Our Medium deputy was foiled. Such coolness discomposed

him, and he departed not a little abruptly, with at least no abatement of his uneasiness.

Edward at once laid the matter before the proper authorities, and Z. Socrates Nozzleman, Olfactory Medium, Spiritual M. D., K. Q. X., Professor of Puffemburg, and Arch Apostle of the Sphericals, was invited by the sheriff to take rooms at the "*Grate* Public Hotel," where he remained until the next sitting of the Supreme Court, when his spiritualship received an appointment in the State Prison Department for the term of ten years. Necessity, stern and inexorable, compelled him to resign his executorial office with large emoluments into the hands of Edward, who was thereupon duly appointed material administrator of his father's estate.

We omitted to note the opportune arrival of the sheriff, a circumstance not only fortuitous but fortunate, as Z. Socrates, smelling so strongly something "in the wind," was preparing to take his departure, the coming night, for parts unknown, but he was a day too late. For once swift-footed justice got the start of his guardian spirit and cut off his escape.

The spirits had failed him. He would have resorted to the more reliable intervention of his own legs for an alibi, but materialism in the shape of iron fetters rendered it impracticable.

The Spiritists, put thus to their trumps, concentrated their entire forces, and making a final rally, as the forlorn hope, invoked all Spheredom for assistance, in this their last extremity, but not a ghost came to the rescue.

On receiving sentence, the illustrious convict elevating his nasal organ, gave one tremendous snuff, and said,

"I smell that Spiritualism is a mighty big FIZZLE!"

This was the final extinguisher. Funglehead had gone *up!* Nozzleman went *down!* The circles disbanded. Many of the more prominent members landed in the Mad-House, others in the Poor-House, the balance declaring they "never believed in it, but only attended to see what fools folks could make of themselves when they set out."

Puffemburg was deserted. News of the grand finale of this comico-tragedy flew on electric wings over both continents. The Spheres deharmonized and detached from Earth, forsook their orbits, and wheeled away into the boundless void of annihilation, leaving our mundane orb to grind on as before!

Thus ended Spiritualism at its fountain head.

We understand that a few *smaller lights* are yet practicing it, as the dying echo of an exploded *humbug*.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Misplaced — in a wrong position — placed in an incongruous situation — out of one's proper sphere." — *Noah Webster.*

THE representatives of the lady democracy of the Empire State were now carrying matters with a high feather at the capitol, aping other legislative bodies in the modifying, abrogation, and enactment of laws, respectively agreeable to their ambition, their pockets and their whims, and all under pretense of serving the best interests of their constituents.

The early part of the session had been marked by much confusion, and almost the entire absence of any thing like legislative order and decorum. Personal abuse, and private scandal, bills legitimate and illegitimate — speeches long and short and on all conceivable subjects, save the one before the house, were the order — or more strictly speaking the disorder — of the day, and threatening to render abortive the object for which that body of congregated wisdom had assembled in council.

But while a majority of our lady rulers determined to rely solely upon their own resources, and as far as in them lay denied to the male sex any share or influence in public affairs, a few

of the more sensible saw the necessity of profiting by the experience and advice of the statesmen, so called.

Accordingly husbands, fathers, and brothers were consulted in private, and under whose direction a new code of rules for the government of the Legislature, being drawn up, presented to that body, and after a stormy debate adopted, order gradually grew out of confusion, and the Hall of State began to assume, in some degree, the aspect of parliamentary propriety.

Yet one anomaly, somewhat incongruous and not easily obviated, still characterized the daily business of the session. Most of the female members were persons of middle age, and many of them mothers.

The husbands of these prolific stateswomen, to be sure, were being rapidly initiated into the mysteries of the nursery. Not a few of them had already become such adepts in providing for the wants and sundry peculiarities of the "little responsibilities," as reflected the highest honor, not only on their training, but afforded incontestable evidence of their hitherto unsuspected aptitude for the business.

But it is an adage, both aged and profound, that great occasions develop great talents. Yet, notwithstanding the remarkable proficiency of the fathers of the commonwealth in this their new and interesting occupation, one difficulty remained, which neither their patience nor their ingenuity could overcome; a want, in fact, which none but mothers could supply. A supplement was therefore added to the "standing rules," setting apart an hour, twice during the day, in order that the future hopes of the Republic might draw from the

maternal breast that nutriment without which all governments whether male or female, would cease to exist.

During these juvenile repasts the chambers were necessarily thrown open to the ingress of the masculine nurses, when the male loungers of the galleries and lobbies seized the opportunity of paying their respects to the "powers that be." It was usually the hour of confusion let loose.

Talking, laughing, flirting of dandies in petticoats, with coquettes in pantaloons, squalling of infantiles, and scolding of mothers, together with sundry lectures to husbands on their behavior, presented to the impartial observer a scene which lacked something of that dignity for which we have been accustomed to look in the representative wisdom of a great and enlightened state.

We have omitted to mention the fact that a change of dress, especially among the females, had now become nearly universal. There remained however a small minority, conservatives of their day and generation, who still clung to the habiliments of their mothers.

Not so the men, but two classes of whom had adopted the female costume. The first from compulsion, by the force either of curtain lectures or the broomstick; the other, under the (to them) equally compulsory influence of the law of fashion, the latter class consisting mainly of the dandy and coxcomb. Many a brainless exquisite promenaded the streets rigged out in all the finery of the female habit of twenty years ago,* or the

* The reader must bear in mind that we are dealing with events some twenty years in advance of the present.

days of basques, flounces, flowing bishops, scavenger skirts, and bonnets-in-the-rear.

Strictly speaking, these were not converts to the doctrine of "woman's rights," but merely converts to fashion. Almighty fashion! fit concomitant of the follies of the nineteenth century, and to whose capricious dictates, not only the dandy, but — if professor Porson may be credited, for integrity of poetic description — even Beelzebub himself renders allegiance.

The politicians of the day to a *man* — woman we should have said — adopted the costume which in by-gone times had been considered the exclusive property of the male sex, but many of the younger class, with true female tenacity, still adhered to some of the fashions of the past age. For instance, with those who considered themselves the *ton*, that tasteful addition to the female form, the "bustle," was still a *sine qua non*.

On the first introduction of this style of dress it came to be a serious question with connoisseurs, whether the article increased or diminished the grace and dignity of the masculine costume. We know not as it has ever been defined what Hogarth meant by his "Line of Beauty," and while that question is mooted, some might be disposed to class the hump on the back of the camel and buffalo, or even the "human form divine," with the style of beauty and sublimity so much admired in the bold outline of mountain-scenery. At all events, though neither tailor nor mantua-maker, yet pretending to some taste in these matters, we look upon it as the perfection of the "true sublime" and beautiful in female adornments.

Suppose, reader, a lady wearing a close-fitting dress coat, *a la Grimes*, "all buttoned down before," — but *Nature* is not a

proper subject for criticism. Behold the reverse of the figure. Somewhere about mid-way, the dorsal column hugely jets the "*Bustle!*" whence the coat stands boldly off at an angle of some forty degrees, while from the verge of this projection the lapels fall gracefully, and like streamers

"Wave in the west winds summer sighs,"

in a very becoming manner!

We stated in the beginning, that our mission was not theoretical but historical, not empty fiction nor philosophical disquisition, but simply a record of facts. Hence we disclaimed all speculation on the subject before us, and whether this downfall of the mighty and exaltation of the humble and the meek, was a blessing, or otherwise, we have not even expressed an opinion; nor are we about to deviate from the direct line of our narrative.

Our female legislators were very much annoyed in some of their proceedings by lobby importunities and out-door influence. The Spiritualists of either sex, aware of the important service rendered by their order in elevating to power the dominant party, were especially clamorous for their reward, and with the peculiar self-donial of political parasites claimed the lion's share of the "spoils." In fact, so numerous were the applicants of this class, that all the offices in the gift of the Executive or the Legislature were as inadequate to their demands as would be the "five loaves and the two small fishes"—without the miracle—to supply the beleaguering armies of Sevastopol.

A few were well rewarded. Judge Addlehead, as a recompense for services rendered and in compliment to his high legal attainments in spiritual jurisprudence, was placed at the head of

the judiciary. Governor Longnat, made Secretary of State, soon fell into deep political discussion with an embassador from the Spheres. Johnson David Anderson was appointed President of a Spiritual College already in successful operation; and Fillip Waddell, professor of Oratory in the same. Professor Krewsybull, superintendent of Negro Affairs. His talented wife was sent on a mission to "Boora-Boora-Gha," while one of her most intimate friends and promising pupils was very properly presented with a situation in the Lunatic Asylum. Betsey Hoax Jones, Esq., was sent Embassadress to the Queen of Egypt. Reverend Brunetta Reddish, D. D., was made a Cardinal; and Honorable Lucinda Hardhead, superintendent of the establishment for supplying the army with breeches!

Aside from the clamor for office, as before intimated, a strong outside and lobby dictation was at work to control or stifle legislative action. As stated in a former chapter, new laws had been enacted on the subject of marriage, and great changes effected in the relative position of the sexes, but radicalism (as in all great political convulsions) was rampant, and still farther legislation on the subject demanded. One party — of the polygamist school — were urging the passage of a law allowing the women a plurality of husbands, the number to be only limited by the ability of the lady to support them. On the other hand, hecatombs of petitions, with furlongs of signatures, loaded the tables of the house, "humbly praying" the legislature to abrogate all human enactments on the subject of marriage, leaving it for the Spheres alone to regulate conjugal relations and, through Medium agency, to bring together those fortunate individuals who had been matched in the "Zones."

In short, "spiritual marriage," or what the profane denominate *marriage de convenience*—in which a change of companions was not only tolerated, but became as common almost as a change of partners in a country dance—had a large number of advocates among the female "red republicans;" and like Know-Nothingism, twenty years ago, threatened for a time to carry all before it.

Governor Boston, with some of her more sensible adherents, had watched the progress of the revolution with not a little trepidation. Seriously alarmed at the threatening aspect of political affairs, they began to fear, lest in their zeal for reform, they had raised a spirit which it would be extremely difficult for them to lay. Governor Boston, especially, (in whom we hope the reader has discovered symptoms of sound common sense, in spite of her ultraism in some respects), was becoming, in a measure, sceptical on the subject of the so-called Modern Reform. The itinerant lecturer had first led her to believe, and then to doubt. The career of Funglehead and Nozzleman confirmed her in the belief, that although Spiritualism might possess some grains of truth, yet they were buried and lost beneath mountains of imposture.

The doctrine of polygamy was especially repugnant to all her ideas of propriety, and the practical tendency of "spiritual marriage" was too demoralizing to meet her approbation for a moment. At this time, however, the "tide in the affairs of women" was at its flood, and both these measures passed, with several others equally wise and equally expedient.

But Lucy "took the responsibility," interposed her veto, and the session finally closed, having done little, if any thing of importance, except what is recorded in a previous chapter.

CHAPTER XXX.

"All's well that ends well.

THE Legislature closed its eventful session, and the members returned to their constituents, the feminine portion of whom were generally welcomed by their own sex, with "well done, good and faithful servants." There was, however, a certain class of females who refused their approbation. Whether this withholding from their representatives their "meed of praise" argued a grudging disposition or degeneracy from the true spirit of independence and patriotism, whether it was the want of ambition or the result of *wise reflection and reasonable aversion* to "mixing with politics," we leave for the reader to decide.

Miss Governor Boston remained steadfastly at the Executive Mansion, as if, were the incumbent to "lock up the house" and absent herself, some political burglar might gain entrance and locate himself in the Chair of State, a self-constituted successor, to fill the vacancy.

The day fixed for woman's imperial coronation drew nigh. The lords of creation, with becoming submission, wisely anticipated and prepared for the hour of "surrender," while among the "strong minded" (with whom we do not count

you, respected female reader), the cry was, "Hurrah for Woman's Rights and the downfall of man power!"

The wheels of Time, whirling onward, the mighty train of events neared the goal of fate. Man, *as man*, turned to behold for the last time the setting sun, when the King of Day, no doubt from sympathy with his kind, covering himself with sackcloth of indigo, hid his face and retired to his secret chamber. Not so his Queen. As if celebrating her accession to the throne, her Majesty, arrayed in robes of silver, with her courtly retinue, paraded up and down her royal saloon, hung with glowing astrals, and danced all night to the "music of the Spheres." Meek-eyed Morn threw by her veil and looked *brusque*. Phœbus,—like Prime Ministers and Lord High Chamberlains in general, possessing a self-adjusting power of adaptation to any dominant form of government, old or new, tendering allegiance to the new sovereignty,—appeared in gorgeous splendor, and with the utmost suavity shed his golden smiles upon the inaugural of the new feminine dynasty.

Behold now the magic metamorphosis in the triumph of "woman's rights."

The male population of the Empire State, like good, law-abiding citizens, arose with the sun, put on the petticoats, and entered with cheerful alacrity upon their domestic duties. To most of the new *servants*, it was a somewhat awkward business, to be sure, but the honest souls did as well as they knew how, and who could reasonably be required to do better? Therefore, fair reader, do not laugh, if they did act clumsily and make an occasional blunder. They merit your pity, not your ridicule, for with their house-keeping began also their

cares and their trials, cares and trials numerous and sore enough to make them wish a dozen times a day that they "had never got married." For instance, on the very first morning when the husbands awoke their wives (now the legal head), and brothers their sisters, ordering them to "get up and make a fire" and "put over the tea-kettle," instead of complying with the reasonable command, they but half-opened their eyes, and instantly fell into a sound sleep again, stubbornly refusing to lose their morning nap: and so the hapless men servants were left to undergo the hardship of kindling their own fires and putting on their own tea-kettles. They might have doggedly resolved to lie still and starve, rather than brook the cruelty, but willing to bear almost any thing for the sake of peace in the family, they arose with resignation, struck their own fires, and prepared the morning meal, the women meanwhile enjoying their "*right*" of sleeping till called to breakfast. * * * That breakfast! But 'tis not marvelous if in too many instances the coffee *was* unsettled; the steak raw or roasted to a crisp; the potatoes smoked, the cakes half dough, or *done black*; the presiding house-keeper besmeared with soot, grease and batter, with a quantity of rags bound upon his scalded hands; the table-cloth and carpet soaked where the platter happened to land bottom upwards; the children half dressed and unwashed, crying for something to eat; the women sour and crabbed for being kept from their business by waiting "forever" for breakfast, and declaring when they did get it that it was not "fit for cannibals."

And *after* breakfast! But we will not follow the "masters of the mansion" up stairs and down, to watch their movements

in all the various departments of house-husbandry, in chamber, kitchen and nursery. It is enough to say, that they were uniformerly "good keepers at home," industrious, economical, good-natured, and systematic as the case would allow; that in all the routine of domestic economy they were passably dexterous, though in nothing did they so much excel, as in the arts of *wet-nurse*, *slapjacks* and *pastry*.

But from within let us look out of doors. As the ladies had volunteered various directory items in relation to the domestic affairs, the gentlemen could hardly do less than reciprocate the kindness. Accordingly the farmer told them where to find the horses, and oxen, and harness, and yokes, and carts, and chains, and plows, and hoes, and shovels, and pitchforks, and axes, and scythes, &c., what portions of woodland had better be "chopped and cleared up"—what was the usual programme of planting, sowing, and harvesting—that the stalls and styes would require their attention—that they must lay in a good supply of provisions—that wood and water must be furnished for cooking, baking, washing, and ironing—that the cows must be milked, "the calves suckled," and churning done in good time.

The various artificers said to them dryly,

"You will find the tools in the shop," accompanying the intelligence with sapient suggestions in the line of architecture, as connected with their respective trades; and particularly the swarthy sons of Vulcan and Tubal-Cain, with brawny arms, pointed their fair successors to the forge, and gave them the benefit of sundry valuable hints in the science and art of metallurgy.

Merchants, "business men" of every class, and male incumbents of public office delivered up the keys. The eventful period had come and passed. Woman was in power. Behold the scene!

Banks, stores, offices, shops, all closed, save the milliner shops, which as they now belonged to the province of the men, were promptly attended to, and a brisk trade driven in the outfit of the new "*fashionables*," who in their passion for trinkets and finery, teased their wives for money, and when denied, did not hesitate to run them into debt. The sound of the anvil and the clatter of machinery was hushed. The plow stood still in the furrow. Trees felled by the hand of man remained entire in the forest. Canals and railroads ceased their functions. Boats, laden and empty, lay along the tow-paths, destitute of a helmsman, the horses standing in the harness without a driver. The locomotives in the engine-houses were not "fired up," and those upon the track, deserted by the engineers, whistled, "bolted the course," and stood motionless and silent, bringing the tide of travel suddenly to a dead stand-still, and leaving sundry passenger as well as freight trains midway between stations — the telegraphic wires were uncommunicative — the stage coaches, with passengers and mail-bags, stood scattered along the routes, just where the *first of April* overtook them — the steamboats lay silent at the wharves, the shipping in the harbors without a sailor on board — and, as if Nature's sympathetic cord were touched, not a breath of air ruffled the glassy surface of the water, while the canvass clung to the spars of the vessels, as if either in downright burlesque, or to carry out the scheme of their sex, and to be in the fashion, they too had

doffed their inflated habit, and donned the bloomer "rig." In short, all, save within the domiciliary doors, was universal stagnation. Agriculture, commerce and art exhibited no signs of life. The motive power or vital function of public activity was suspended, and as the heart of the system ceased to pulsate, the current of life and health, of necessity, no longer flowed through its veins and arteries.

Gloomy silence reigned everywhere, broken only by the assiduous clattering, amorous ditties, and merry laughter of the *domestics*, turned into strange dissonance by the doleful outcries of the hungry animals from the stalls and styes. Poor brutes! which must have perished of starvation, had not the kitchen-men, from motives of humanity, occasionally in a sly way attended to their wants.

The "strong-minded" were evidently taken by surprise. They had not anticipated such a preconcerted "masterly inactivity" on the part of the male population in respect to business matters. It was amusing to see the sovereigns request their "domestics" to accompany and assist them in their various employments, and hear them decline on account of "pressing household cares."

The "servants" also received frequent applications from their mistresses to exchange places, but, with the exception of here and there a "doughface," they uniformly refused, on the ground that it was *unconstitutional*, and they wished to be peaceable, law-abiding subjects.

How different the state of things within doors. The new house-keepers were delighted with their transmigration. All was life, activity and merriment. They made every thing *move*,

if not in all instances, like "clock-work." It is true, they met with more "kicks" than compliments, especially for their culinary performances, but with abundant good nature, concluding that the only way was to "live and learn," they would "hurry the work out of the way," and, ordering up the carriage, take a ride, or in the good old-fashioned style, with sewing and knitting work in hand, run together and enjoy their tea-party chat.

The crisis had come. The grand problem of "*woman's rights*" was solved in a universal "smash-up," to speak in the vernacular of this steam and lightning age.

The Ship of State, remodeled and new-rigged with such dispatch, launched so triumphantly, and without ballast, chart, compass, or practical helmsman, under the mighty press of her canvass, dashing through foam and spray, among rocks, quicksands and whirlpools, on the sea of *Experiment*, had quickly foundered and gone to pieces amid darkness and tempest. From every quarter went up the cry for help.

All eyes were turned imploringly towards the Governor, who saw and appreciated the fatal catastrophe. Petitions the most importunate poured in upon her from her sex, to assemble the Legislature without delay, that something might be done for woman's *wrongs*, as they were absolutely intolerable.

Great anxiety was manifested by the female constituency of the "rural districts" in particular, that relief might be afforded in time for "spring's work" to be done.

This public expression was too strong to be resisted, even had the Executivess been disposed to tread in the footsteps of sundry of her illustrious predecessors, and throw the petitions "under the table." Accordingly the Legislature was speedily

convened in special session. Every member appeared; with swarms of "lobbies" and spectators, among whom was our jolly friend Wilson.

Governor Boston appeared in person before the Council of State, and with deep mortification listened to the tale of folly, shame and disaster. Her eyes, and those of her sex, were opened. They recognized and had the frankness to acknowledge their splendid failure, and that they were entirely out of their place. For the most part the feminines could not, nor did they attempt to blame any but themselves and their sex, for they had revolutionized the government, and passed their own laws, and the men had submissively obeyed them.

Governess Boston, in person, presented a verbal message, deploring the public and private calamity induced by fanatacism, mixed with ambition for notoriety, and recommending the immediate abrogation of the New Dispensation, restoring things upon their former basis—and that accordingly her sex resign their false position, return to the Sphere and resume the duties for which they were designed.

This wise recommendation was as wisely adopted, her Excellency forthwith setting the example.

The Restoration was accomplished. Man was in power again.

Thus ended "*Woman's Rights*," like its great cotemporary, *Spiritualism*, in the language of the illustrious Z. Socrates, a "mighty big *humbug*."

On the steps of the Capitol, Wilson and Ex-Governor LUCY recognized each other with a cordial shake of the hand.

"Miss Boston," said our landlord, in his own peculiar way,

"I understood you to say that you *desired* to move in the Sphere and attend to the duties for which you were designed."

"Certainly I do, sir."

"Were you *designed* to become Mrs. Wilson, think you?"

"Possibly — if that is the design of *Mr. Wilson.*"

They were arm in arm. The Chaplain still present, there in the Capitol, amid the brilliant concourse of dignitaries, she who, but a few moments before, was the Chief Magistrate of the Empire State, had suddenly emigrated to the State of Matrimony, and *ascending* from the gubernatorial chair of political empire, as wife and help-meat of one in heart and soul worthy of her noble self, was inaugurated Governess of the domestic circle in a village boarding-house, according to *design.*

The following morning found them on their homeward journey. In Wilson's absence, Amaziah applied to Miss Hager to "fit him a dress." During the process, the lucky thought struck him of having a mantua-maker of his own, and to which Miss H—— had not "*the least objection in this world.*"

Our landlord and landlady, on their arrival, found Mr. and Mrs. Badger cosily located as their boarders, and occupying the quondam haunted chamber. The surprise was mutual.

At the point where we drop the thread of our narrative, they were gliding down the stream of life, prosperously and pleasantly.

The Mermaid, foiled in her "filibuster" expedition, retired to her ocean home, a confirmed misanthrope, beholding her sex re-enslaved, yet rejoicing in her own freedom as she reveled through the gem-lit halls of her coral palace and roamed the azure fields, on the back of her dolphin steed, or lay

"Along the scoop'd side of the hollow wave,
Singing dulcet music, to the amorous gales."

Lucy — now Mrs. Wilson — had laid by her "bloomer," and sought no further communication with her amphibious acquaintance. The editor's wife was a frequent visitor at the boarding-house, but not to borrow the "*city paper.*" They occasionally looked back and enjoyed a hearty laugh over the memorable "campaign," Wilson remaining foremost in the "ranks of fun."

Our editor continued to publish the *National Bulletin*. The issue, following the *denouement* of the above-mentioned parties, heralded their marriages, accompanied by one of its racy editorials, and which closed with the following laconic epitaph:

SPIRITUALISM
AND
WOMAN'S RIGHTS!

Twins in their birth and ill begot;
Twins in their grave — there let 'em *rot.*

Note. — Since writing the foregoing pages, we chanced to light upon a volume composed by Judge Edmonds and Doctor Dexter, entitled "Spiritualism;" and which is such a transcendently successful burlesque, that had we met it earlier, we should not have had the self-assurance, not to say hardihood, as to think of introducing Lucy Boston as a rival. And even now, were it not for positive engagements, we should deem it the part of prudent discretion to retire from the field.

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* * A more appropriate subject for a *witty* pen could not be found. If "Fred Folio," (of whom we know nothing,) has done justice to his *subject*, the publishers will have a busy time in supplying the demand. We hope to see "Lucy" on the course soon, and shall be greatly surprised if "Uncle Tom" is not left behind, in the *run* she is destined to make.—*Binghamton Daily Republican.*

* * The title and character of the forthcoming work will ensure for it an extensive sale. That it will be well worth reading, we have a sufficient guarantee in the good taste and proverbial caution of the enterprising publishers.—*Auburn Daily American.*

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